★ Sept. 12, 1953

THE NEW YORKER

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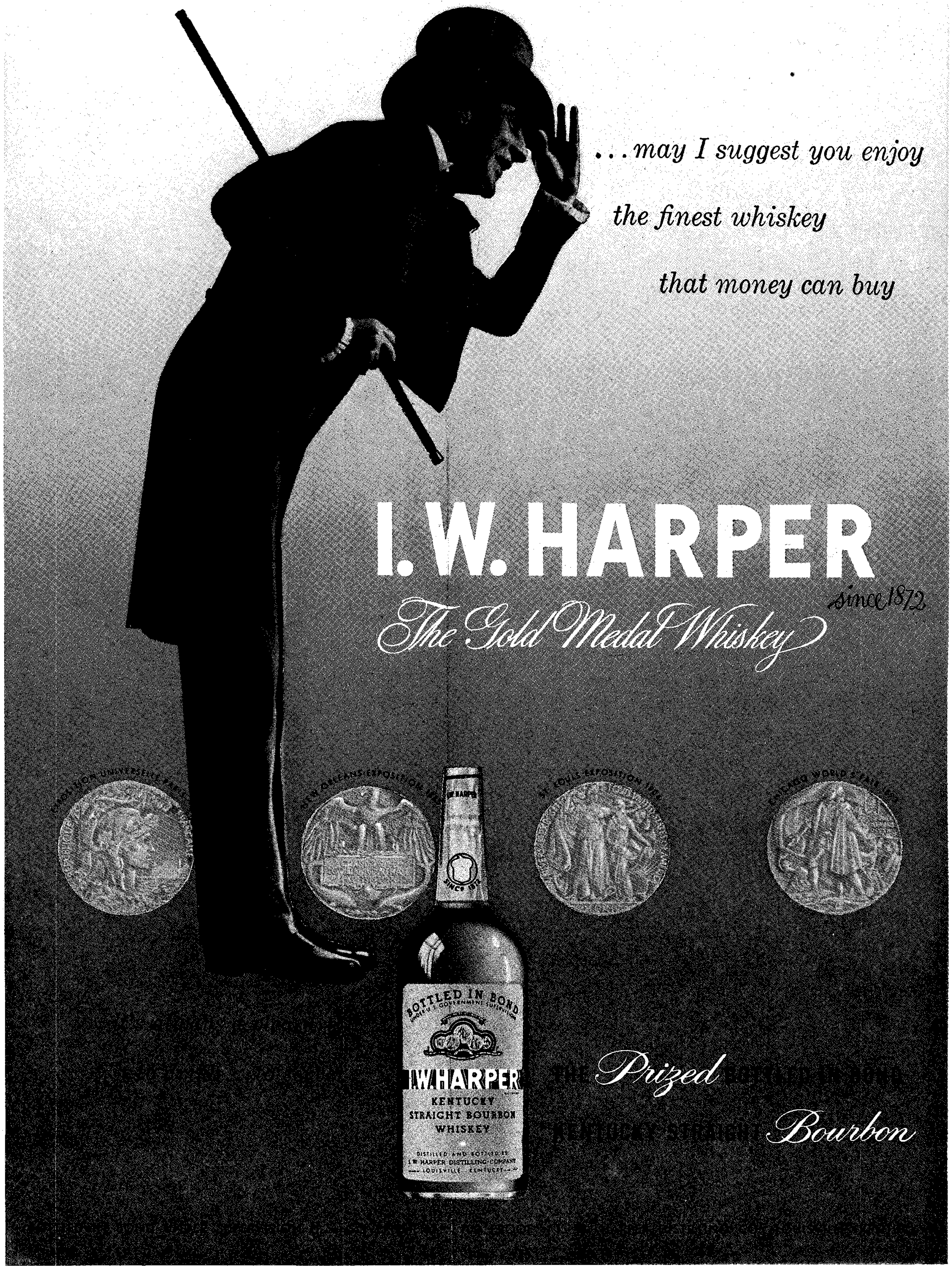
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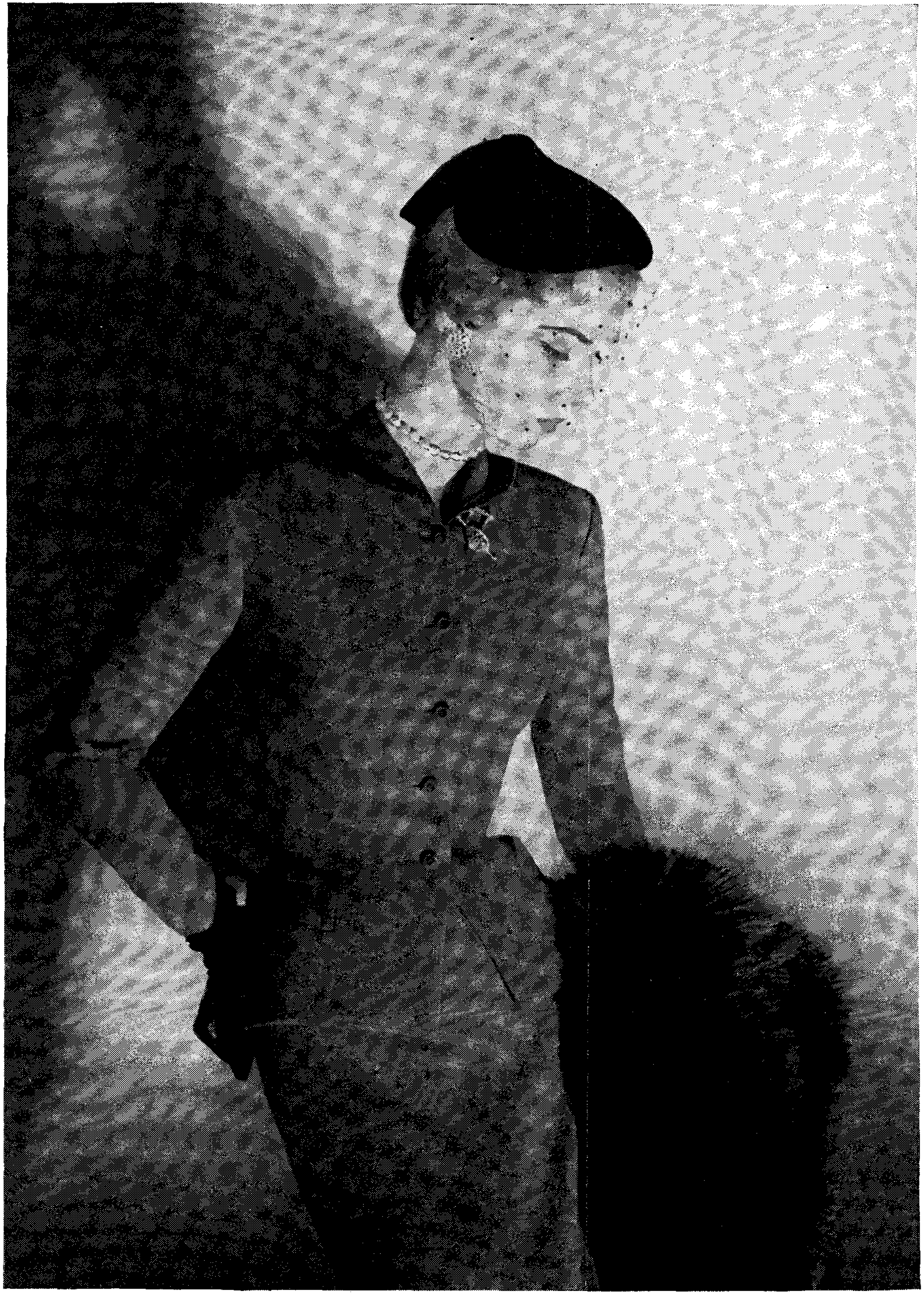

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Fifth Season—Menasha Skulnik has the leading role in this comedy about the garment industry, and his acting is just about the only thing deserving of your respectful attention. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Friday, Sept. 18, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays, except Sept. 19, and Sundays at 2:40; special matinée Wednesday, Sept. 16.)

My 3 Angels—An extremely humorous item, adapted from a French play by Sam and Bella Spewack. It's about three convicts in Cayenne who have their own ideas about justice. Walter Slezak, Jerome Cowan, Carmen Mathews, Henry Daniell, and Joan Chandler are especially praiseworthy in the cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Picnic—All the ladies of a small Kansas town are comparatively placid until sex turns up in the shape of a prepossessing young bum. William Inge's superior play, directed by Joshua Logan, has a talented cast that includes Janice Rule, Ralph Meeker, and Peggy Conklin. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Sept. 13.)

Long Runs—**dial "m" for murder:** A British mystery, by Frederick Knott, in which Maurice Evans figures as a gentleman who wants his wife out of the way. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the seven year itch:** George Axelrod's comedy about a man who gets into the usual difficulties with sex when his wife goes away for the summer. Tom Ewell plays the hero, and the ladies in his life are Vanessa Brown and Neva Patterson. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Can-Can—The excellent choreography of Michael Kidd and the ingenious sets of Jo Mielziner are the chief assets of this glimpse of Montmartre in the good old days, and Motley's costumes are a help, too, but the book by Abe Burrows and the music of Cole Porter are below scratch. With Lilo, Gwen Verdon, and Peter Cookson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hazel Flagg—The plot of this lavish and ornamental piece is taken from Ben Hecht's movie about a girl who thinks she may be dying of radium poisoning, but you can ignore it in favor of the dancing girls and the scenery, both of which are very pretty indeed. Helen Gallagher, Thomas Mitchell, and Jack Whiting provide most of the brighter moments. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Me and Juliet—Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers love the theatre, as well they might, but in this tribute to their love, done in the form of a play within a play, the partners are hardly at the top of their game. Fortunately, though, the dances arranged by Robert Alton are consistently diverting, and the sets of Jo Mielziner are marvels of intricacy. Isabel Bigley and Joan McCracken head the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A recurrence here for five weeks of Rodgers and Hammerstein's ten-year-long frolic. In the present company are Florence Henderson and Ridge Bond. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, Oct. 3.)

Young Toys Inc.
BACK TO SCHOOL
EICKE

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

Porgy and Bess—This third appearance of the Gershwin-Heyward classic is even better than its predecessors. LeVern Hutcherson, Leslie Scott, and Irving Barnes alternate in the role of Porgy; Bess is played by Leontyne Price and Urylee Leonardos; Cab Calloway is Sportin' Life; and John McCurry takes the part of Crown. Robert Breen is the director, and Alexander Smallens conducts the orchestra, as he did both times before. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wonderful Town—Rosalind Russell shows that she is an astonishingly gifted comedienne, if not a spectacular singer and dancer, in this revival of "My Sister Eileen." Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov again handled the book, Leonard Bernstein composed the music, Betty Comden and Adolph Green wrote the lyrics, and George Abbott is responsible for the excellent direction. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**guys and dolls:** A dash of Damon Runyon, with music and lyrics by Frank Loesser and a cast that includes Julie Oshins, Iva Withers, and Susan Hight. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the king and i:** A royal Siamese (Yul Brynner) and his court, taken in hand by a strong-willed English teacher, played by Constance Carpenter. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **south pacific:** Will probably last forever, if the birth rate holds up. George Britton and Martha Wright play the leads. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **wish you were here:** Arthur Kober's comedy "Having Wonderful Time," fitted up for the musical stage. With Sheila Bond, Jack Cassidy, and Patricia Marand. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Anna Russell and Her Little Show—In this revue, Miss Russell, a vocal caricaturist, is aided by, among others, Jean Léon Destiné and his company of Haitian dancers, and Paul Duke, a magician. Presented by Eastman Boomer and Arthur Klein. (Vanderbilt, 48th St., E. CI 5-7175. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Carnival in Flanders—Dolores Gray and John Raitt in a musical based on the French film. The book is by George Oppenheimer and Preston Sturges, Johnny Burke did the lyrics, and James Van Heusen wrote the score. Directed by Mr. Sturges and produced by Paula Stone, Mike Sloane, and Messrs. Burke and Van Heusen. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

A Red Rainbow—A play written and directed by Myron C. Fagan and produced by Bruce Fagan. The cast is headed by Howard Smith. Opens Monday, Sept. 14. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Pin to See the Peepshow—Joan Miller in a British play by F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood. Produced by Nancy Davids and directed by Peter Cotes. Opens Thursday, Sept. 17. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BALLET

Sadler's Wells Ballet—Opening performances of the engagement, which will run through Sunday, Oct. 11—Sunday evening, Sept. 13, and Tuesday evening, Sept. 15: "Le Lac des Cygnes.". . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Sept. 16-17: "Sleeping Beauty.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 18: "The Shadow" and "Homage to the Queen" (American premières) and "Les Patineurs.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Sept. 19: "Le Lac des Cygnes." (Metropolitan Opera House. CH 4-4594. Evenings at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Capades of 1954," produced by John H. Harris and made up of ten numbers that include, for some reason, a badminton game, as well as an abbreviated version of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Opens Thursday, Sept. 10, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 20. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays

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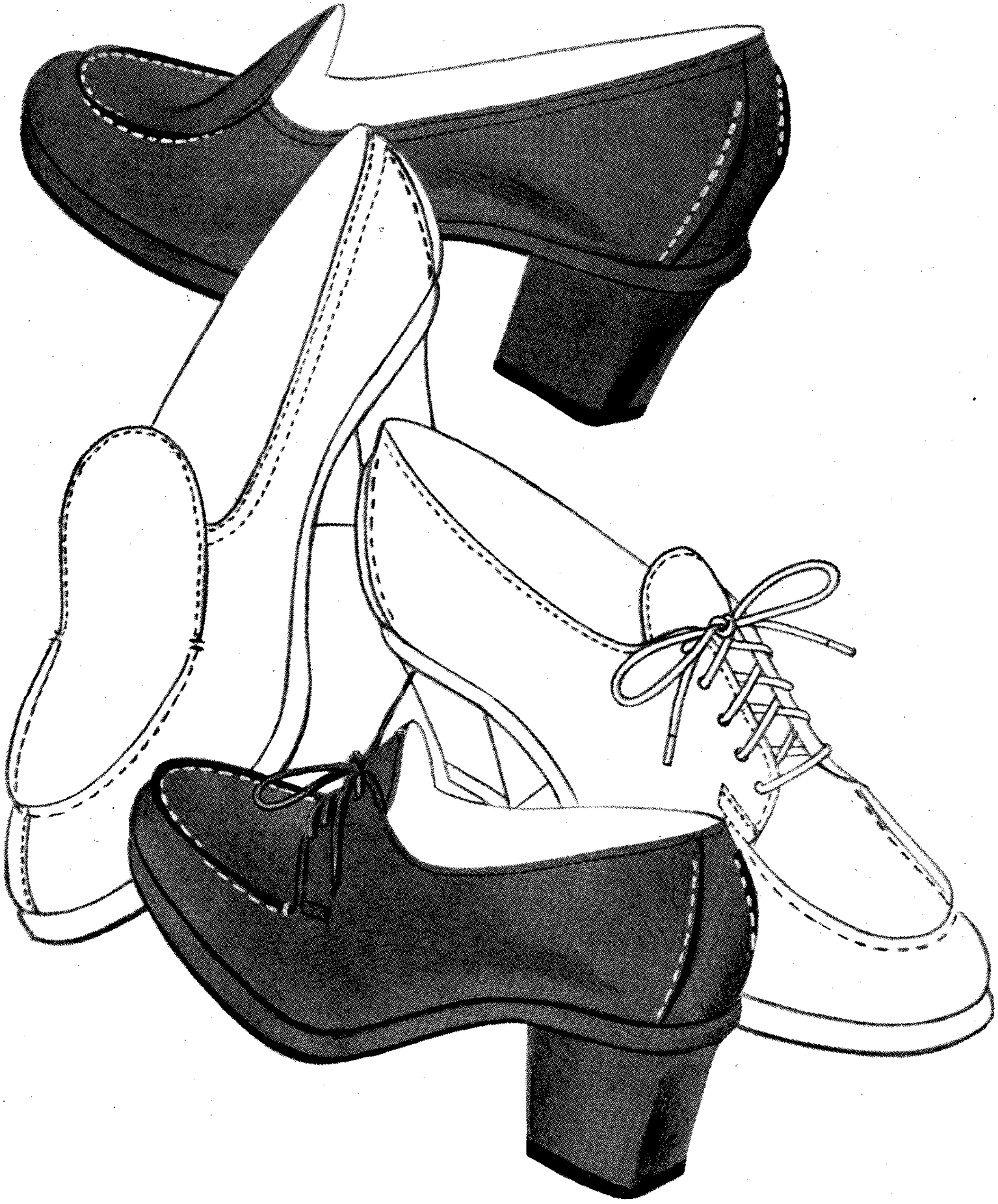

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays for dancing at dinner and supper in the subterranean Garden, which is Manhattan's answer to Howe Caverns. Between times, there's concert piano. Silence on Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Some of our proudest peacocks preening themselves beneath the ageless palm trees. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The ice show, an innocent art form dating back to Grandma Moses, still flowers in the Terrace Room. Of its kind, this one is a fair enough example. Bernie Cummins' orchestra plays for dancing. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—There's music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the Café Pierre. Stanley Worth's quartet is usually responsible.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room will reopen on Thursday, Sept. 17. Marge and Gower Champion, who manage to make ballroom dancing look like the sport of kings, will glide to the music of Ted Straeter's band, which should be pleasure enough for anyone. Mark Monte's quintet will fill in any chinks. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, which is devoted to preserving the traditional amenities of dining and dancing in state, offers Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's group plays for cocktails in the Palm Court. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Dancing in the Grill to Lenny Herman's quintet and other music. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Constance Moore, a big, luxurious blonde, is singing at dinner and supper in the regal Maisonette, where there's perpetual motion by Milt Shaw's band and the St. Regis Ensemble. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra plays in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing every afternoon.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—A quartet reports to the cocktail lounge to make music from cocktails through supper. There's also dancing after nine. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The Café Rouge will reopen Friday, Sept. 18, with Frankie Carle's orchestra.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Night life as you see it on television, right down to the very last guest shot and commercial. Hugo Pedell's musicians and a rumba band clamor away until all hours.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—The vast outdoor terrace, where there's dancing to not terribly stirring music after eight on weekdays and after seven on Sundays, is air-conditioned by none other than old Mother Nature.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Fay DeWitt, a precocious dryad, puts sound and fury and a lot of merriment into the miniature musical comedy that holds the floor here. Lou Nelson and Georgie Kaye are pretty funny, too, and Margie Duncan and Linda Lombard are the principal features of the décor. They're all head and handsome shoulders above the book. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioè's orchestra play for dancing after nine.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The music compiled by Los Chavales de España sometimes sounds very American, but mostly it's embellished with enough fancy Spanish airs and graces to make it stand apart. Trini Reyes dances to it, and occasionally all hands sing to it. Emil Coleman's and Mischa Borr's orchestras operate in between. The locale is the Starlight Roof, where Mr. Borr's band plays until midnight on Sundays, when there's no show.

NOTE—The high-in-the-sky Rainbow Room is an intimate aerie the size of the Yucca Salt Flats, and offering an even more glorious view. It's open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Soft music bubbles up now and then, and not a single taxi horn is heard. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, who once through Tara's halls, now makes débutante-style dance music here after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Life at its sun-tanned, hale-fellow apex, or what passes for it. During dinner, Johnny Mehegan plays recondite piano all by himself; at supper, he alternates with Dave Rogers, another handy man. They're off Sundays.... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): There's a piano-and-violin obbligato, after nine-thirty, to a spate of conversation by old settlers. Closed Sundays.... **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney, who arrives at the coffee-and-brandy hour, does quiet but elegant études at the pianoforte. Closed Mondays.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey turns out bland piano in this thoroughly upholstered manse at dinner and after the theatre. Sundays, the instrument is in the hands of John Kelley, Jr.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): All Latins appear to be lively lovers of music, which gushes forth without cease in this Spanish restaurant. Dancing. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Surrounded by the outpourings of some fancy-free decorators, Herman Arminski plays piano at cocktails and Rudy Timfield does the same at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Anyone not out in the kitchen making fudge in this homestead of gregarious youth is apt to bob up onstage singing along with the pianist.... **WEYLIN ROOM**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): A neat, polite, well-stocked butler's pantry, equipped to provide cocktails, dinner, supper, and lighthearted piano every day but Sunday. The evening session is played by José Poniera.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Betty Reilly hammers away at her ballads, and Al Bernie divulges jokes that have been handed down from many a father to many a son. The Copa dancing girls, gaily accoutred in plenty of nothing, toil not, though they do occasionally spin.... **RIVIERA**, Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): A rural beer garden, overlooking the reliable Hudson, that endeavors, sometimes too successfully, to live up to the traditions of old Broadway. Right now Frank Sinatra, who knows exactly what to do with a mellow love song, is chirping away.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Kaye Ballard, a nimble wit if there ever was one, is at large again. Her confreres in a rather festive supper party are Rose Murphy, that well-known teaser of songs; Leo de Lyon, who is capable of occasionally inspired horseplay; and Peg La Centra, who hasn't been singing around town in some time. The background is Bart Howard's piano and Jimmy Lyons' trio.... **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Will reopen Wednesday, Sept. 16, with the bland, easygoing nonsense of the Three Riffs and the generally roguish songs of Bud McCreery at the top of the list. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Reopens Friday, Sept. 11, with the high-style blues of Sylvia Syms, the bright sayings of Orson Bean, the folk tunes of the new trio called the Concords, and the dance music of Clarence Williams' trio,

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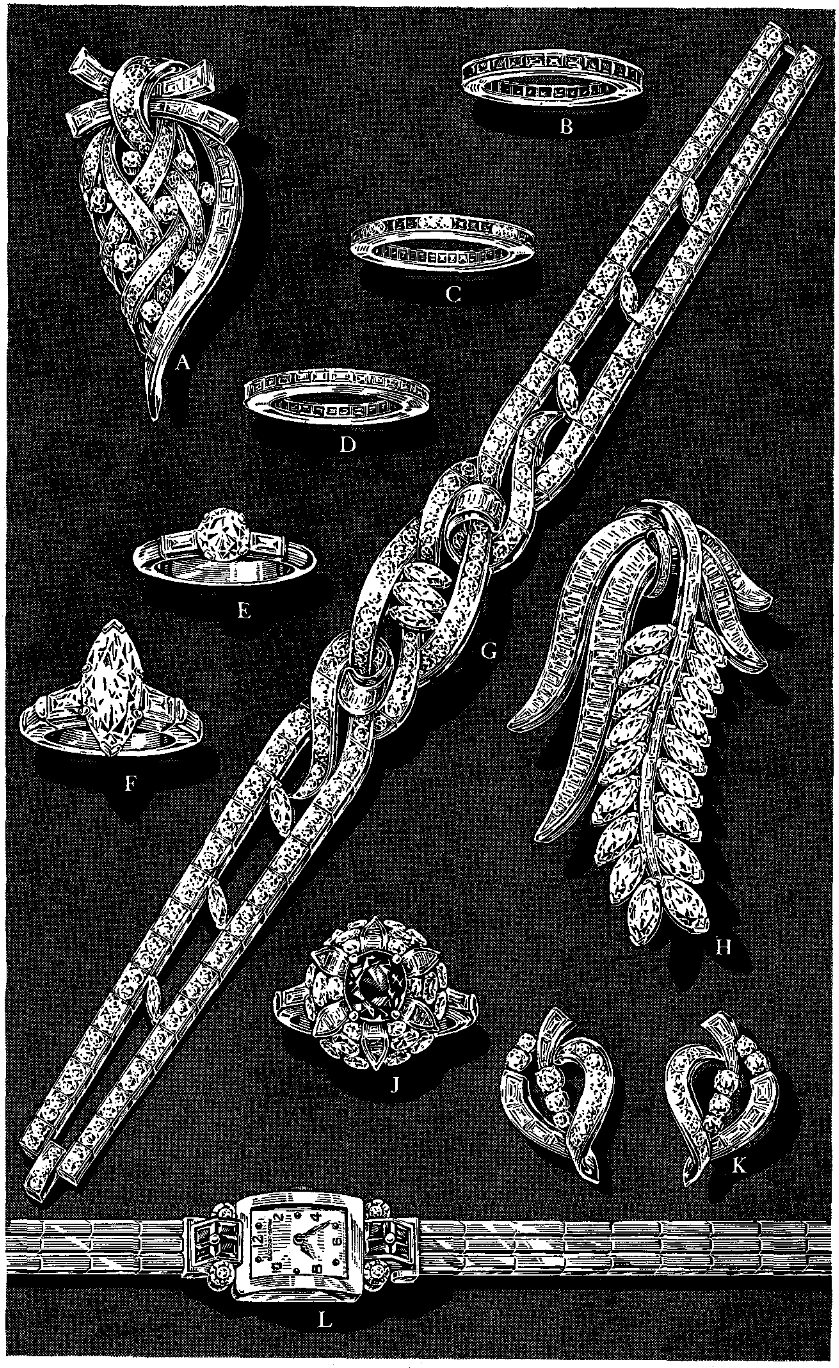

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

which has Karl Lynch on guitar. Closed Mondays. . . . ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): This Village landmark is in a happy mood, now that Herb Corey is telling the jokes and Annette Warren is singing the songs. He leaves Sunday, Sept. 13, which is her night off; she leaves Monday, Sept. 14. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play industrious double piano, and Hazel Webster (who else?) is the solo pianist. Antique movies on Sundays. . . . BYLINE ROOM, 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): Almost the last of the late-night but literate hideaways. The words and music are by such belletrists as Alec Wilder and Bart Howard; their sounding board, cool and persuasive, is Mabel Mercer. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Closed Sundays. The place is above the often raucous ground-floor Show Spot Lounge. . . . BON SOIR, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Such a riding to hounds as is seldom heard on land or on sea. The contributors are Mae Barnes, whose voice does a creditable imitation of Ajax defying the lightning; Charlotte Rae, a sharp-edged parodist of many a popular American songbird; Jimmie Daniels, whose ditties are man-of-the-world romantic; the Three Flames, whose jump tunes, especially when Tiger Haines garnishes them with words, are complete existentialism; and Norene Tate, whose voice is nostalgic. On Tuesday, Sept. 15, Kirkwood and Goodman should be moving in with some brand-new laughing matter. Closed Mondays. . . . CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Dinah Washington will start sounding off in this cave of the winds on Monday, Sept. 14. Dancing.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open until late, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): In this hallowed landmark, Wild Bill Davison's trumpet, a *force majeure*, sets a hot pace for Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, Cliff Leeman, and sometimes Mr. Condon. In between, Ralph Sutton knocks out some of the hottest piano in town. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the fracture. Closed Sundays. . . . THE EMBERS, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): From six to nine, Ronnie Selby edifies the dinner guests with his intellectual jazz piano. From then on, there's lusty music by Joe Bushkin's new quartet, and that happy and hep quartet composed of Jo Jones, Hank Jones, Tyree Glenn, and Tommy Potter. Closed Sundays. . . . NICK'S, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band is back on its home grounds. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons; closed Mondays. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's band, which includes Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Zutty Singleton, all good men and true, are right off the boat—the New Orleans sternwheeler, that is. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Monday nights. . . . BIRDLAND, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Sarah Vaughan will be singing and Slim Gaillard's group will be frolicking through Wednesday, Sept. 16. Terry Gibbs' group, which will stay on, will be joined next evening by the trio of Bud Powell, a pianist who's becoming a habit (and a good one) in this room. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . CHILDS PARAMOUNT, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Conrad Janis and his tailgaters huff and puff in admirable fashion in the grill Tuesdays through Saturdays until after midnight, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. On Sunday, Sept. 13, from five-thirty to nine, the Janis boys and Tony Spargo's band will have themselves a picnic. Dancing. . . . BANDBOX, 1680 Broadway (CI 5-5970): This outsize project for bringing music to the millions is offering Woody Herman's band and J. C. Heard's quartet. They depart on Sunday, Sept. 13. On Tuesday, Sept. 15, one of the musical events of the season—the arrival of the famed Sauter-Finegan band. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . JACK DEMPSEY'S, 1619 Broadway (CO 5-7875): Jazz, which has all but gone underground in the Broadway cellars, is getting back on the main floor here. George Wettling, Pee Wee Russell, and other right-minded men commence their seminar on Early Americana at

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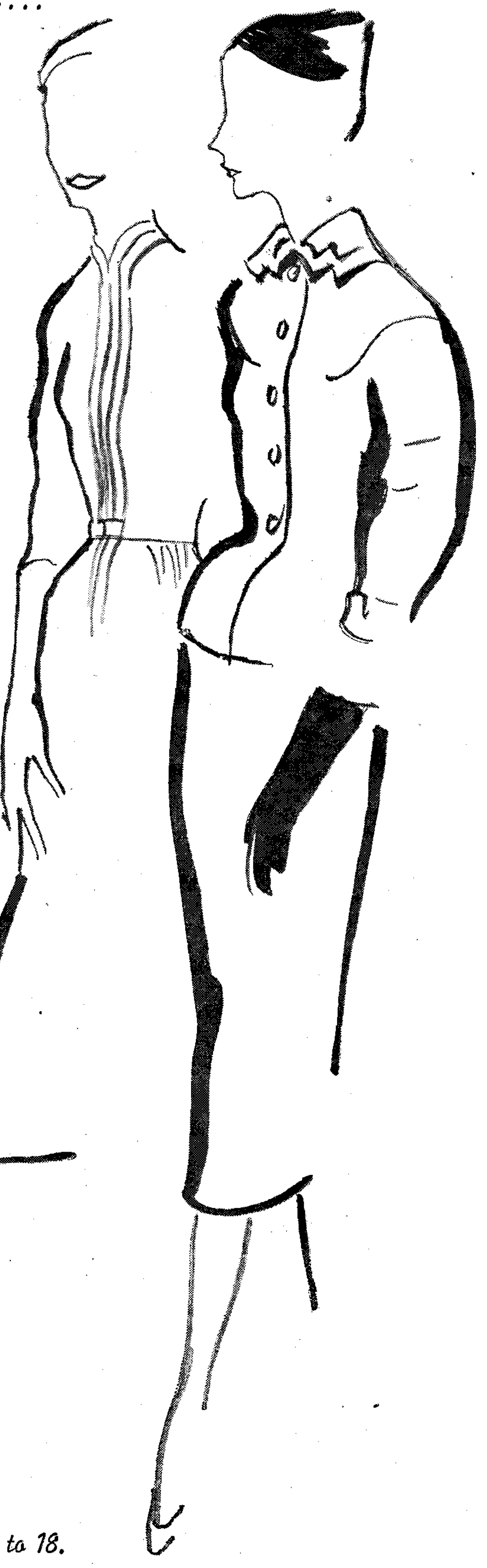

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

eleven every night but Sunday.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Except Mondays, after nine-thirty, Marian McPartland and her progressive trio are at work inside the circular bar.... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, it is reliably reported, there'll be local thunderstorms in this newly air-conditioned grange by Wingy Manone, Sonny Greer, Albert Nicholas, Willie the Lion Smith, Red Allen, Jimmy Archey, Charlie Shavers, and Arvell Shaw. Dancing.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

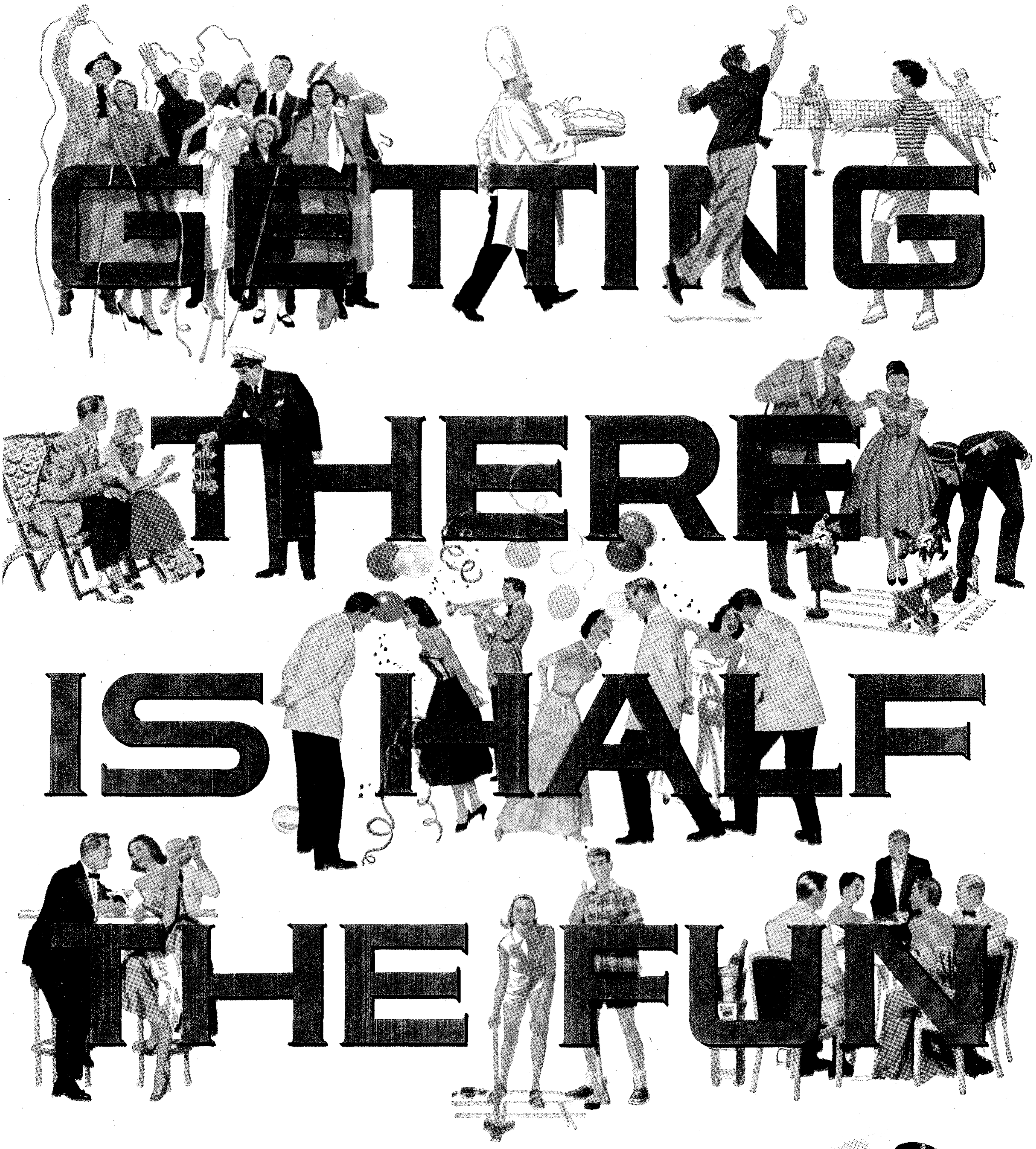
BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays.... **BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (HIcksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays.... **CLOSTER, N.J.:** Closter Manor (Closter 5-9777); closed Mondays.... **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays.... **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726).... **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266).... **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394).... ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 9-7384).... **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays.... **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings.... **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597).... **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** Mori's (GReat Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays.... **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588).... ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044).... **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-1604); closed Mondays.... ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-6500); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings.... **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-9371); closed Mondays.... **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Stonehenge (Ridgefield 6-6511); Peter Walters at the piano, except Tuesdays.... ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 6-7628).... **ROSLYN, L.I.:** Blue Spruce Inn (ROslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays.... **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays.... ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays.... **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays.... **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (SYosset 6-1706).... **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (TArrytown 4-3030); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings.... **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (WEstbury 7-2184).... **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-6204).

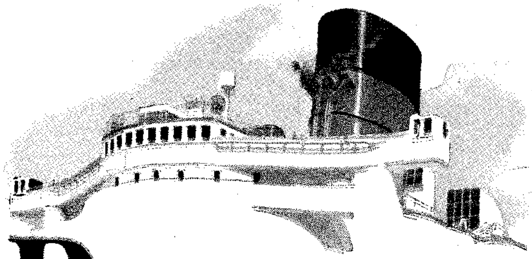
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

GROUP SHOWS—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: The first fall show here comprises a summer's harvest of one oil apiece by each of the twenty-seven members, among them Philip Evergood, Anton Refregier, and James Turnbull; through Sept. 12.... **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: About twenty contemporaries, including Henry Botkin, John Costigan, and Jean Liberte, each represented by an oil or a water color; through Sept. 30.... **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: The Thirty-first Annual Founders' Exhibition, with over a hundred paintings and sculptures by William R. Leigh, Jean Bowman, Roy Mason, and a raft of others; through Nov. 5. (Closed Saturdays.) ... **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Oils and water colors that have been exhibited in museum shows by such gallery members as Leo Quanchi, Joseph Kaplan, and Charles Heidenreich; through Sept. 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5:30.) ... **VILLAGE ART CENTER**, 44 W. 11th St.: Bertram Goodman, Morris Gluckman, and Domenico Facci are among the fifty prize-winners of the past year who are exhibiting pieces in varied mediums; through Sept. 11. (*Daily, 1 to 6 and 8 to 10.*) ... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th





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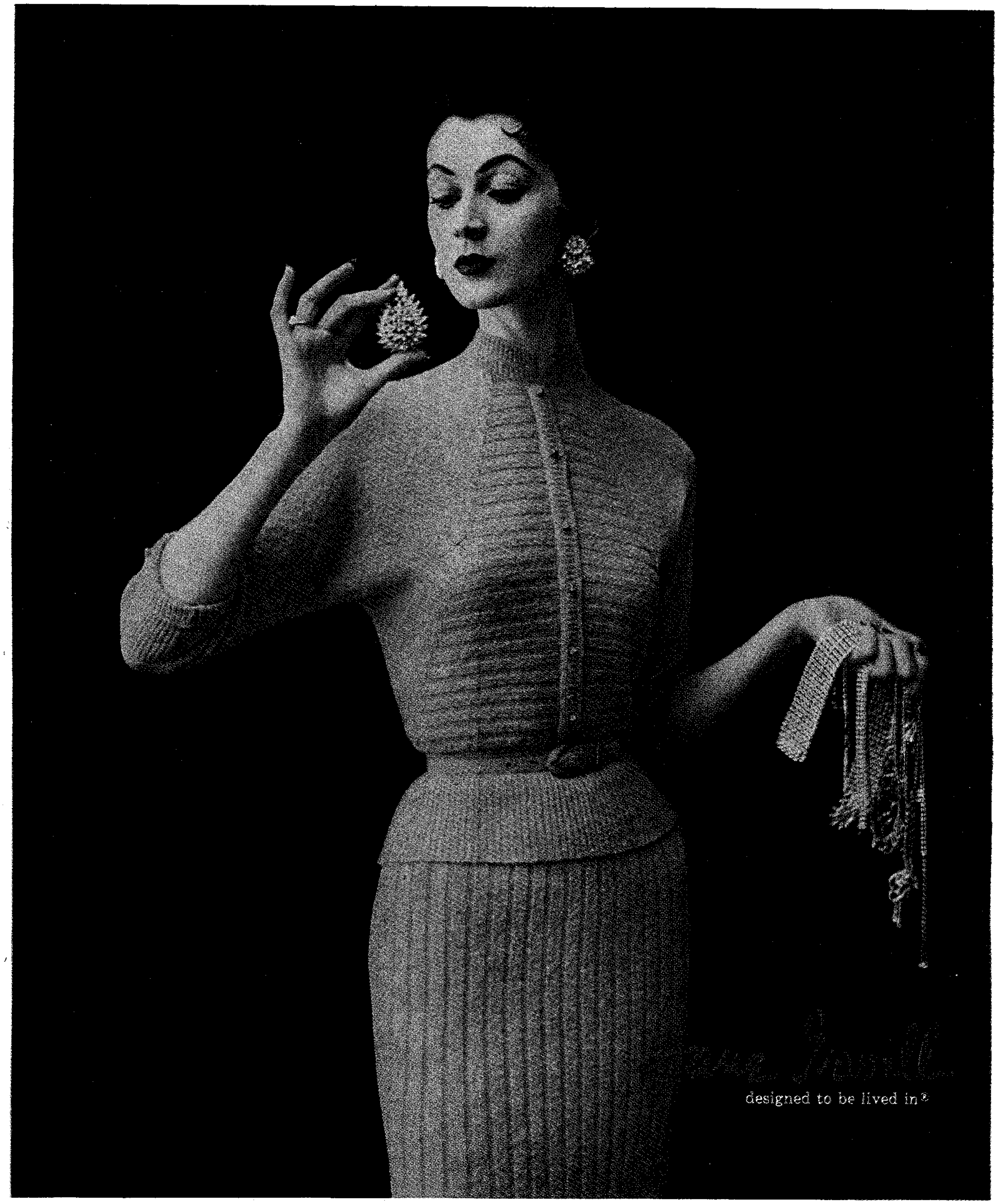
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St.: French landscapes, chosen with a good eye for charm, by an array of artists that ranges from Claude Lorrain to the Impressionists; through Sept. 30.

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, starting at noon and continuing until dark; through Saturday, Oct. 10.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Hundreds of archeological items and art objects from Palestine, many of them only recently discovered, in an exhibit that traces the history of Biblical countries from prehistoric times through the Byzantine period. Included are a seven-ton porphyry statue of a Roman emperor (circa 200 A.D.), a Neanderthal skull, and ancient manuscripts, implements, weapons, and pottery. A travelling exhibition presented by the American Fund for Israel Institutions. Through Oct. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective show of over a hundred graphics by Jacques Villon, some of them dating back to the eighteen-nineties; through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Mondrian, Klee, and Brancusi are among those represented in a showing of oils and sculptures, for the most part, that were left to the Museum by the late Katherine S. Dreier; through Oct. 4. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—No special exhibition; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The second in a series of airings of the Museum's permanent collection of modern Europeans, particularly valuable for the number of lesser-known early figures it brings to light; through Sept. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—The first fall show here will consist of sculptures, paintings, water colors, and drawings, all by contemporary Americans and all belonging to the Museum; starting Sept. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK CONCERT—The second of two free chamber-music programs performed by an orchestra under the direction of Alexander Schneider. (Monday, Sept. 14, at 9:15. In the event of rain, the concert will be held the following evening, and if raining then, in the Judson Memorial Church, Washington Square South.)

JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC—A big get-together involving Ella Fitzgerald, Gene Krupa, Oscar Peterson, Flip Phillips, Charlie Shavers, Roy Eldridge, Benny Carter, Ben Webster, Lester Young, J. C. Heard, and others. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Sept. 19, at 8:30 and at midnight.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Chicago, Thursday, Sept. 10, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Sunday through Tuesday, Sept. 13-15, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. St. Louis, Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader), and Thursday, Sept. 17, at 2. . . . **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Saturday, Sept. 19, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Sept. 19, at 1:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners; an exhibition game for the benefit of the Free Milk Fund for Babies. (Polo Grounds. Thursday, Sept. 17, at 8:30.)

GOLF—Long Island Seniors Golf Association Championship. (Seawane Harbor Club, Hewlett. Through Thursday, Sept. 10.) . . . ¶ Westchester Seniors' Golf Association Championship. (Westchester Hills Golf Club, White Plains. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 16-17.)

HORSE SHOWS—Maryland State Fair Horse Show. (Timonium, Md. Through Saturday,

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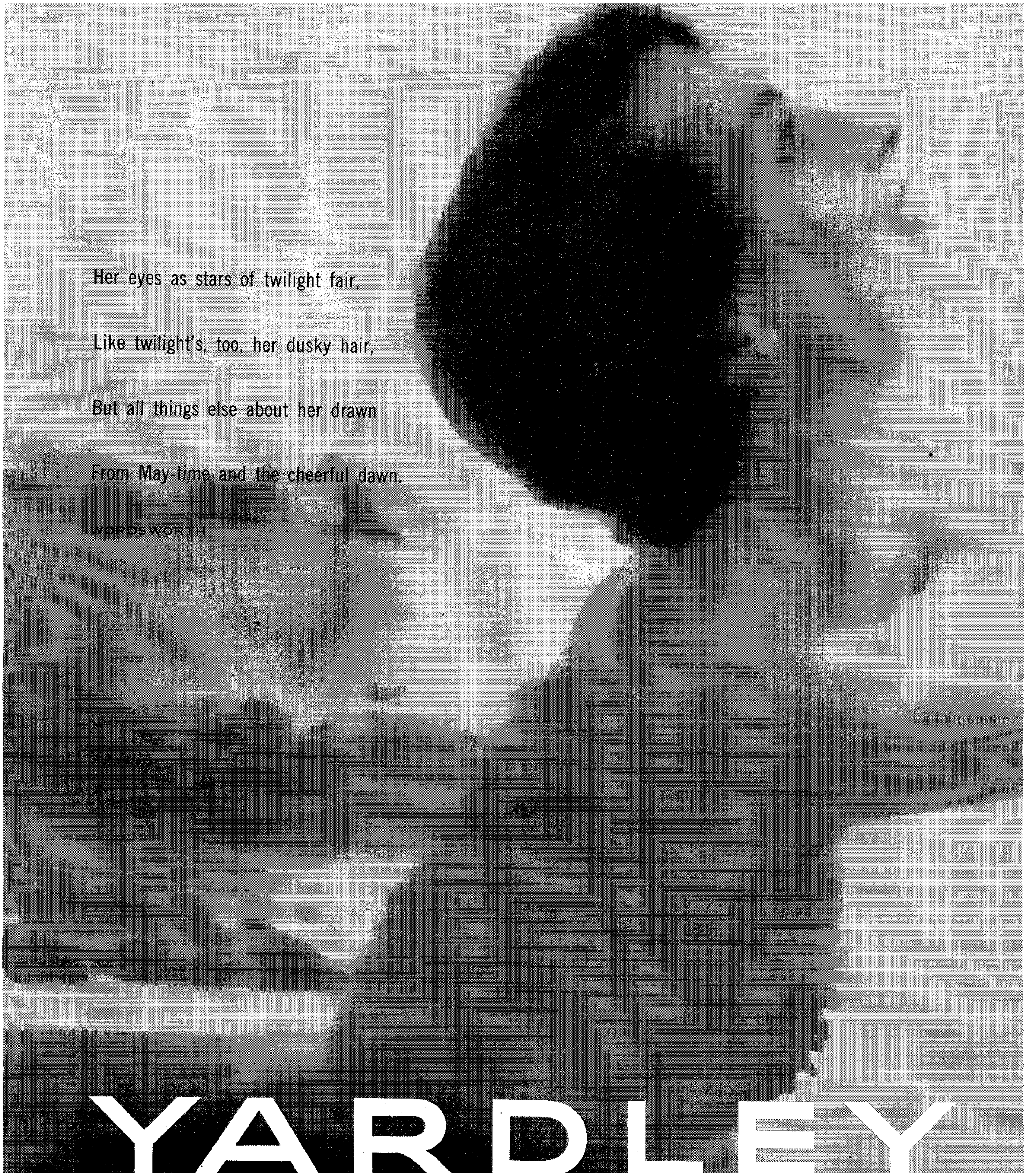
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair,
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn.
WORDSWORTH
YARDLEY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sept. 12.) . . . ¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook, L.I. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12.) . . . ¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley, L.I. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 17-19.)

HUNT RACING—Foxcatcher Hounds. (Fairhill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 12, and Saturday, Sept. 19.)

INTERNATIONAL MARITIME RACES—Saturday, Sept. 12—Well, to begin with, a marine parade with at least two destroyers, a fireboat, around twenty tugs, yachts, and other floating craft will leave the Battery at 1 and proceed up the Hudson River to Grant's Tomb, at W. 122nd St. Then, starting from there at 2, the tugboats will compete in four races over a two-mile course back to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, at W. 89th St. These will be followed by a lifeboat race between American and Norwegian and other foreign crews. (For the benefit of the American Seamen's Friend Society; a special observation boat for the events will leave Pier 1, Battery Place, at 1.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—National Sweepstakes. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 12-13.) . . . ¶ President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 19-20.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—**BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase. . . . **BOSTWICK FIELD**, Westbury. . . . **MEADOW BROOK CLUB**, Westbury: The first match of the National Open Championship, Sept. 13.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, Sept. 19. The Vagrancy and the Edgemere Handicaps, Saturday, Sept. 12; the Cowdin, Wednesday, Sept. 16; and the Beldame Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 19. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:15.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Wednesday, Oct. 7. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 10:30.)

SPORTS-CAR ROAD RACING—Faster, faster, *faster*, for the Seneca Cup, the Queen Catharine Cup, and the Grand Prix. (Watkins Glen, N.Y. Test runs on Friday, Sept. 18; first official race Saturday, Sept. 19, at 10:30 A.M.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:25; through Saturday, Sept. 26. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 7:04; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 10.

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset, L.I. Through Sunday, Sept. 13.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The eighth session of the General Assembly is scheduled to begin on Tuesday, Sept. 15. In the meantime, there will be periodic sessions of the Security Council and meetings of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St. Mondays through Saturdays, except Sept. 12. For tickets, call PL 4-1234, Ext. 634, the day before you want to go, or write to Admissions Office, United Nations, New York, ten days in advance.) . . . ¶ General Assembly meetings will be shown Mondays through Fridays, on WCBS-TV from 4:30 to 5 or later. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes, daily from 9:30 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 22 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show, "Destination Saturn," concerns a round trip, with a space-station stop, to two of Saturn's satellites, from which closeup observations of the planet are made. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

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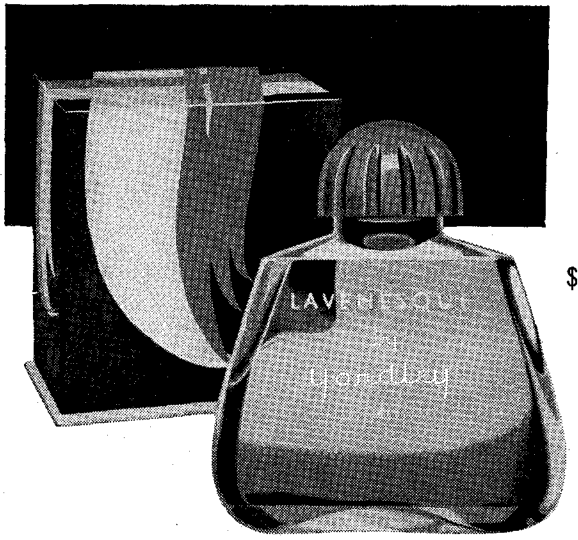

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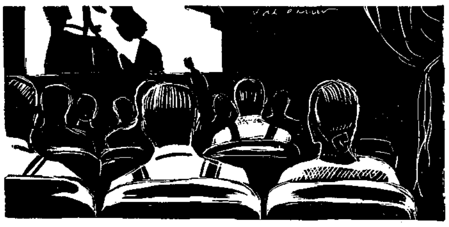
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



The Band Wagon—Some good old songs, by Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz, and some breezy new dances help make this new Astaire picture diverting. The Master is aided by Cyd Charisse, Jack Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Sept. 16.)

The Cruel Sea—H.M.S. Compass Rose and H.M.S. Saltash Castle performing valiant service in the struggle against the U-boats during the Second World War. A superb British version of the Monsarrat novel, starring Jack Hawkins. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Face to Face—James Mason and Minor Watson are a mariner and a Western badman, respectively, in Conrad's "The Secret Sharer" and Crane's "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky," which are here presented in an excellent two-part film. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Sept. 15.)

From Here to Eternity—An estimable adaptation of the James Jones novel about the way things were at Schofield Barracks in Honolulu before the Japanese descended on Pearl Harbor. The cast, which is uniformly capable, is headed by Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

Julius Caesar—Joseph L. Mankiewicz's interpretation of the Shakespearean drama. It has plenty of oral dignity but could do with a little more movement. Outstanding in the cast are John Gielgud, James Mason, and Edmond O'Brien. (Booth, 222 W. 45th, CI 6-5969. Showings at 2:45 and 8:45; extra performances Sundays at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Man on a Tightrope—A detailed account of the escape of a Czechoslovakian circus from the clutches of the Communists. The performers are a lively lot, and their method of cracking the Iron Curtain is highly original and exciting. Fredric March, Gloria Grahame, Terry Moore, and Adolphe Menjou are in the cast. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting Sept. 16.)

The Moon Is Blue—Some Manhattan mating cries set down fairly realistically by F. Hugh Herbert. The result is spasmodically funny. With Maggie McNamara, William Holden, and David Niven. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Roman Holiday—A lovely princess (Audrey Hepburn) breaks away from a royal tour in Rome, meets up with an American newspaperman (Gregory Peck) and a photographer (Eddie Albert), and has a wonderful time in the old town. You will, too. Produced and directed by William Wyler. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Rome, 11 O'Clock—An episodic melodrama concerned with the lives of some interesting young women involved in the collapse of a stairway. Written by Cesare Zavattini and directed by Giuseppe de Santis—gentlemen who were, respectively, involved in "The Bicycle Thief" and "Bitter Rice"—this Italian film is quite worth your while. With Lea Padovani, Lucia Bose, and Elena Varzi. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Sword and the Rose—Glynis Johns, as Henry VIII's kid sister, falls in love with a commoner instead of the aging King of France, and all hell breaks loose at court. Long and often tiresome, but colorful stuff, for the most part. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

REVIVALS

The Black Swan (1942)—Pirates in Technicolor. Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara, and George Sanders. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Sept. 13-14.)

The Brave Bulls (1951)—Bullfighting in Mexico, with Mel Ferrer as a melancholy matador. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Sept. 12.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life." With Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Sept. 15.)

Caesar and Cleopatra (1946)—G. B. Shaw's conception of the conqueror. An English film, with Claude Rains and Vivien Leigh. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Sept. 16, tentative.)

Dead of Night (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. A British film, with Michael Redgrave. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Sept. 16, tentative. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 15-16.)

Five Fingers (1952)—A spy drama, with James Mason as the sneaky one. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 16.)

Here Comes Mr. Jordan (1941)—About a prizefighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, and James Gleason. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Sept. 12.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Sept. 12.)

I Know Where I'm Going (1947)—Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey stormbound in the Hebrides. An English film. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Sept. 15.)

Limelight (1952)—An aging music-hall comedian in love with a waif. Charles Chaplin and Claire Bloom. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Sept. 16.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The English screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. With Wendy Hiller. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Sept. 14.)

Man's Hope (1947)—Based on the André Malraux novel about the civil war in Spain. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 14.)

Pygmalion (1938)—Leslie Howard as Professor Higgins, and Wendy Hiller as Liza Doolittle. A British film. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Sept. 14.)

Shadow of a Doubt (1943)—A Hitchcock job about a mild little family and a mysterious uncle. Teresa Wright and Joseph Cotten. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Sept. 12.)

Show Boat (1951)—The old stern-wheeler. With Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ava Gardner, and William Warfield. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Sept. 13-14.)

The Spanish Earth (1937)—The Ivens-Hemingway picture about war around Madrid. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 14.)

The Stranger in Between (1952)—A murderer on the lam and a small runaway join forces. An English film, with Dirk Bogarde and Jon Whiteley. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 13-15.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Tennessee Williams' story of a shabby New Orleans family. With Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Sept. 16.)

This Happy Breed (1947)—Noel Coward's hymn of praise to the British middle classes. An English film, with Celia Johnson and Robert Newton. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Sept. 13-14.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Sept. 13, showings at 3 and 5:30: "A Royal Scandal" (1945), with Tallulah Bankhead, and William Eythe. . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 14, showings at 3: "Marie Antoinette" (1938), with Norma Shearer, Tyrone Power, and John Barrymore. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Stalag 17," William Holden, Don Taylor.

Booth, 222 W. 45th. (CI 6-5969)
JULIUS CAESAR.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
FROM HERE TO ETERNITY.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"I, the Jury," a 3-D film, with Biff Elliot and Preston Foster.

Holiday, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
Through Sept. 14: "Fair Wind to Java," Fred MacMurray, Vera Ralston.
From Sept. 15: "Arrowhead," Charlton Heston, Rhonda Fleming.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Sept. 16: "The War of the Worlds," Gene Barry, Ann Robinson.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
ROMAN HOLIDAY.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Island in the Sky," John Wayne, Lloyd Nolan.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
THE SWORD AND THE ROSE.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Sept. 13: "Mr. Scoutmaster," Clifton Webb, Edmund Gwenn; and "Vicki," Jeanne Crain, Jean Peters.
Sept. 14-15: Theatre closed.
From Sept. 16, at 8:30 P.M.: "The Robe," Richard Burton, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature. (Opening night by invitation only.)

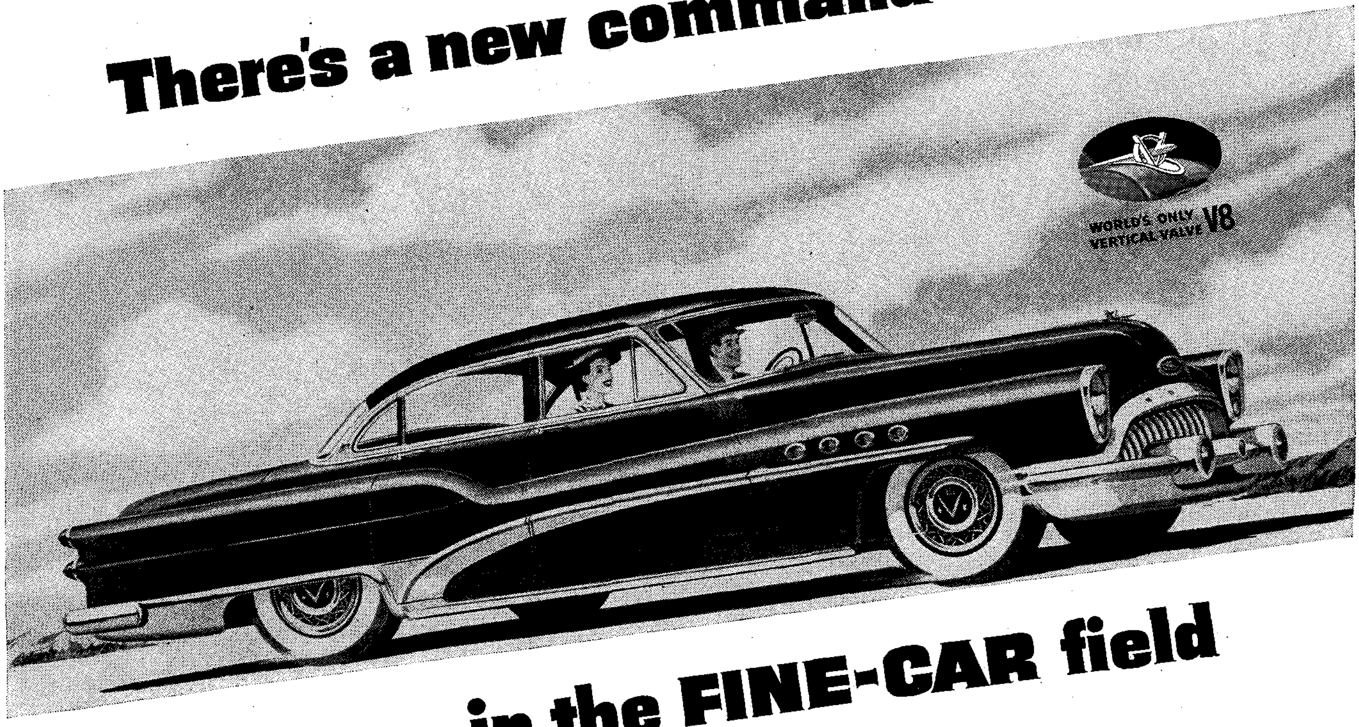
State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Return to Paradise," Gary Cooper, Roberta Haynes.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE MOON IS BLUE.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," a demonstration of the new movie-projection technique. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
ROME, 11 O'CLOCK (in Italian).

There's a new command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SUIT BY OMAR KIAM OF BEN REIG

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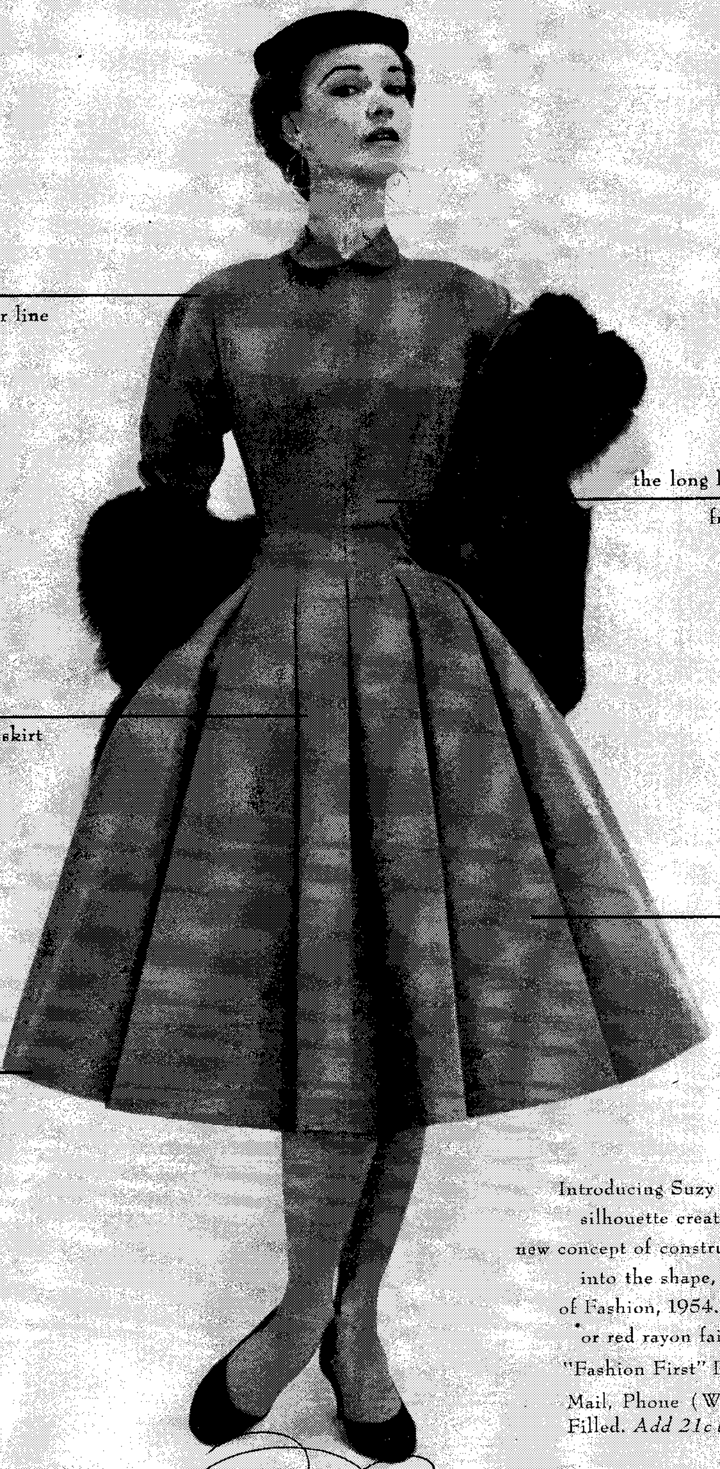

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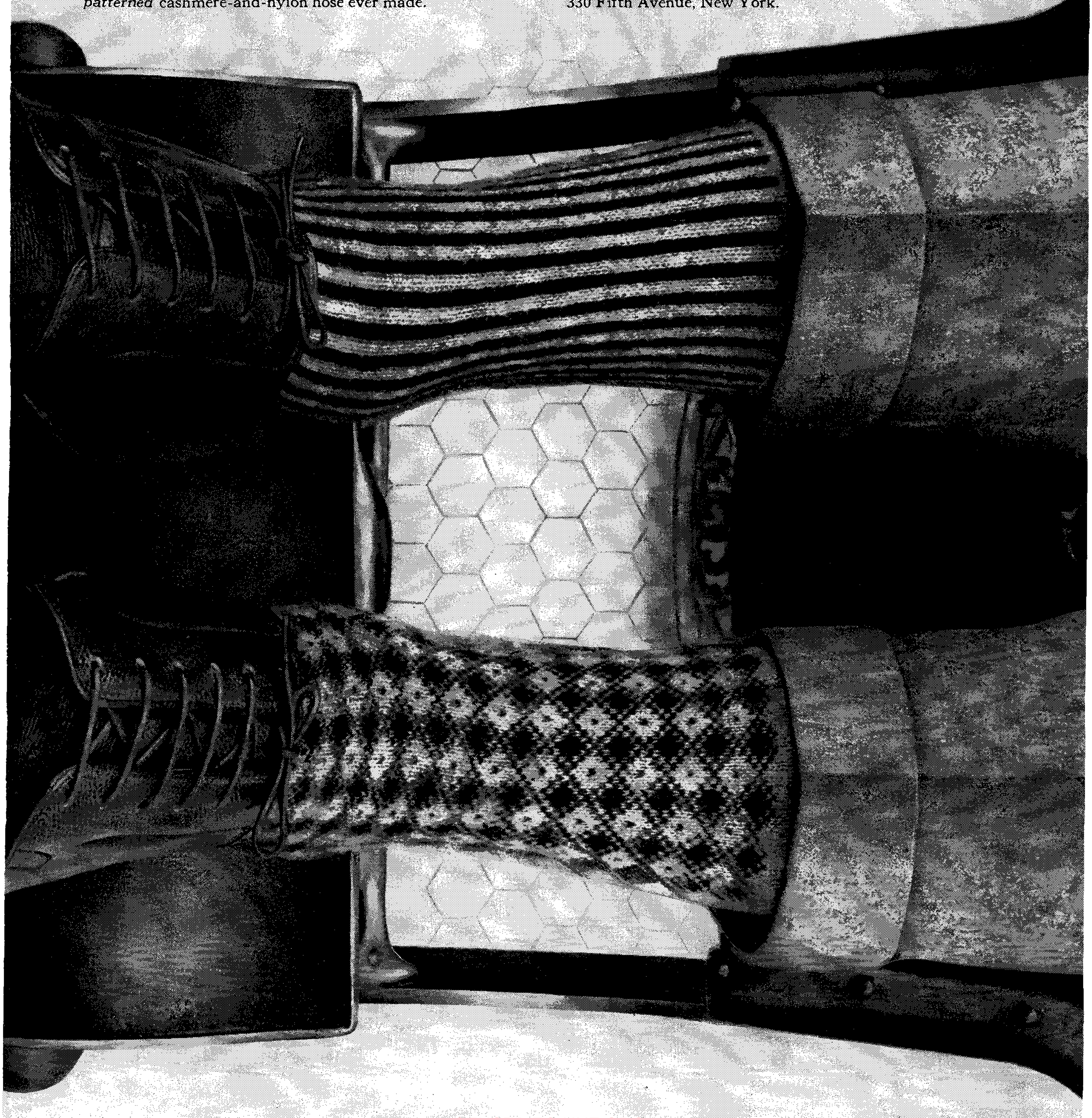

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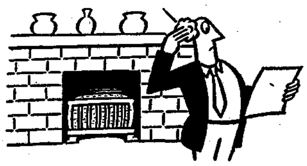
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AS you approach the taproom of the Holland House Taverne, in Radio City, pressing forward through the small, air-conditioned American foyer toward the distant Dutch retreat, you pass a fireplace in which an electric fire burns cheerfully in a coal grate. Somehow this combination of fire and ice, of heat and chill, of winterproofing in the midst of summerproofing, brings to a head the American Way in a single interior. It is an architectural banana split, a perfect case of the debauchery of design. A menu printed almost entirely in Dutch adds a fillip to a completely American occasion of lunatic splendor and comfort. There is something so wonderfully insatiable about this culture of ours. The other day, as we paused in front of the Holland House fire a moment to recover from the ninety-five-degree heat of the streets and to wait for a friend, we reached in our pocket and found there a letter from an engineering firm in Chicago telling us of a device for cutting king-size cigarettes in half. ("Stop cigarette waste. Save 25 cents a day. Combination case and cutter cuts king-size cigarettes in half—for 40 quick, always fresh smokes.") Probably the man who thought up the idea of adding a cubit to the stature of a cigarette believed he had hit on something that was for the ages. It seems doubtful whether he envisioned that in a few short years somebody would come up with the revolutionary idea of cutting the longer cigarette down to size. ("Smoke the half you throw away!") At any rate, we wished we had a cutter. We would have liked to spend a languorous afternoon there by the glowing coals in the air-conditioned room, nursing a bottle of Heineken's beer and slowly slicing cigarettes and allowing them to fall onto the ashless hearth of the heat-free fire.



In Business

A COUPLE of months ago, we told you about a young couple from Ridgewood, New Jersey, Joe and Gloria Morris by name, who were planning to spend their summer vacation prospecting for uranium on the Colorado Plateau. We paid a call on the Morrises the other day to see how they'd made out out thar, and the answer is very well indeed. That is, Joe had, for at the last moment Gloria hadn't been able to find anyone to stay with their little girl and Joe had had to go off alone. Luckily, the Morrises are great ones for talking over, and thus sharing, any adventures that may befall them singly, and by the time of our visit Gloria appeared to know every bit as much about what had happened to Joe as Joe did. As we entered the house, she burst out with "Good news! Wonderful news! Five claims staked, and it's only the beginning!" Taking her arm to slow her down a trifle, Joe told us that he is forming a corporation with a fellow-prospector, who has staked fifteen claims; each of them will keep a third of the shares in the corporation, he said, and the remainder will be sold as a means of raising capital. "In short," he concluded, "we're in the uranium business, and I think we're in it to stay." "I *told* you Joe is the most resourceful man in the world!" Gloria said. "There's *nothing* he can't do."

Resourceful Joe left Ridgewood by train on a Saturday, arrived in Denver Monday morning, hired a car, and drove to the headquarters of the Atomic Energy Commission in Grand Junction, but found them closed. He returned the next morning and was told that a likely place to look for uranium was around Moab, Utah. Two and a half hours later, Joe was in Moab. He walked down the main street, met a man wearing a sheriff's badge, asked his advice on what to do next, and was introduced by the sheriff to a friend called Jack Turner, who was just about to set off on a prospecting trip by jeep. Turner invited Joe to hop into the jeep and go along. " 'Hop' was good!" Joe said. "I started out from here with four hundred pounds of equipment, and I had practically all of it on me when I fell up into that jeep—a Geiger counter, an enormous pickaxe, two hammers, field glasses, a portable fluorescent lamp for testing samples, a mortar and pestle for pulverizing them, two big cameras, a sleeping bag, some canned goods, and half a dozen prospectors' manuals. I had so many straps dangling around my neck that one false move and I'd have hanged myself. Turner was smart. He'd brought a sleeping bag, food, a Geiger counter, and a pick not much bigger than a beer-can opener."

The two prospectors headed southwest into the Green River basin, which Joe described as the next thing to unmapped. They drove the jeep until the last roads petered out, then hiked twelve miles to the mesas, where the uranium is (if you can find it). They explored the tops of the mesas for three days, in temperatures hovering around a hundred and ten. At night, they hiked back to the jeep, to their food and sleeping bags. "We'd scramble about all day on the rims of the mesas, letting our Geiger counters down into cracks in the rocks to make a check below the surface," Joe said. "Turner kept jabbering away about Shinarump, Wingate, Morrison, Entrada, and Moencopi, and at first I thought he was off his chump, but it turned out that those are the names of

EXHIBITION
BIRD IN FLIGHT by
Whitney Darrow, Jr.

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different geological formations in the mesas. The Shinarump formation, at about four thousand feet, is rich in uranium. The second day out, I got a fast rattle on my counter in Shinarump and staked two claims. I called them the Ellen Lode, after our little girl."

"In Colorado, you have to dig a ten-foot hole for every claim," Gloria said with authority. "In Utah, all you have to do is build a pyramid of stones three or four feet high. Then you pace off an area six hundred by fifteen hundred feet and build a smaller pyramid in each corner. After that, you fill out two state lode-claim forms, bury one in a waterproof can in the biggest pyramid, and, when you get back to Moab, send the other one to the county courthouse."

Joe listened in silent admiration, as if hearing all this for the first time. "No trouble about getting hold of the forms," he said. "Almost every grocery store and newsstand in Moab sells them for a dime. You see school kids stopping off on their way to the mesas and buying them instead of comic books." Joe's Ellen Lode tests at about two-tenths of one per cent uranium, and the ore ought to be worth thirty or forty dollars a ton. The difficulty is that until roads are built to the site, permitting trucks to carry the ore off for refining, it isn't worth much of anything. Joe's other claims are in Castle Valley, Utah, and are only a quarter of a mile from a highway. He calls these claims the Scott Lode, after Gloria's maiden name. "I found them while I was out prospecting with Joe Lemon, my new partner. Joe's an ex-Marine, like me. He works in a service station in Moab and goes out on the mesas weekends. The Scott Lode is Morrison formation, six thousand feet up. It measures only a tenth of one per cent near the surface, but I talked to some government geologists who think there's some real hot stuff underneath. Fact is, a fellow recently refused twenty million dollars for some claims only a few miles from mine."

"Joe was telling somebody in Ridgewood about that fellow," Gloria said, "and the very next day the garbage man came up to me and asked if we were the people who'd just refused twenty million dollars for our uranium holdings. I told him that we weren't, but, knowing Joe, it was only a question of time."

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WASHINGTON INTELLIGENCE: Posted in a Library of Congress room devoted to recordings of American folk music is a sign reading, "This room is not to be used at any time for practice purposes, as a studio for composition, or as a place to play for sheer enjoyment."

Steam, Shorts, and Trout

NOTHING recedes into history faster than weather, or takes up less space when it gets there. What will be remembered of the Great Heat Wave of '53, we wonder, besides the dates and temperatures? Will it be that up at the Bronx Zoo the cassowary, a New Guinea bird, had to be hosed down? We think posterity should know about *that.* And about the crocodiles, whose appetite increased by twenty-five per cent and who lay around grinning all day while the polar bears went underwater and stayed under, all but their wet black snouts. Next door, in the Botanical Garden, the horse chestnuts lost their leaves, and the marigolds were not what they had been. The saddest fact about the heat wave was also, to us, the most astonishing—that in the course of it the local death rate rose to fifty per cent above normal. Most of the victims were infants and elderly people. Only slightly less astonishing, but a lot more cheerful, was the fact that marriage licenses went on being issued at the customary smart clip. Love is absolutely marvellous, and a couple that isn't stopped by ninety-nine degrees isn't likely to be stopped by much of anything.

Throughout the heat wave, the Department of Housing and Buildings received an average of six telephone calls a day from frantic apartment-house tenants complaining of steam in their radiators. The use of water ran three hundred million gallons a day higher than usual. Two hundred and thirty-two fire hydrants were opened in Brooklyn in a single day, all illegally. The Department of Sanitation flushed streets to help cool them, and garbage collectors were encouraged to take salt tablets and not bang cans, or not much. Attendance at the Metropolitan Museum, which isn't air-conditioned, fell seventy-five per cent. Attendance at the Museum of Modern Art, which is, remained about normal. The hot sun shining into one of those glassy new skyscrapers caused the harlequin glasses on the nose of a young typist to explode. She said "Ouch!" It turned out she wasn't hurt; just surprised. Day by day, the consumption of gas went down and the consumption of electricity went up. The reason, Con. Ed. said, was less cooking and more electric fans and air-conditioners. Traffic was slowed down everywhere by cars that got overheated and then stalled. Commissioner Moses' car stalled right on one of his own parkways. The A.A.A. advised motorists not to take off radiator caps until the heat gauge indicated less than a hundred and eighty degrees, and most motorists didn't.

Pipe sales dropped forty per cent. Liquor sales held up. Some people switched from whiskey to gin, from gin to rum, and from rum to a drice nye wine Rhine. The bigger Fifth Avenue shops are air-conditioned, but business was off sharply and the Fifth Avenue Association was disgusted with all the cheap newspaper publicity about hot weather. Brooks Brothers reported no particular rush for summer suitings. Chipp's reported that there *was* a rush. Chipp's salesmen wore shorts on the job, while Brooks Brothers salesmen kept their knees covered. The Icelandic Consulate, which occupies three rooms down on Broad Street, isn't air-conditioned, and the staff moaned. Back home in Reykjavik, the temperature last week was around forty. At the Ethiopian Consulate, it was said that such a heat wave was unimaginable in Addis Ababa. At the Indian Consulate, a spokesman declared that as long as everyone has enough work to do, heat is no bother. Work, he said, makes one forget one's surroundings. The temperature in India sometimes reaches a hundred and sixteen. Hammacher Schlemmer dispensed free iced tea at their fancy-foods counter. Bonwit's cancelled a fashion show of bridal gowns. Too much tulle.

Air-conditioned hotels were jammed. Air-conditioner salesmen were never happier. Many owners of window air-conditioners were upset to learn that the little boxes lower outside temperatures by only fifteen degrees. They manage to lower the relative humidity by as much as fifty per cent, however. Long-haired dogs survived the heat better than short-haired ones. One horse died of heat prostration, but no Police Department mount so much as fainted. Summer regulations call for an eight-hour tour of duty for man and beast, with man dismounting for at least ten minutes out of every hour. The drying up of suburban ponds and marshes was expected to reduce the mosquito population. The Chambord Restaurant and "21" reported a heavy demand for cold duckling Montmorency. At the Colony, the recommended dish was fresh brook trout estragon in jelly.

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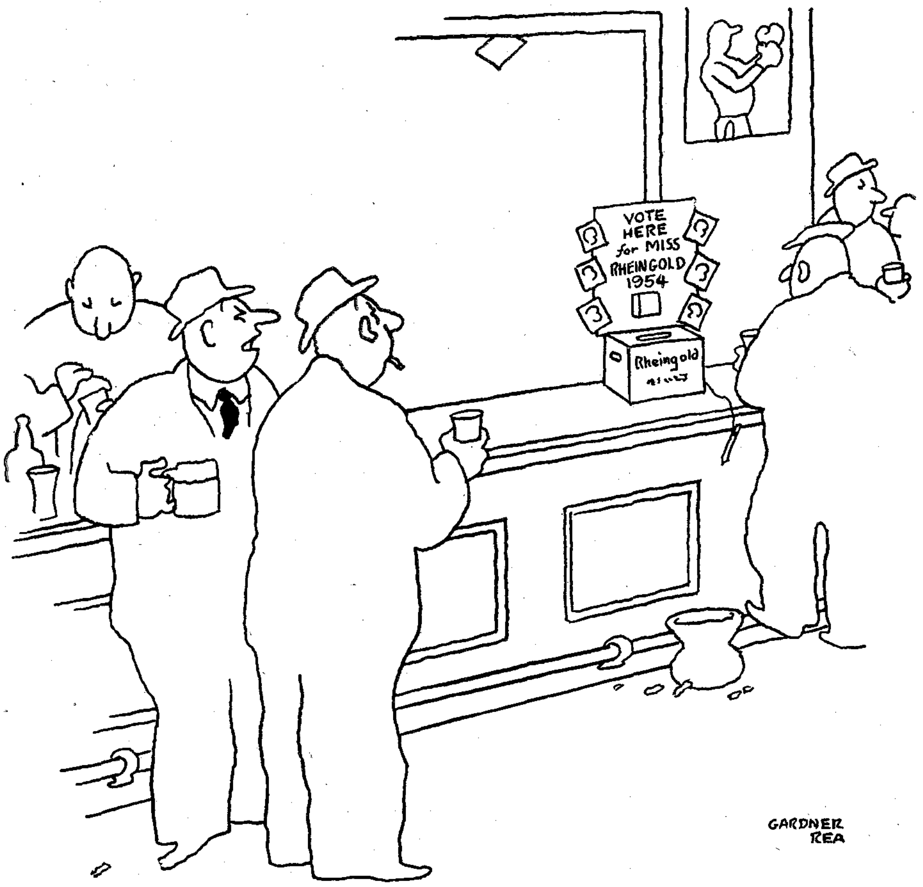
HERE'S how last week's heat wave affected a local publishing firm and the Telephone Company, which we didn't think *any*thing could upset. Late Thursday afternoon, one of the editors of the firm asked the girl at the office switchboard to put through a call to Boston, which she did. The editor completed his call and went home, and the girl left shortly thereafter without remembering to pull the plug on the Boston connection. Meanwhile, a girl at the Telephone Company had failed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"That's the sort of thing I mean. In Russia, they'd simply name *a Miss Rheingold."*

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to pull the plug on the Boston end of the wire. Long-distance operators usually check up at intervals of thirty minutes on any protracted call to make sure that both parties haven't dropped dead or gone fishing, but what with the heat and all there was a further slipup and the publisher's connection with Boston remained unbroken all night long. As soon as the telephone operator reached her switchboard at the publishing house the next morning, she got a hurried flash from a long-distance supervisor. "That's quite a call you people are putting through to Boston," the supervisor said. "Seventeen hours so far." The girl howled and snatched at the plug. "Now, now!" the supervisor said. "It's all right. We've both made a mistake. I just want to find out how long the call really lasted." "Eight or nine minutes," the girl said. "Let's make it five," said long distance. "Isn't the heat fierce?"

Sports

ALL this summer—and the summer before this, for that matter—we have sympathized, from time to time, with the ladies who sit beside the gentlemen in fast sports cars—theirs not to reason why, etc. After observing an incident on the Maine Turnpike last week, we are now inclined not only to sympathize with them but to love them with all our heart and soul. The gentleman in this case wore a beret, and he was zooming along at seventy or so when a gust of sea air blew the thing off. What did his lady do? She flipped open the glove compartment and handed him another beret, and he clapped it on his head without losing so much as a tenth of an m.p.h.

Trouper

WE had lunch at the Lambs Club one day last week with Owen Martin, a short, trim, sandy-haired, self-possessed, and extremely agreeable actor, who has the distinction of having appeared continuously in one company or another of "Oklahoma!" ever since the Rodgers and Hammerstein perennial opened at the St. James Theatre on the night of March 31, 1943. It's some sort of theatrical employment record, all right, and Martin is justifiably proud of it. "I love 'Oklahoma!,' " Martin told us. "God must have a piece of 'Oklahoma!' There have been no fires onstage and no deaths onstage. Once in a while a piece of scenery may fall down somewhere out in the country, but it's minor." Mr. Martin is now nudging his five-thousandth performance in the musical. He spent five years at the St. James, and then he went on the road, and has been going ever since. As nearly as he can figure it, he has travelled about sixty-five thousand miles in this country, before taxes. In the City Center revival, he is playing Andrew Carnes, Ado Annie's daddy. He has been playing Carnes for the past two years; he originally appeared as Cord Elam, the federal marshal, and once played thirty weeks in New York as the peddler, Ali Hakim. He hasn't taken a vacation since 1943. Once, back in 1944, he was about to go off on a holiday, but Ralph Riggs, who was then playing Carnes, took sick the day Martin planned to leave, and Martin jumped into his part. Soon thereafter, he was heading off again, but this time Joseph Buloff, who was then sliding around the stage as Ali Hakim, fell ill, and once more Martin filled the breach. Martin got sick himself once, a couple of years ago, in Wichita. While he was in his dressing room putting on his makeup, he suddenly felt hot all over. He called a doctor, who found that his temperature was a hundred and three degrees, told him he had pneumonia, and put him to bed. Three days later, Martin hit the road, working his way for a week up to Minneapolis, where he again felt hot all over. A Minneapolis doctor told him he hadn't recovered from the Wichita pneumonia, and put him to bed for two weeks. He rejoined the company after that, and hasn't missed a performance since.

Martin told us that the reception "Oklahoma!" gets wherever it goes is phenomenal. "People like it better the second and third time around," he said. "Nuns come. It's the only play I've ever been in where nuns come." When the company turned up in Calgary, for a limited engagement, the S.R.O. sign was out in the lobby, and planeloads of Alaskans came down every night for the performances. Many of the theatres they played hadn't housed a legitimate production for fifteen years or more. "We often follow wrestlers or basketball players in an auditorium, and do our dressing in the boiler room," Martin said. The company travels mostly by train—sometimes by special train, to accommodate the tight schedules. "Why, one night we'll be in Tyler, Texas; the next night in Shreveport, Louisiana; the next night in Vicksburg, Mississippi; the next in Baton Rouge, Louisiana; the next in Mobile, Alabama," he said. "That's travelling!" Martin, who sleeps in a lower berth, enjoys asking young members of the cast whether they prefer an upper or a lower. "The young ones always say they want an upper," he said. "Someone has told them an upper is cooler—one of the great railroad myths."

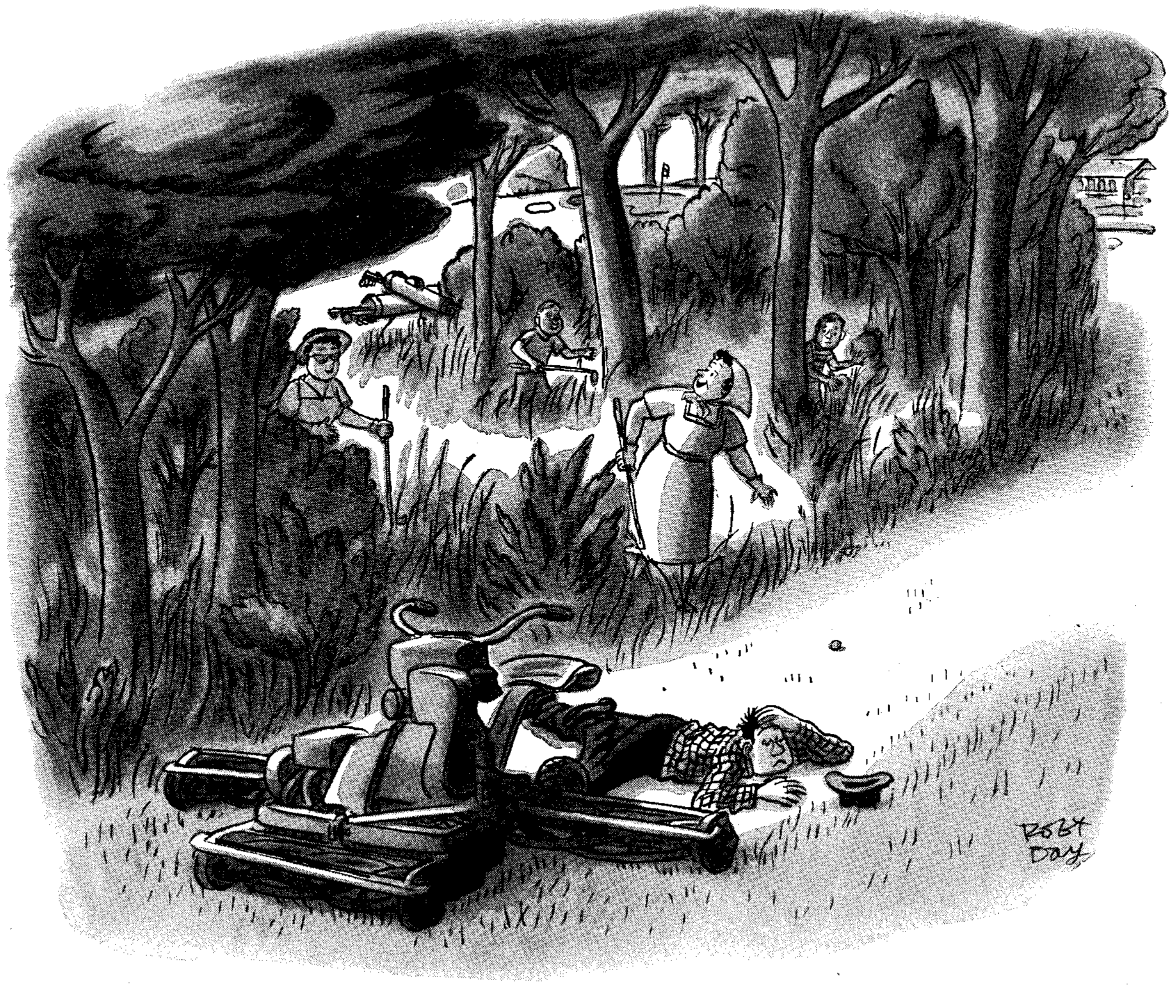
During Martin's "Oklahoma!" period, the part of Curly has changed hands eight times, Laurey ten, the peddler seven, and Aunt Eller four. Two managers have died on the road, one practically in Martin's arms. "We were coming into Chicago," he said. "He was sitting in front of me in the train and he called out my name. 'The money!' he cried. 'The money!' He pointed to his money belt. There must have been eight or nine thousand there—no time en route to make a deposit. And then he died."

In September, 1951, the company flew to Berlin, under State Department auspices, and played for two weeks in the British and French Zones. For Martin, this trip was the high point of his experiences in "Oklahoma!" "We've never had such a reception," he said. "Kids came in by bus from the Russian Zone. It was the first time a show had been televised in Berlin, and people—seventy-five thousand of them—stood out in the squares watching sets while we performed to capacity audiences in two opera houses. They hardly understood a word, but they'd shout and applaud at the end of every song. When we'd sing the title song, they'd ask for eight encores. At the end, they would listen to the orchestra play all the songs over again, and then they'd hang around the theatre for half an hour after we'd gone home."

Martin was born in New York "about fifty years ago," and once played in vaudeville. He has also appeared in "Three Men on a Horse," "Boy Meets Girl," "Brother Rat," and "The Boys from Syracuse," to name a few. (This may explain why he saw no nuns in his audiences until "Oklahoma!") "I'm supposed to be an aggressive character in 'Oklahoma!' Somehow, I am aggressive every evening," Martin said. "People ask me if I'm tired of 'Oklahoma!' That's a laugh. Things were pretty tough in the thirties and early forties. I thank God every night for 'Oklahoma!' "

Out in Michigan City

QUITE evidently pleased with the police methods of Michigan City, Indiana, a correspondent out there has written to tell us about the case of an elderly widow who lost her handbag on a visit to Michigan City's principal public park. She reported her loss to Michigan City's Police Headquarters and a few hours later was told by a bass-voiced sergeant, over the phone, that he thought he had the bag. He asked her to identify it by listing some of its contents, and she did so. The sergeant was satisfied but not appeased. He said he had been particularly interested in the longhand recipe for homemade banana ice cream that was in the handbag, and wanted to know if she would object to his passing it along to his wife. She told him she didn't mind at all, that the recipe had been written by her daughter-in-law, who, as it happened, had offered to call at Headquarters and pick up the handbag and would be right over. Before the daughter-in-law returned with the handbag, the sergeant called again, to say that he had telephoned the recipe to his wife and that his wife wanted to know how many cups of light cream she should use, the recipe having failed to specify that. The old lady didn't know, so she suggested that the sergeant ask the daughter-in-law when he saw her. The sergeant replied that he had seen her before his wife had called him back, and that he was now out of touch with the daughter-in-law. While crime stood still in Michigan City, and the old lady hung on to the telephone, trying to think what to do next, the daughter-in-law came up on the front porch, carrying the handbag. In a matter of moments, the sergeant had the information he was after, and hung up, presumably licking his chops.



"It's O.K.! I found it!"

CLOUDLAND REVISITED

IT TAKES TWO TO TANGO BUT ONLY ONE TO SQUIRM

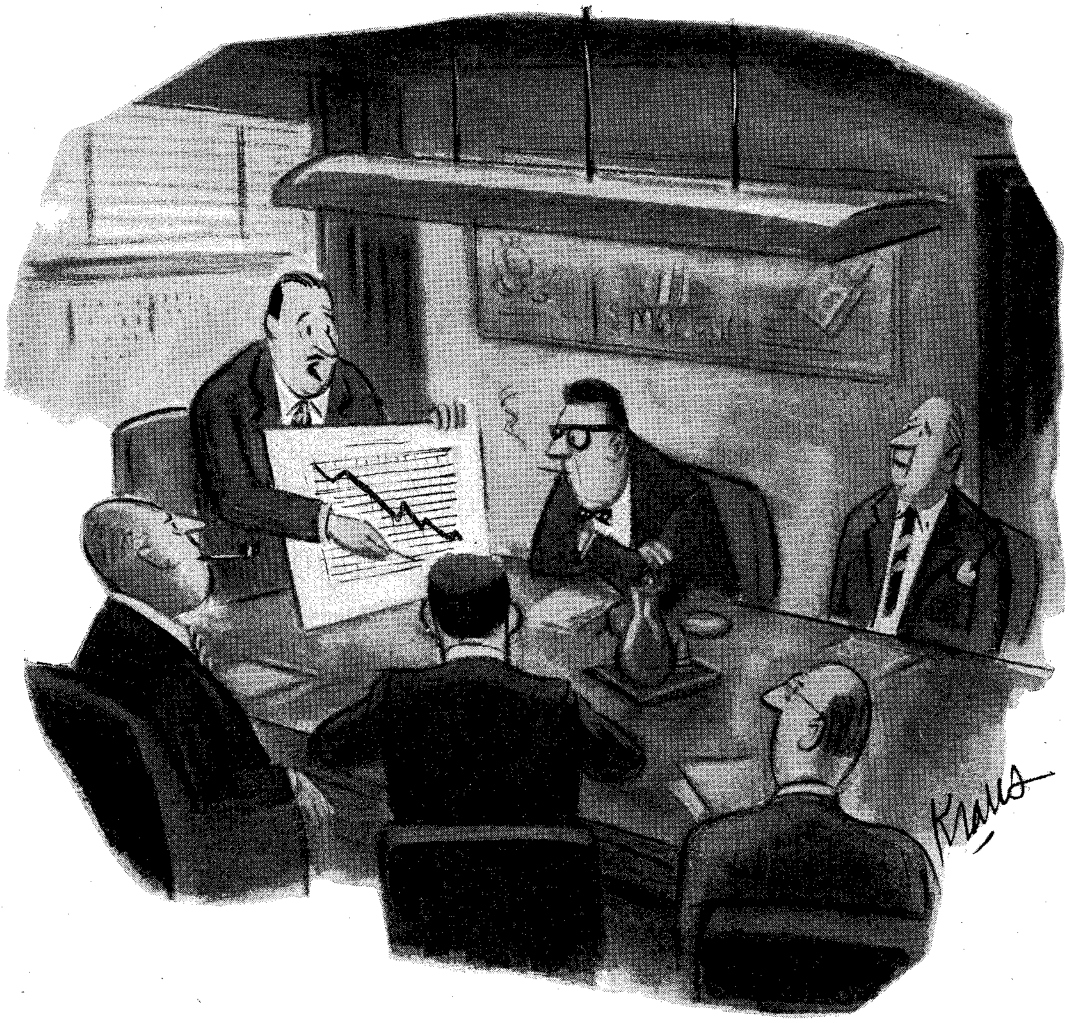
BY current standards, the needs of a young man-about-town in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1921 were few—an occasional pack of straw-tipped Melachrinos, an evening of canoeing on the Ten Mile River, with its concomitant aphrodisiac, a pail of chocolate creams, and a mandatory thirty-five cents daily for admission to the movies. My fluctuating resources (most of the family's money evaporated in visionary schemes like a Yiddish musical-comedy production of "The Heart of Midlothian") often forced me to abjure tobacco and amour, but I would sooner have parted with a lung than missed such epochal attractions as "Tol'able David" or Rudolph Valentino in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," and I worked at some very odd jobs indeed to feed my addiction to the cinema. One of them, I recall, was electroplating radiators in a small, dismal factory that turned out automobile parts. It was an inferno of dirt and noise; half a dozen presses, operated by as many scorbutic girls, whose only diet seemed to be pork pies, were kept busy turning out the honeycomb radiators used in several cars at that time, and it was my task to baptize these artifacts in a huge vat filled with boiling acid. The fumes that rose from the immersion were so noisome that within a month I lost eleven pounds and developed nightmares during which I shrieked like a brain-fever bird. Compelled, under parental pressure, to resign, I wheedled a job as clerk at the baked-goods counter of Shepard's, a department store that dealt in fancy groceries. Overnight, my anemia magically vanished. Cramming myself with cinnamon buns, broken cookies, jelly doughnuts, ladyfingers, brownies, macaroons—anything I could filch while the floorwalker's back was turned—I blew up to fearful proportions. When not folding boxes or discomposing customers, I transported fresh stock from the bakery on the top floor of the building, a function that eventually led to my downfall. One afternoon, spying a beguiling tureen, I snatched a heaping ladleful of what I thought was whipped cream but which proved to be marshmallow. Just as I was gagging horribly, I heard behind me the agonized whisper "Cheese it, here comes Mr. Madigan!" and the floorwalker appeared, his antennae aquiver. He treated me to a baleful scrutiny, inquired whether I was subject to fits, and made a notation on his cuff. The following payday, my envelope contained a slip with a brief, unemotional dispatch. It stated that due to a country-wide shortage of aprons, the company was requisitioning mine and returning me to civilian life.

After a fortnight of leisure, my bloat had disappeared but so had my savings, and, unable to wangle credit or passes from the picture houses, I reluctantly took a job selling vacuum cleaners from door to door. The equipment that graced my particular model must have weighed easily three hundred pounds, and I spent a hideous day struggling on and off streetcars with it and beseeching suburban matrons to hold still for a demonstration. I was met everywhere by a vast apathy, if not open hostility; several prospects, in fact, saw fit to pursue me with brooms. Finally, a young Swedish housewife, too recent an immigrant to peg a tyro, allowed me to enter her bungalow. How I managed to blow all the fuses and scorch her curtains, I have no idea, but it happened in an *Augenblick*. The next thing I knew, I was fleeing through an azalea bed under a hail of Scandinavian cusswords, desperately hugging my appliances and coils of hose. The coup de grâce came upon my return to the warehouse. It transpired I had lost a nozzle and various couplings, elbows, and flanges, the cost of which I had to make good by pledging the household samovar.

IT was more or less inevitable these early travails should return from limbo when, as happened recently, I settled myself into a projection room at the Museum of Modern Art with a print of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Actually, I would have much preferred to reinspect another vehicle of Valentino's called "Blood and Sand," which co-starred Nita Naldi, down whom it used to be my boyhood ambition to coast on a Flexible Flyer, but the ravages of time had overtaken it. (Miss Naldi, *mirabile dictu*, is as symmetrical as ever.) "The Four Horsemen," however, provided the great lover with a full gamut for his histrionic talents, and a notable supporting cast, containing, among others, Alice Terry, Wallace Beery, Alan Hale, Stuart Holmes, Joseph Swickard, and Nigel de Brulier. It was difficult to believe that only thirty-two years before—only yesterday, really, I told myself comfortingly—it had kept me on the edge of my chair. Ah, well, the chairs were narrower in those days. You positively get lost in the ones at the Museum.

"The Four Horsemen," as any nonagenarian will remember, was based on Vicente Blasco Ibáñez's best-seller. It was released on the heels of the First World War, and its pacifist theme was unquestionably responsible for a measure of its success, but Valentino's reptilian charm, his alliances with Winifred Hudnut and Natacha Rambova, the *brouhaha* about his excesses and idiosyncrasies were the real box-office lure. An interminable, narcotic genealogy precedes his appearance in the film, establishing a complex hierarchy of ranchers in the Argentine dominated by his mater-

nal grandfather, an autocratic Spanish hidalgo. Julio Desnoyers (Valentino) is French on his father's side and the patriarch's favorite; he has German cousins being groomed as legatees of the family fortune, and the sequence pullulates with murky domestic intrigue. Petted and indulged by the old man, Julio grows up into a sleek-haired finale hopper who tangos sinuously, puffs smoke into the corsages of singsong girls, and generally qualifies as a libertine. In the fullness of time, or roughly six hundred feet of minutiae that remain a secret between the cameraman and the cutter, Julio's mother inherits half the estate and removes her son, daughter, and husband to Paris, where they take up residence in a Gallic facsimile of Kaliski & Gabay's auction rooms. Julio dabbles at painting—at least, we behold him before an easel in the manner of those penny-arcade tableaux called "What the Butler Saw Through the Keyhole," sighting off lickerishly at some models dressed in cheesecloth—and, in more serious vein, applies himself to seducing Marguerite Laurier (Alice Terry), the wife of a French senator. The role must have been a nerve-racking one for Valentino. Not only did he have to keep an eye peeled for the senator but the production was being directed by Miss Terry's husband-to-be, Rex Ingram. No wonder the poor slob fell apart when he did.



"Gentlemen, I'm afraid we'll have to revise our basic idea that there's one born every minute."

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To provide Valentino with a setting for his adagios, the affair gets under way at a fashionable temple of the dance called the Tango Palace, packed with gigolos and ladies in aigretted turbans swaying orgiastically; then Marguerite, apprehensive of gossip, makes surreptitious visits to her lover's atelier. He, intent on steam-rolling her into the Turkish corner, is oblivious of all else, and there is a portentous moment, embroidering the favorite movie thesis that mankind always exhibits unbridled sensuality just prior to Armageddon, when his male secretary tries to show him a newspaper headline reading, "ARCHDUKE FERDINAND ASSASSINATED AT SARAJEVO," only to have Julio petulantly brush it aside. The symbolism now starts to pile up thick and fast. The secretary, croaking ominously, exits to consult a mysterious bearded philosopher in a Russian tunic (Nigel de Brulier), who, it has been planted, dwells upstairs. No reliable clue to this character's identity is anywhere given, but he seems to be a mélange of Prince Myshkin, Savonarola, and Dean Inge, possesses the gift of tongues, and is definitely supernatural. His reaction to the murder is much more immediate, possibly because he doesn't have a girl in his room. "This is the beginning of the end," he declares sombrely. "The brand that will set the world ablaze." Downstairs, meanwhile, Marguerite's scruples are melting like hot marzipan under Julio's caresses, and it is manifest that the duo is percale-bound. The camera thereupon cuts back to the oracle extracting an apple from a bowl of fruit. "Do you not wonder that the apple, with its coloring, was chosen to represent the forbidden fruit?" he asks the secretary, with a cryptic smile. "But, when peeled, how like woman without her cloak of virtue!" I don't know how this brand of rhetoric affected other people of my generation, but it used to make me whinny. I secretly compared it to the insupportable sweetness of a thousand violins.

BEFORE very long, Marguerite's husband ferrets out her peccadillo, wrathfully announces his intention of divorcing her, and challenges Julio to a duel. The scandal never eventuates, happily; in response to a general mobilization order, the senator joins his regiment, the Fifth Calvados Fusiliers, and his wife, seeking to make atonement for her guilt, enrolls as a nurse. "The flames of war had singed the butterfly's wings," explains a Lardnerian subtitle, "and in its place there was—a woman, awakening to the call of France." Excused from military service because of his nationality, Julio dawdles around Paris making an apathetic pitch for Marguerite, which she priggishly rejects on the ground that venery is unseemly while the caissons roll—a view dia-

CONCORD RIVER

The turtles on the ledges of July
Heard our approach and splashed. Now in the mud
Lie, like the memory of fecund summer,
Their buried eggs. The river, colder now,
Has other, autumn tales to carry on
Between the banks where lovers used to lie.

Lovers, or boys escaped from yard and farm
To drown in sensual purities of sun—
No matter which. For single fisherman
Casting into the shade, or those absorbed
In human ardor, summer was the same,
Impervious to weariness or alarm.

The fisherman, by craft and love removed
From meanness, has an almanac at home
Saying the season will be brief this year
And ice strike early; yet upon its shelf
The book is no despoiler of this day
In which he moves and ponders, most himself.

That boy watching for turtles by the shore,
Steeped in his satisfactory loneliness,
If asked could tell us that the sun would set
Or autumn drive him back to games and school—
Tell us at second-hand, believing then
Only midsummer and the noon-struck pool.

And we, who floated through the sunlit green,
Indolent, voluntary as the dance
Of dragonflies above the skimming leaves—
For us the landscape and the hour became
A single element, where our drifting silence
Fell twofold, like our shadows on the water.

This is the Concord River, where the ice
Will hold till April; this is the willowed stream
Much threaded by the native cogitators,
Who wrote their journals calmly by its shore,
Observing weather and the swing of seasons
Along with personal cosmologies.

Henry Thoreau most nearly learned to live
Within a world his soul could recognize,
Unshaken by accounts of any country
He could not touch with both his hands. He saw
The river moving past the provincial town
And knew each curve of shoreline for his own.

He travelled much, he said, his wayward speech
Sounding always a little insolent,
Yet surer than the rest. They, like ourselves,
Ran off to dabble in a world beyond,
While he exalted the geography
He lived each day—a river and a pond.

For him there was no turning of the ear
To rumored urgencies that sought to rouse
The fisher from his pool, the serious child
From his unconscious wandering; the sound
Of desperate enterprises rang to him
Fictive as ghosts upon old Indian ground.

Lover and child and fisherman, alike,
Have in their time been native to this shore
As he would have it peopled, all entranced
By such concerns in their perfected hour
That in their lives the river and the tree
Are absolutes, no longer scenery.

—Adrienne Cecile Rich

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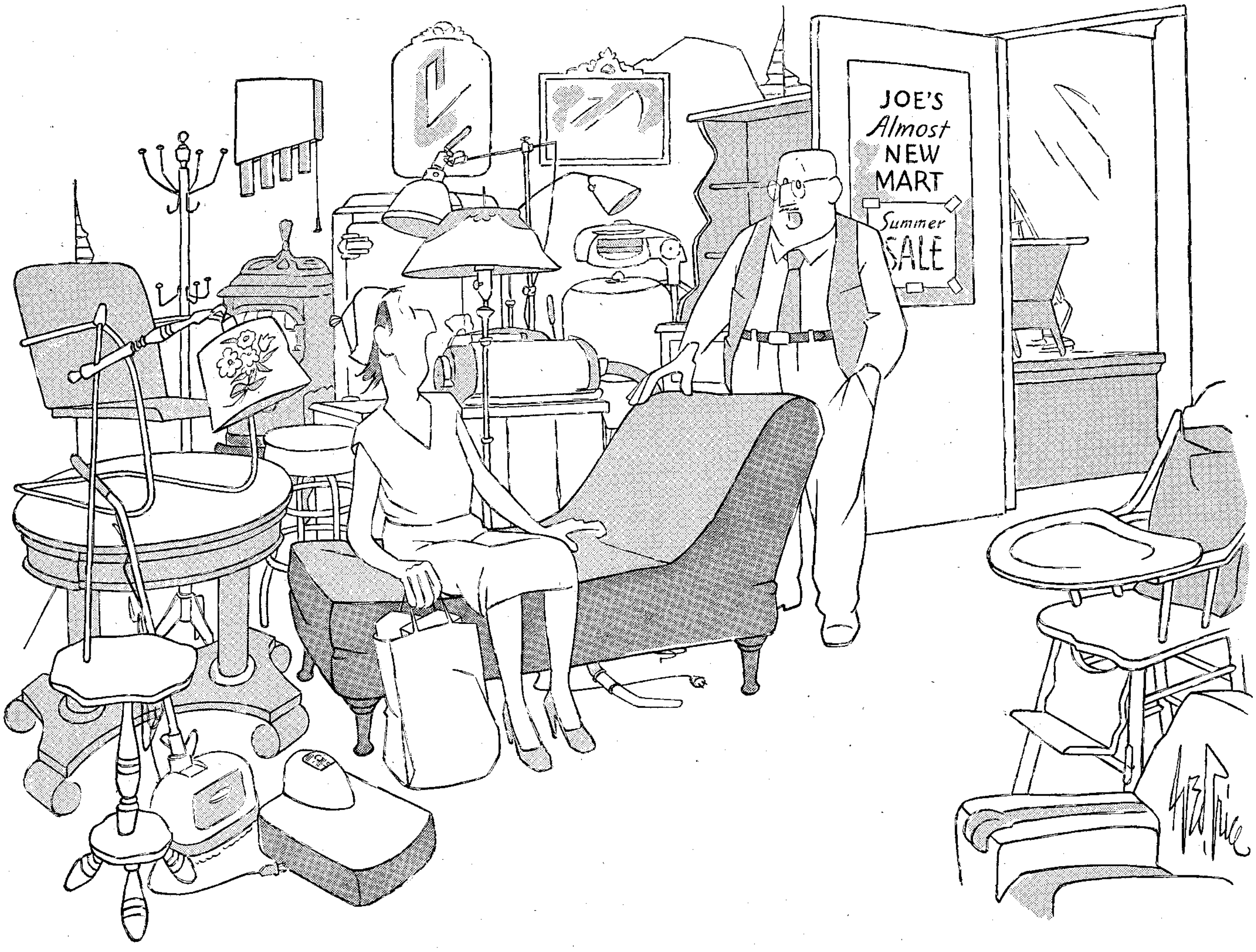
metrically opposed to that of another nurse in the same conflict described in "A Farewell to Arms." Throughout the preceding, the soothsayer in the attic has been relentlessly conjuring up double-exposure shots of the apocalyptic horsemen and their sinister baggage, and a funereal pall descends on the action—not that it has been a Mardi Gras thus far, by any means. Julio's father (Joseph Swickard) has been taken prisoner at his country house by a detachment of uhlans commanded by Wallace Beery, who proceeds to stage one of those classic Hearst-Sunday-supplement revels with bemonocled Prussians singing "*Ach, du lieber Augustin*," girls running around in their teddies, etc. At the height of the debauch, a frosty-eyed general (Stuart Holmes) enters and is revealed as Desnoyers' own nephew; i.e., a cousin of Julio's from the Argentine. Touched by the old man's plight, the officer displays unusual clemency and has him confined to a small, airy dungeon all his own; then, unbuckling his sword, he broaches an especially choice jeroboam of his uncle's champagne for the staff. Julio and Marguerite, in the meantime, continue their marathon renunciation in, of all places, the grotto at Lourdes, where she is nursing her husband, now blind and, of course, totally unaware of her identity. With a tenacity verging on monomania, Julio still hopes to con his sweetheart back to the ostermoor, but she is adamant. At length, he sickens of the whole enterprise—a process one has anticipated him in by a good half hour—castigates himself as a coward unworthy of her love, and rushes off to enlist. And just in the nick, it may be added, for what scenery hasn't been blasted by the foe has been chewed beyond recognition by the actors. Next to Mary Miles Minter laundering a kitten, nobody in the history of the silent screen could induce queasiness as expertly as Valentino when he bit his knuckles to portray heartbreak.

The ensuing sequence is a bit choppy, occupying itself with Julio's heroism under fire and his parents' vicissitudes, though the only indication we get of the former is a shot of him, in a poilu helmet, fondling a monkey at a first-aid station. (However, the animal may conceivably have been afflicted with rabies.) Papa Desnoyers eludes his captors and visits the young man at the front with news that Marguerite pines for him but is devoting herself unsparingly to the senator, which can hardly be classified as an ingenious plot twist. There obviously remains but one situation to be milked to dramatize the irony of war—a battlefield encounter between Julio and his German cousin—and, blithely skipping over the mechanics of how a general



"It's in excellent condition. The former owner was a psychoanalyst with a very small practice."

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falls into a shell hole in No Man's Land, the scenario maneuvers the relatives into a death grapple. I rather suspect that at this point a hurried story conference was called on the set to debate the propriety of allowing Valentino to be strangled. No doubt it was argued that the spectacle might cause mixed emotions in the audience, and a compromise was evolved wherein, before the outcome is resolved, we whisk to Marguerite's bedroom as she prepares to abandon her husband for Julio. Suddenly her lover's image materializes, suffused with an unearthly radiance, and she realizes the issue is academic. The rest of the picture is a lugubrious wash-up of the incidentals, climaxed by a graveside meeting between the elder Desnoyers and Julio's former upstairs neighbor, the apparition in the fright wig. Their conclusion, as I understood it, was that things were going to be a great deal worse before they became any better, but confidentially I found it hard to keep from whistling as I raced the projectionist to a *bourbonnerie*, around the corner from the Museum. After all, come sunshine or sorrow, it was extremely unlikely I would ever have to see "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" a third time.

WITH the fatuity of middle age, I imagined I had exorcised the ghost of Valentino for keeps, but in some inexplicable fashion his aura must have clung to my person or otherwise put a hex on me. An evening or so later, my wife exhumed from the attic a Spanish shawl and several filigree combs she had been hoarding until she could get the right offer from a thrift shop. As she was executing an impromptu fandango to the strains of "Siboney," employing a pair of coasters as castanets, I was jealously impelled to demonstrate my superior coördination. "Watch this, everybody!" I sang out, flourishing a roll of shelf paper. "My impression of a matador winding himself in his sash, as created by the immortal Rudy Valentino in 'Blood and Sand'!" I wrapped one end of the paper around my midriff, ordered a teen-age vassal to pay out some twenty feet and steady the roll, and, with a wild *"Ole!,"* spun gyroscopically in her direction. Halfway, I ran full tilt into a peculiar blizzard of white specks and, to weather it, grabbed at a student lamp for support.

I got the lamp, all right, and plenty of time to regret my impetuosity. Lazing around the house with my tweezers, subsequently, probing for slivers of glass, it occurred to me all at once that maybe Valentino used a double in moments of hazard. Maybe I should have, beginning way back around 1921.

—S. J. PERELMAN

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Fairborn* (*Ohio*) *Herald*]

Mrs. Kenneth Baltzer and baby daughter, Connie Sue, of N. Maple ave. will leave soon to join her husband in the Panama Canal Zone. M/Sgt. Baltzer, who is in the Air Force, has been stationed in Panama for the past three months.

So now that amazing man has three meetings scheduled for two rooms at one time. Guess I'll stick around and see how he does it.

THEIR WALK OF LIFE

On their way to see the Tuppers, Horace Lessing broke a gloomy silence by saying to his wife, "The thing that I really can*not* get over is the deception."

"I know, dear."

"I would never have believed it of Rosalie. As I've said before, that really is what sticks in my throat."

Christine Lessing sighed, leaning back in the car and looking out absently at the familiar hedges and marshy fields going by. He had said it before, and so had she—countless times and in varying forms. There was really nothing left to say any longer, which was why they had left their trim white house a few minutes earlier, had got into their Austin, and were now heading toward the far less trim cottage of the Tuppers. Horace had said that if anyone passed by and noticed their car parked outside the Tuppers' hedge, it would cause no comment. He or she might easily have dropped in on some bit of village business, such as the Flower Show or the Pig Club, for, between them, they ran quite a lot of that sort of thing in the neighborhood.

They were a middle-aged couple, busy and successful. Horace Lessing practiced as a solicitor in the English seaside town that spread its ugly suburbs inland, twenty miles away, but they preferred to live out in the country. The Lessings were accepted as part of the little community. Horace was a tall, thin man of fifty-two, with a bald forehead that was a bright pinkish brown even in winter, and with something quietly humorous in his manner that caused strangers who set him down first as a stodgy, conventional fellow to glance at him sharply and feel not quite so sure. Christine Lessing, a couple of years younger, had not achieved the dignified solution to maturity that is often to be seen in the faces of women of the Latin races. Her English prettiness had simply stayed, without anything happening beneath it, though the forget-me-nots and roses of its exterior had toned down to potpourri. She was a chain smoker, as the fingers of her right hand testified. She and Horace had resisted an impulse to dress up slightly for the coming interview, and had gone out "just as they were," which meant that Horace wore an elderly dark-blue blazer and flannel trousers and that Christine's thin, active form was incased in a cotton dress of a type neither more nor less youthful than she would have worn thirty years before. Her still-reddish hair was tidy under a hair net; at the last moment she had decided against a hat.

It was getting on for evening of a lovely day in late summer. The sun, beginning to dip westward, slanted across the splendid bronze of the wheat fields, and odors of wet mint and honeysuckle, mingled with the strange, disturbing smell of the ferns, wafted out of the hedges into the Lessings' faces as they drove along. They were too preoccupied to feel pleasure in this, or even to notice it. The past few weeks had been equally beautiful, but they had been ruined for this couple ever since the day, about a month back, when their only child, Rosalie, had told them that she intended to marry a young man called George Tupper.

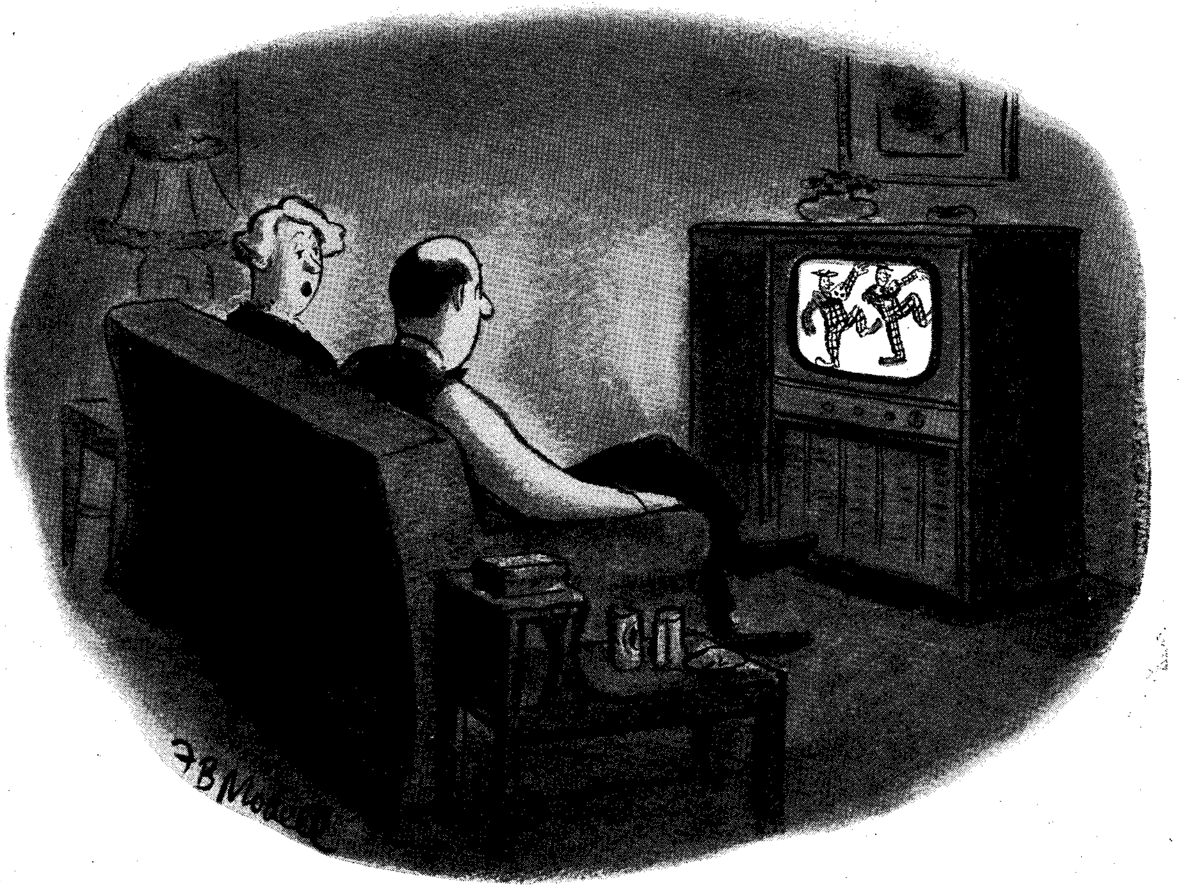
"But good heavens!" Christine had cried, half-laughing, half-vexed. "George Tupper? Who *is* George Tupper?"

It had been obvious from her expression that she was running mentally over the tennis parties, the Cricket Club dances, and the other social occasions through which Rosalie had so successfully carried her bright head and well-shaped figure in the eighteen months she had been home from school.

"You know him," Rosalie had said cheerfully. "The Tuppers who live at that old cottage beyond the pond."

Their hopes had crashed round their ears almost audibly, so resounding was the shock. Naturally, they had expected Rosalie to marry. She was an extremely pretty girl of eighteen, who took after Christine, but in Rosalie everything in the picture was bright and new. Her eyes glistened, and so did her short, square white teeth, and so did her lips, and her mane of light-red hair. Everything about her glistened delightfully, like a leaf on a fresh summer morning. Horace had sometimes thought, with a touch of melancholy, that it would not be long before she was married to one of the nice youngsters who ran her around to parties and tennis. It had not occurred to him to look for his future son-in-law in a ditch, which was where he remembered last seeing George Tupper, one day not long ago as he was driving along the highway toward his office. The young man had been standing knee-deep in bracken, slashing away with a billhook at a rough bank; he worked for the rural district council on the roads. Horace had glanced at him as he drove by, indifferently registering his presence, as though young Tupper were a stone or a haystack by the roadside. It gave him a strange feeling now to think how that stone, that haystack, was looming so large in his life.

The parents, keeping themselves well in hand, had asked Rosalie how she



"When we used to listen to the radio, what were we looking at?"

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happened to meet George Tupper in the first place, for as far as they knew, the young couple had not exchanged a word. Then it had come out—the first casual encounter, the long deception. Rosalie's bicycle tire had been punctured, and, emerging from the cow parsley like antique Love rising from the warm Cyprian sea, George Tupper had mended it for her. They had met again along the road soon afterward, and Rosalie got off her bicycle and stopped for a chat. There had been an instant attraction between them; for nearly a year since that time they had been meeting regularly. When Rosalie took her tennis racket and went off, as the Lessings understood, to play singles with her best friend, the doctor's daughter, she had really been going to meet George in some wood. When she whistled to Christine's two cairn terriers and strode off down the lane in her tweed skirt and jersey, the little dogs yapping with excitement round her rather large but seductive legs, she had been less intent on exercise than on meeting a lover. It was bad luck, Horace had grimly reflected, that the fellow was not confined between four walls for at least part of the day, but he worked under the sky, along the highroad, among the common nettles, always and infernally accessible.

The Lessings were shaken to think that with their daughter living at home, at such close quarters, they had not had the slightest suspicion anything was going on. They were badly hurt by her extraordinary deceit, for they had believed in their innocent hearts that she told them everything. That day, when she did at last tell them, they had asked her if anyone else had heard about it.

Rosalie showed her lovely strong teeth in a delightful laugh. "I don't think we've even been seen together," she said. She looked as candid as the dawn sky.

"Thank goodness," Christine said.

"Everyone will know soon, of course. George is going to tell his mother and father today, too."

"Well, ask them to keep the— the information to themselves for the time being," said Horace sharply.

He had boggled at the word "news," which would seem to give an official ring of confirmation.

"But not for long," Rosalie protested. "We want to get married as soon as we can."

"Does he make enough to keep you on?" her father had then asked.

"Well, he's thinking of changing his job. We'd get a house with the new one."

"There's a lot to talk over first," Christine said.

Rosalie had looked smilingly from one to the other. "Talk away!" she said amiably.

IT struck Horace, in the days which followed, that for the rest of his life he would feel a nagging worry whenever he smelled the sweet odor of cooking fruit and sugar. It was the time of year when Christine and their cook, Harriet, made household preserves, and every evening when he entered the house and hung up his hat in the hall, he met the warm smell of hot plum jam or damson cheese or crab-apple jelly. In the restless energy of her unhappiness, Christine was making jams as other women, also wretched, might buy new clothes, or take a lover, or go off on a long, uncomfortable journey. Horace wondered how they would ever eat their way through the shelves and shelves of his wife's misery. Rosalie kept herself tactfully out of the way much of the time. She went about with her friends, played tennis, joined parties to go swimming in the river from a friend's boathouse, and they heard her singing and whistling merrily when she was at home.

Horace and Christine had talked without ceasing, in these fine late-summer days, which passed in anxiety and the fragrance of jam floating from the kitchen. Christine would come out into the hall, fishing in the pocket of her purple-splashed apron for her package of cigarettes, and almost immediately they would start their discussion. They were at their wit's end. In their circle, people did not marry out of "their walk of life," as Christine called it. When she said the phrase, it was possible to imagine that she was thinking about a neat, tree-lined avenue, bordered with comfortable-looking houses approximately the size of the Lessings' and leading on, without a swerve or a kink, toward a placid horizon. The world had changed, as Horace was ready to acknowledge, but it had not changed that much. The Lessings were humiliated when they imagined the comments of their friends whose daughters had not chosen to look over the hedge and fall in love with a laborer. They struggled to face their predicament in a sensible, modern way, but the painful fact remained that Rosalie wished to marry a man whose father could neither read nor write, who probably read nothing himself but the football pools, and whose resources in all ways seemed so limited that Horace, made cynically aware of the frailty of human nature by his professional experience, could only shake his head and prophesy disaster. When he and Christine thought of Rosalie stuck in some dreadful cottage, working from dawn to dusk and breeding like a rabbit, no doubt, they were filled with horror.

Horace had suggested to Rosalie that George Tupper might come along for a glass of sherry one evening. He told her that Thursday would be suitable, hoping she would not instantly detect that it was suitable because Harriet on that day always crammed herself into her good blue costume, took her umbrella with the bulldog's-head handle, and half a dozen eggs in a cardboard shoe box, and went on the bus into town to see her married niece. Horace did not like the idea that he was being forced to be deceitful, too, but he wanted to be sure that there would be no gossip.

George had come. He had put on a neat brown suit and slicked back his hair with water. His Adam's apple looked as though it were uneasy at being made captive by a collar and tie. Horace and Christine had studied him with intense curiosity, for they both felt that his face as they remembered it must be an imperfect recollection, and that the reality would supply them with clues to their private disaster. To their amazement, as they agreed afterward, it appeared exactly the same. He was really an ordinary-looking young man, with a bumpy forehead, and sandy eyelashes tipped with lighter gold. Red had called to red; Rosalie's beautiful, clear, Venetian coloring had attracted George's honest ginger. Horace, while he rattled nervously about at the tray of decanters and glasses, had found himself wondering absently about their children, who would be red as little foxes.

"Drink up—you're being very slow," he'd said, and young Tupper had started, and then thrown the sherry down his throat with violence.

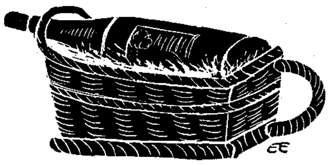
The Lessings had hoped that the sight of George perhaps appearing to less advantage in the surroundings of her own home might give Rosalie pause. After an early attack of fidgeting, the young man had appeared collected. He sat munching a genteel cocktail biscuit. His hands were small but strong, and his nails were dirty. The parents looked at Rosalie. She was gazing at her lover with a contented smile. Their quietness together, which seemed to be full of certainty, began to alarm Horace. He asked George about his new job. The young man was going to work for a farmer two villages away.

"That's a *very* sensible idea," Christine said, with a thin smile.

"I hitched up with him on account of him offering a cottage," George said. "The last man left it pretty mucky—his wife was in hospital half the time—but it's modern. Main light and a cesspool."

"A *lovely* cesspool," Rosalie said.

George laughed. "It won't be too bad for a start, Rozzie thinks. I'm going over evenings to start putting it right."



Christine looked at Horace. He cleared his throat and made a dry little speech, to which the young couple listened without interrupting.

Then George had said calmly, "Well, if you think we must wait, Mr. Lessing, I reckon there isn't anything to be done about it."

"I'm sorry, but we shall never give our consent," Christine said, on a firm note.

"But we'll lose the cottage," Rosalie wailed. "It's for a married man. George said he was going to be married soon."

"Can't be helped, Rozzie," George said.

He seemed entirely unruffled. Rosalie went with him to the gate, and stood talking busily while he put on his bicycle clips. Then he wheeled out his bike and rode away. With a disturbing serenity, Rosalie came back to the house, humming a gay little tune.

IT was a few days later, while Rosalie was away for a brief visit with a school friend, that her parents had decided to go and have a straight talk with the Tuppers. George had already left for his new job. Now, as they drove along between the fragrant hedgerows, which fanned soft puffs of intoxicating sweetness into their unheeding faces, Horace tried to comfort himself with the thought that Tupper, illiterate old man though he was, might have the horse sense to realize better than his son that there was nothing doing. If George and Rosalie waited until Rosalie was twenty-one and legally of age, then Horace would have to wash his hands of them both. But he proposed to offer to help George emigrate—alone, of course. Otherwise, the situation would be perfectly intolerable. They would have to move from the neighborhood where

FOR THE LONG PRESENT, ANYWAY

Remember when we were young and signed letters
"Yours ever," as some people still do
And mean it, too?
But "ever" is ever so long when one comes to think of it,
With the end of things always threatening—the void,
And we on the brink of it—
And ever doesn't mean as much as it did
When one was a kid.
But still some of us keep signing our letters "Yours always," "Ever yours,"
As if we were walking together through endlessly opening doors,
And as if, let alone life, love (how absurd!) were enduring,
And did not alter and veer with new faces,
Unexpected, alluring.

But, all things considered, I think it's fine
That one continues to sign
"Yours ever;" it sounds endless,
Makes one's friends feel less friendless,
Helps to lighten their cares,
Knowing you're eternally theirs.
It wouldn't help to write bluntly, instead,
"Yours ever—that is to say, till I'm dead."
With doom potential each minute,
There'd be no comfort in it.
Snubbing death, snooting change, let us never
Stop signing "Yours always," "Yours ever."

—IRWIN EDMAN

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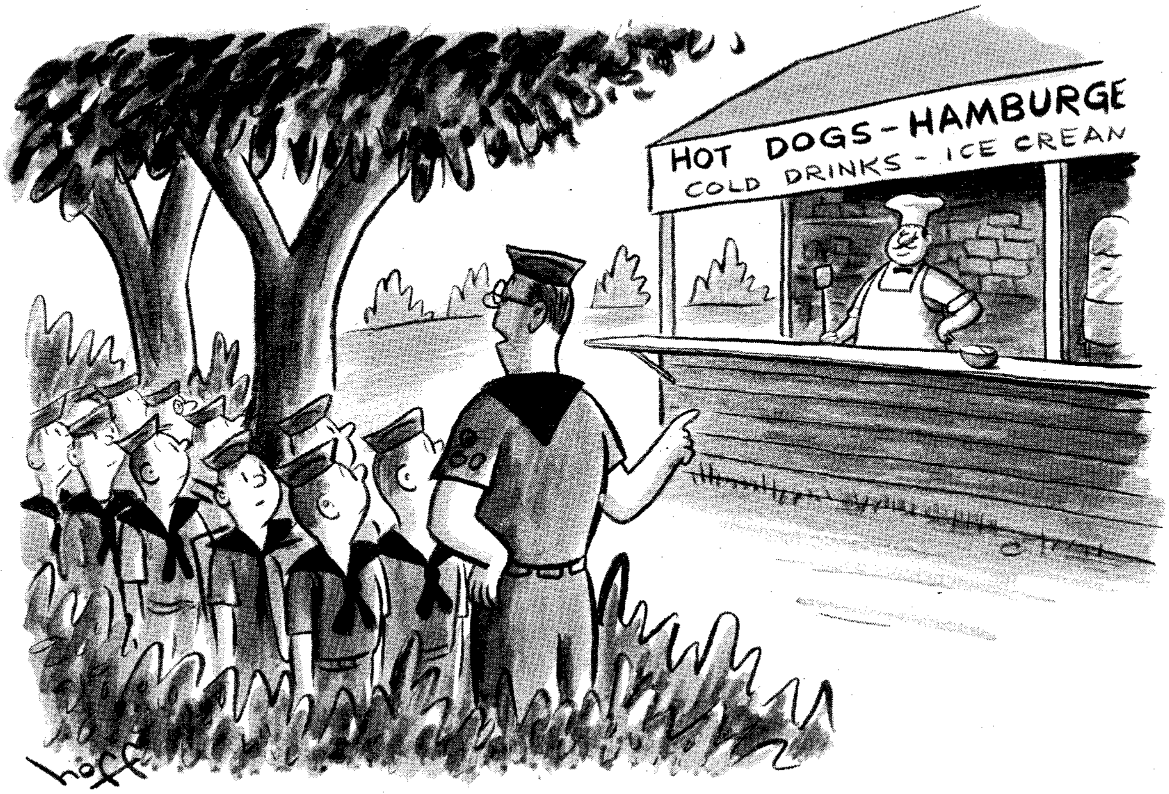


"Well, men, let's put it to a vote. Do we eat here or do we go to all that trouble of scrounging around for twigs and stuff to make a fire?"

they were so well liked and respected, for the Tuppers couldn't be trusted to keep their mouths shut. Old Tupper would get excited one night and start to brag in the Barley Sheaf. At the thought, Horace gave a loud, exasperated grunt and sharply struck the palm of his left hand on the steering wheel.

"What?" said Christine, startled.

"Oh, nothing. Here we are."

He parked the car close to the ragged hedge, and they got out and walked up the path to the Tuppers' cottage. One or two hens stopped giving back-kicks in the earth under the currant bushes and gazed at the visitors inquisitively. There was no one about; the rest of the Tuppers' sons and daughters were married and gone. Horace lifted his hand and rapped sharply on the door. In a minute, there were heavy steps, and Mrs. Tupper opened it. "Come in, Mrs. Lessing," she said. "Good evening, Mr. Lessing. Come in, sir."

She was a fat woman with a waterfall of chins tumbling to a high, full bosom, which, in its exposed upper reaches, looked polished, hard, and brown as walnut. Christine walked quickly past her, followed by Horace.

"In here," Mrs. Tupper said. "Father's in the kitchen."

She opened a door and showed them into the little front best room, which struck cold to the flesh after the warm evening air outside.

"We'd like a chat with you and Mr. Tupper," Christine said nervously.

"He's just finished his tea. I'll get him," said Mrs. Tupper. She left the room.

The Lessings sat down, side by side, on a horsehair sofa. In spite of the fireplace, in which a fan of orange paper was crinkled realistically, the smell of the room was damp. They said nothing until Mrs. Tupper returned with her husband. Tupper was still in his working clothes, and resembled a stiff, creaking parcel tied up at various points with string. He was wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Evening, Mr. Lessing," he said.

He and his wife sat down on two chairs facing the Lessings. The room was so narrow that the four of them, sitting upright, resembled four strangers mistrustfully eying each other across a railway carriage that had got shunted, by some accident of travel, into a siding. Horace's flannel-covered knee was practically touching Tupper's corduroy one.

"I daresay you can guess why we want to see you," Horace said.

"About our George," Tupper said. He looked slyly from Horace to Christine. He had a big, streaky gray mustache, with ginger ends that looked stained, as though they had been dipped in strong tea. His forehead was bumpy like George's, Christine noticed with a feeling of distaste.

Horace began to speak. The Tuppers listened silently. Mrs. Tupper had adopted what was evidently a habitual attitude, one arm, across her bosom, supporting the elbow of her other arm, and the fingers of the supported hand splayed to the side of her cheek, as though she were clapping a poultice to some aching spot there.

"Can't say as how we're keen on it neither, Mr. Lessing," Tupper said, at last, when Horace paused for breath and looked expectantly at him.

"You're not keen?" Christine said sharply.

Mrs. Tupper shook her head sadly, still propping her soft cheek and chins under the invisible poultice. "Oh, it isn't right, is it, Father?" she said, looking at her husband.

"No, it isn't," Tupper said.

"George ought to have known better. That's what Father and me thinks."

Horace stammered slightly when he was moved or angry. Now, with that hesitation in his speech, he said ironically, "I should have thought he was doing pr-pretty well."

"A wife makes a difference to a boy like George," Tupper said. "Just making his way, like, and your girl— well, it don't do, Mr. Lessing."

Quelling an indignant movement from Christine with a warning glance, Horace asked, "Then I take it you haven't told anyone yet?"

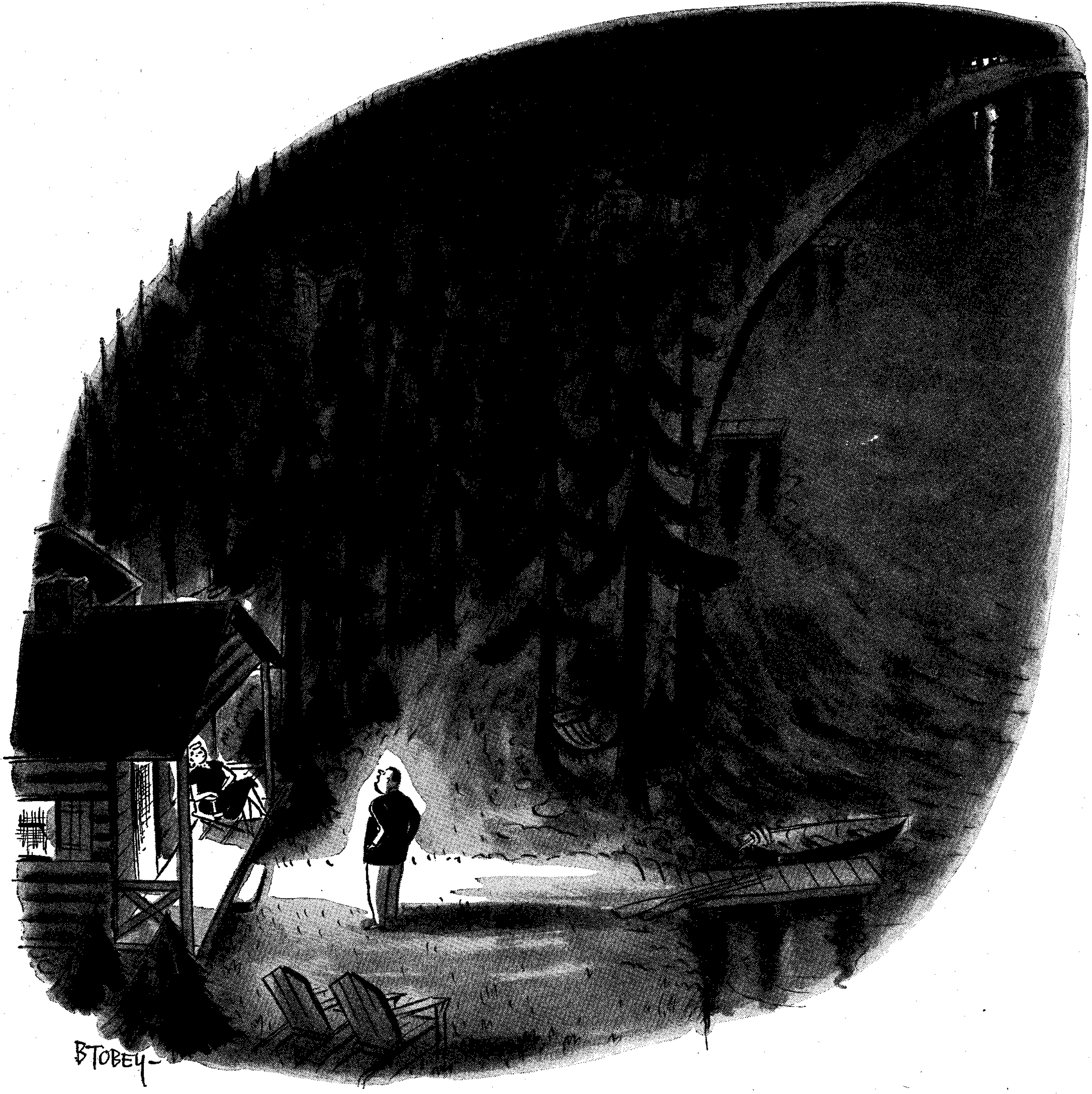
"Haven't said nothing to nobody," Tupper said. "We don't want no talk."

"I am very glad indeed that you're being so sensible," Horace said. He felt perfectly furious.

The Lessings talked for a little while longer before getting up to go. Horace had finally made his offer to help George emigrate.

"So you'll tell your son what I've said" were his parting words. "You'll do your best to make him see reason?"

"Yes," Tupper said. He shot out a hand and took hold of Horace's blazer. He was the shorter man of the two, and



"Who are we playing bridge with tonight—as if I didn't know?"

• •

he looked up into Horace's face with a strange, gentle smile. "But it won't do no good. They'll marry." He gave the pleat of dark-blue blazer a little shake. "They'll marry, sure enough, and there aren't a thing to be said that'll stop 'em."

Horace and Christine climbed into the Austin and drove home. On the way, they said hardly anything. When they reached the house, Christine said that she had a headache and would go upstairs and take some aspirin. Horace, after he had put the car in the garage, wandered rather aimlessly into the garden. Everything looked very neat. The lawns were freshly mown, and the second crop of roses was coming into flower. Horace loved his roses, but he looked at them abstractedly. He was thinking of Tupper's eyes and his smile as he said, "They'll marry, sure enough." And suddenly Horace knew that Tupper was right and that there was nothing to be done. He gave up. He had beaten his head against the hard fact in vain, refusing to believe it, until a stupid old man had taken hold of him by the coat, and, lo! it was so.

Horace looked up at the evening sky, which looked steadily back, appearing to say "Well?" And really he did not know. In the confusion of his thoughts, all he knew for certain was that his grandchildren would be red as little foxes, playing round his feet. Poor Christine and her walk of life! Rosalie had jumped out of it, all right, and was it so important? He felt muddled about everything. He had a peculiar feeling when he thought of Rosalie and George. Was it envy? He did not know that, either. He started to walk round his well-kept garden, pausing to snip off a flower head or to rub a scented leaf between his fingers, postponing the moment when he would go in and tell Christine that she must dry her eyes and start thinking about the wedding.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

PROFILES

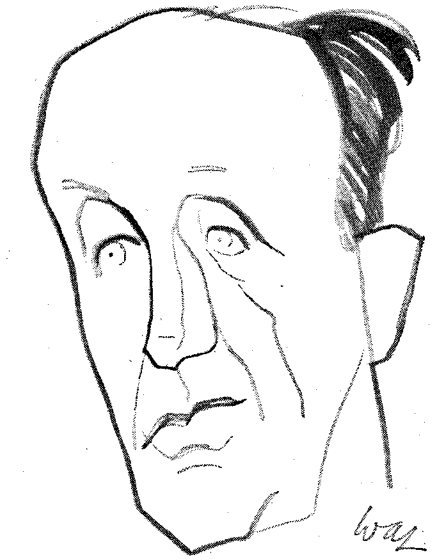
WITH THE MEAT IN THEIR MOUTH—II

BACK in the twenties, when John Cordes used to be interviewed by newspaper feature writers as the New York Police Department's paragon of detectives, he was always careful to credit luck with an assist. "Crooks are smart," he told a reporter in 1928. "You got to outsmart them. And you got to be lucky." At the time he said this, he had been a cop for thirteen years, had attained the rank of detective sergeant, and was the only member of the Department ever to win its highest award, the Medal of Honor, twice—a distinction he still holds.

Although he is by nature hardly unassuming, Cordes, who is now sixty-three, really meant it when he said he believed he owed a good deal to luck. On duty, he generally wore a green cap that he considered lucky; he has always found dates with the numbers 13, 8, and 5 in them propitious; and he considers Friday his best day of the week. He does not let superstition get the better of him, however. Since the end of 1949, when he retired from the Detective Bureau, as an acting lieutenant, after thirty-four years' service, he has had a job during the winter months with an agency that polices three Florida race tracks. Now and then, when somebody whose judgment he respects gives him a positively sure thing in a race, he will bet a small sum on the horse, but it is his belief that at least ninety per cent of the positively sure things fail to finish in the money, and if he dies broke, it will never be as a horseplayer. Cordes, who used to charge, and capture, armed killers with his bare hands, regards horseplaying as foolhardy.

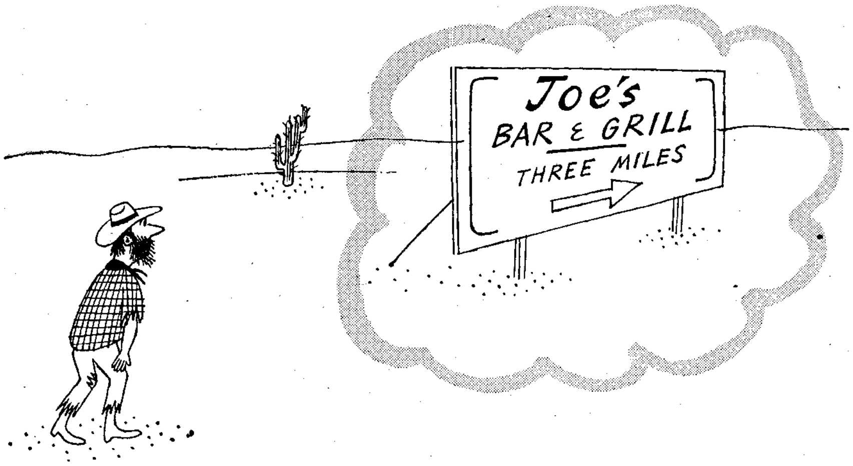
The Cordes concept of luck is broad, flexible, and seemingly illogical. Branch Rickey has defined luck in professional baseball as "the residue of design"—meaning that so-called lucky ballplayers bring about by intelligence and skill most of the "breaks" that occur in a game and know how to take advantage of them. The act of gallantry for which Cordes won his first Medal of Honor, in 1923, illustrates a comparable sort of luck. Cordes, who doesn't smoke, just happened to wander into a cigar store to buy some cigars for his brother one evening on his way to work, found two men holding up the clerk there, and wound up with five bullet wounds in his body and the two thugs under arrest. (In this fracas, as in most of the ones he has been involved in, he was unarmed, for he always had an aversion to carrying weapons and, despite departmental regulations to the contrary, rarely did so.) Another time, out for an off-duty stroll, Cordes recognized a small-time stickup man as he was going into a bank, and followed him inside. Instead of sticking the bank up, the man opened an account in it and deposited nineteen hundred dollars. Cordes tailed him to a Yorkville tenement, where the stickup man joined six other hoodlums in an all-night party. The uproar they created began to draw protests from some of the nearby tenement dwellers, and Cordes, still brooding about the nineteen-hundred-dollar deposit, arrested the whole gang for disturbing the peace. ("Sure, I know you ain't doing any harm, but we got complaints," he told the revellers. "My hands are tied, boys.") It turned out that the gang was wanted for stealing thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of diamonds from a New Rochelle jewelry store. A layman might regard such alertness and astute hunch-playing as a smart, if unspectacular, piece of detective work, but Cordes looks on it as sheer luck.

As an example of such luck, Cordes (pronounced "*Cor*-deez") puts his roundup of the Yorkville hoodlums in almost the same class with the way he once recovered a piece of missing evidence during a grand-larceny trial in a magistrate's court downtown. The linchpin in the prosecution's case was a subpoenaed cancelled check for twenty-five thousand dollars, which had been dispatched to the court from an uptown office by messenger boy. When the boy arrived at the court, he went through his pockets, could not find the check, and swore he must have lost it. Everybody suspected the worst, because the defendant was a lawyer with strong Tammany connections. Losing the check was like having a star witness bumped off, for in those days banks did not photostat the checks they handled. The dismayed prosecution asked for an adjournment until after lunch. It was winter, and the streets were covered with snow and slush. Cordes drove his car several blocks to a restaurant where he had a lunch date with the prosecuting attorney. When he got out of the car, he noticed an envelope sticking to the treads of his left front tire. He idly peeled the envelope off the tire, glanced at the blurred name on it, and saw that it was his own. Inside the envelope was the missing check. The boy actually had lost it, and somewhere between the courthouse and the restaurant Cordes' tire had picked the envelope up and held on to it, God alone knows how. At lunch, Cordes waited until the prosecuting attorney went to telephone and then slipped the check under his plate. When, upon returning, the attorney found it there, he stared at Cordes and said, "You bastard, you picked that kid's pocket."



John Cordes

OVER the years, Cordes was usually luckier in breaking cases than in collecting his share of the rewards that were, in some instances, offered for doing so. In February, 1926, representatives of a furriers' organization complained to Police Commissioner George V. McLaughlin that loft thieves were robbing the fur industry blind. The organization's spokesmen implied that there might be collusion between the loft thieves and certain detectives, and offered a reward of twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest and conviction of the persons responsible, whoever they were. McLaughlin gave Cordes the assignment, told him to pick any men he wanted to help him, and ordered him to bear down on whatever members of the Bureau might prove to be involved in the robberies. Cordes chose three detectives to assist him—John Morrissey, Lewis Barrett, and Frank Walsh, all old-timers. Then, after studying the techniques employed in the robberies, comparing them with information on fur thieves in the *modus-operandi* files at Police Headquarters, and consulting with Inspector Joseph Donovan, head of the Bureau of Criminal Identification, Cordes decided that the men he was after were Abraham Baum, alias Abe



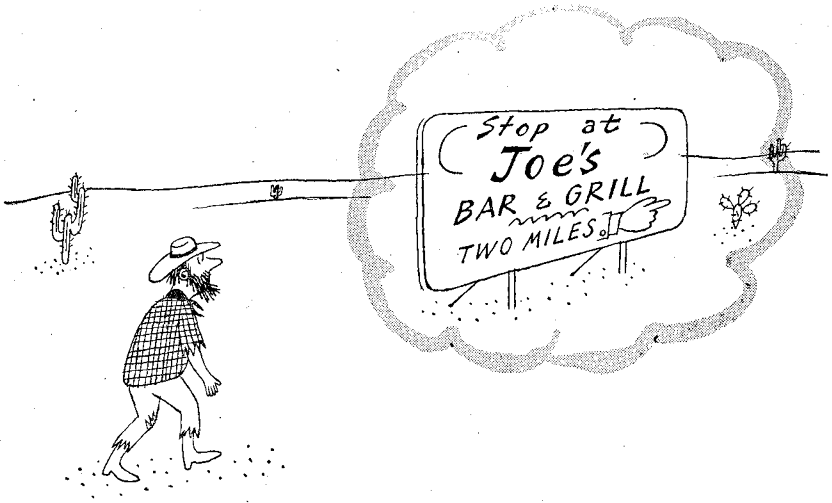
Polub, alias Abie the Waiter, and his partner, Charles (Kiddie) Goldberg. Kiddie was dark, short, slight, and wiry. Abie the Waiter bore a remarkable resemblance to Cordes; he was about five feet ten, husky in the shoulders and chest, and blue-eyed, with light skin and hair. "All you got to do is go out and find yourself," Donovan told Cordes.

Cordes and his three assistants beat around the city for a couple of weeks and alerted all their stool pigeons, but they could discover no trace of Abie and Kiddie. Finally, Cordes, wearied by the fruitless pursuit, went to the Pennsylvania Hotel one afternoon to take a Turkish bath. Walking down a corridor toward the baths, he thought for a moment that he was facing a wall mirror; then he realized that it wasn't his reflection he was approaching but a man who looked like him and who was advancing in his direction. Cordes swiftly averted his gaze, since one of his prime rules for successful shadowing has always been "Never let them make your eyes." With Cordes right behind him, the man left the hotel, took an I.R.T. train up Broadway to 110th Street, and walked to an apartment house on 108th Street near Amsterdam Avenue. It was Abie all right, and Kiddie was living there with him. At the apartment house, Abie went under the delightful alias of Mr. Pelt.

The detectives' aim was to seize Abie and Kiddie in the commission of a theft—"to catch them with the meat in their mouth," as Cordes phrases it. He took an apartment in a building across the street from the one Abie and Kiddie lived in, installed some rented furniture, and put a tap on the suspects' telephone. But Abie and Kiddie had depressingly few phone conversations, and what little they said in the course of them was terse and guarded; it was clear to Cordes that they were afraid their wire was tapped. In March, however, Cordes and his squad became greatly encouraged, for Abie and Kiddie began touring the city almost every day, studying fur lofts; the detectives, of course, were simultaneously studying Abie and Kiddie. "We had to be very careful," Cordes says. "It would sperl it if they seen somebody was sitting on them." (Though Cordes was born on Hudson Street and has lived most of his life in Harlem and the Bronx, several of his diphthongs have a touch of Brooklynese.) In April, the detectives felt sure they were about to strike pay dirt when Abie and Kiddie, without relinquishing their uptown apartment, took another, in a tenement on Twenty-eighth Street, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, on the edge of the fur district. The two men had a telephone installed there. Cordes rented and furnished an apartment in the tenement, put a sweet-faced elderly Italian woman he knew in charge of it, and ordered the new telephone's wire tapped. With two ménages and the daily comings and goings of Abie and Kiddie to watch over, Cordes needed more help, and he was given a young detective who will here be known simply as George. Cordes planted George at the Twenty-eighth Street post.

Then, for the next five months, nothing happened, as far as Cordes could learn, except that Abie and Kiddie dined in good restaurants and went to the theatre or the movies almost every night. They would sleep at 108th Street and loaf around the Twenty-eighth Street tenement in the afternoons. They discouraged their watchers by ceasing their study of fur lofts and making what phone calls they made from pay stations. Cordes' men grew bored and disgruntled. He tried to whip up their enthusiasm by reminding them of the twenty-five-thousand-dollar reward. (Cordes was a first-grade detective at this time, and made $4,000 a year; the others were second-grade, and made $3,500.) One day during the doldrums, an associate approached Cordes at Headquarters and said, "Say, Johnny, about that kid you got working on Twenty-eighth Street—that George. He's no good, and it's my hunch he's giving you the foot." He meant that George had tipped Abie and Kiddie off to the fact that they were being tailed, but Cordes refused to believe it. Then, in September, Abie and Kiddie suddenly disappeared. The detectives had lost them completely, and Cordes began to think that perhaps George had given him the foot after all. He replaced George at the Twenty-eighth Street tenement, telling him, "You better come and work with me for a while. Maybe it'll change our luck." Thenceforth, Cordes kept an eye on George during working hours, and when George went off duty he was tailed by a member of the Headquarters undercover squad.

Presently, Cordes discovered that Abie and Kiddie had been living at the Second Avenue Baths. In late September, they started using their two apartments again. "Then, in October, they got real busy looking over lofts in the mornings," says Cordes, who has a memory that is more detailed than many another man's diary. "They got particular interested in a five-story loft building at 53 East Broadway. We covered the roofs around it fifteen days and nights straight. We put in dogs' hours—eighteen, twenty a stretch. It was cold that October; the cold bothers you when you have nothing to do. Then, one Friday afternoon about four, we seen the two of them go into the building with a large package, and pretty soon they come out without it. It was burglars' tools that they'd stashed somewhere in the building, we felt sure. Abie went to a Hundred and Eighth Street and Kiddie to Twenty-eighth and spent the rest of Friday. Next morning about eleven, the two of them went into the East Broadway building and didn't come out. We found out later they hid in one of the terlets till the building closed for Saturday afternoon. I sent Morrissey, the best man I had, and Barrett to cover the downstairs front. There was a fur firm on every floor, and they was all protected by heavy locked doors. Walsh and young George and I went up to the roof of an open building next door and crossed over to the roof of the building Abie and Kiddie was in. From up there, we could cover both the roof and the back of the building. About two, three o'clock in the afternoon, we heard prying and ripping and tearing at a door on the third floor, 2



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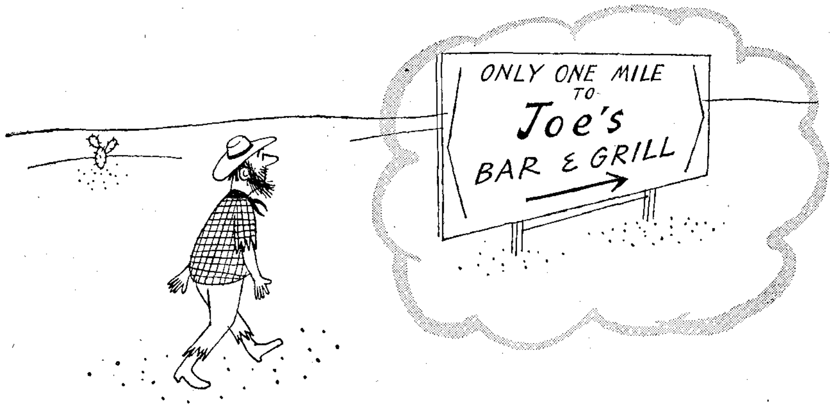

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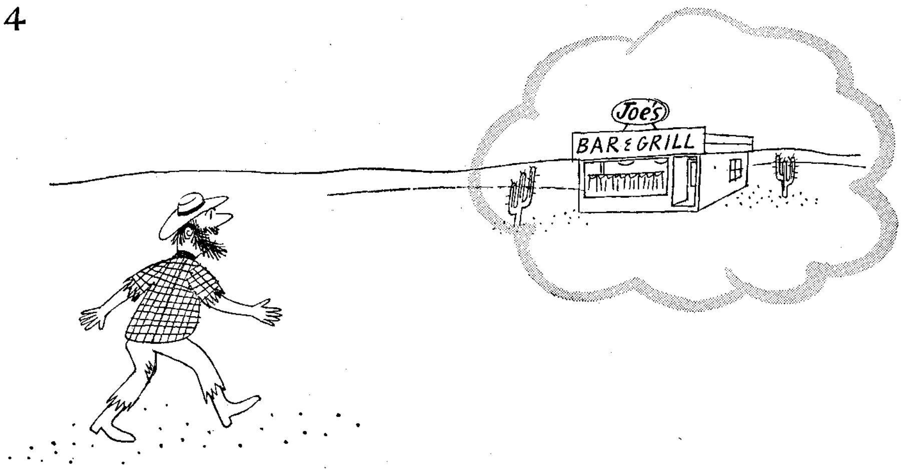

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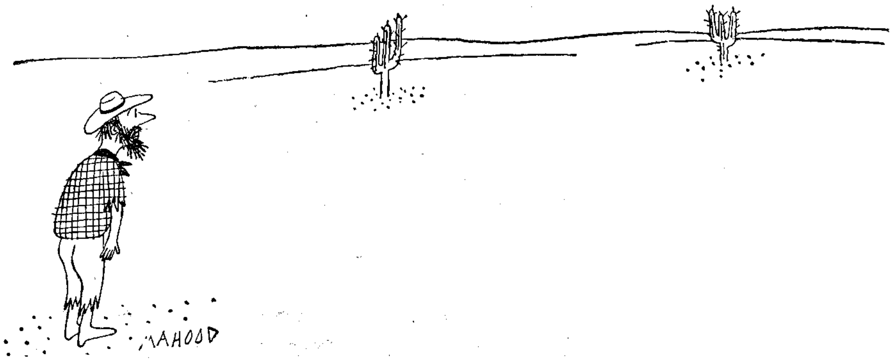
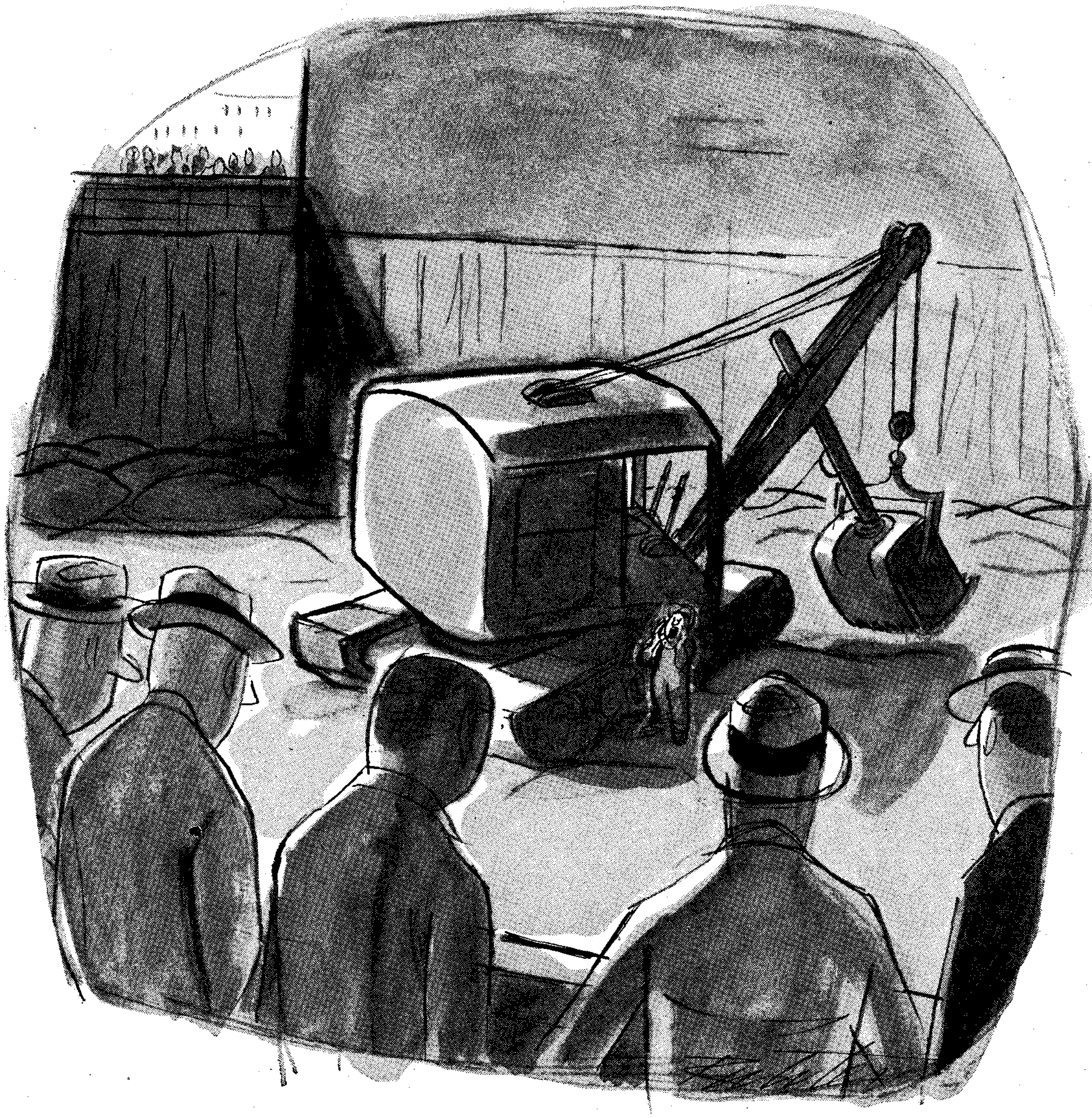


so we figured it must be Abie and Kiddie. We wanted them to get the meat in their mouth good, but I went down and told Morrissey if we hadn't made a score by four o'clock, why, to go to the firehouse next door and borrow an axe and we'd chop the door down. Then I went back up to the roof to wait.

"The trapdoor that opened onto the roof was about in the middle of it. We were standing at the edge of the roof looking down at the back of the building when along towards four we heard a crash and a shot. Then up through the trapdoor comes Abie, with a big sack over his shoulder and a gun in his hand. He drew a bead on me, and I yelled to Walsh, 'Shoot the son of a bitch! Whataya waitin' for?' Walsh fired and hit Abie in the right shoulder. Just then there was another shot, and Kiddie comes flying through the trap with *two* sacks on his shoulder. Morrissey had broke in and gone upstairs just as Abie and Kiddie were getting ready to leave. He'd shot at Abie from the stairway and missed, but he fired at Kiddie from the bottom of the ladder and hit him in the right heel, blowing the heel clear off his shoe. The three sacks had sixty thousand dollars' worth of minks, sables, and ermines in them. Pretty soon, the Police Commissioner showed up, and Inspector Carey of Homicide, because he'd heard there'd been a killing, only there hadn't, and a whole lot of other people, including Murray Dobson that later got to be Governor Lehman's bodyguard. McLaughlin was so pleased about the collar that he made all my boys first-grade detectives then and there on the roof, and even made a first-grader out of Dobson, he felt so good. Abie and Kiddie both got long terms. They were in those fur jobs all alone, and it was the bunk about any detectives being involved. That about young George giving us the foot was also strictly a bum steer. The man that give it to me turned out to be an enemy of his."

An acquaintance to whom Cordes described this case not long ago asked how he and the four other detectives had split up the twenty-five-thousand-dollar reward. Cordes gave the hollowest laugh in the annals of humor and said, "They finally compromised and paid us three thousand dollars, but by that time twelve or thirteen other guys had put themselves in on the pinch, so the five of us ended up with hash-brown potatoes. And every night for about nine months there, we was buying houses!"

SIX months after breaking the fur case, Cordes became embroiled in a case of more far-reaching implica-



"Is there a mechanic in the audience?"

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tions. On Sunday, May 1, 1927, around four o'clock in the afternoon, he entered a phone booth in a United Cigar store on the northeast corner of Eighth Avenue and Forty-second Street to call Inspector John Coughlin, head of the Detective Bureau, and ask him if there were any urgent police problems that required his attention. At the time, Cordes was working out of Headquarters with Detectives Morrissey, Walsh, and Barrett. The Cordes unit had their pick of assignments, and cruised widely about the five boroughs in search of evildoers. It had been a dull day. While his three colleagues waited outside on the pavement, Cordes took the receiver off the hook and dropped a nickel in the slot. But he didn't call Spring 3100, because just as he was about to do so he heard a man's rough voice in an adjoining booth say, "We got your brother and we got the other guy. To prove we got your brother, I'm gonna tear his Elks card in half and mail a half of it to you right away. If you want your brother back alive, give four hundred and seventy thousand bucks to whoever turns up with the other half of the Elks card. Otherwise, we'll give you his head."

Cordes gently put the receiver back on the hook, collected his nickel, left the booth, snatched a stogie out of a can on the cigar counter, and, choking slightly, since he is a nonsmoker, proceeded to light it while he moseyed into position to sneak a look at the owner of the rough voice. The man was large and swarthy, wore glasses, and had a thick, brushy black mustache. Cordes recognized him as Joe Marcus, alias Little Joe, alias Mike White, alias Jack Thompson, who had once been a member of the local Kid Dropper mob but had not been seen around New York for four or five years. He was wanted for the murder of a police constable in Montreal, and a ten-thousand-dollar reward had been offered for his arrest and conviction for robbing a Superior, Wisconsin, post office of seventy-one thousand dollars' worth of cash and stamps.

Cordes threw the stogie away and hurried out of the store to rejoin the three other detectives. He swiftly described Marcus to them, told them of the telephone call, and ordered Walsh and Barrett to shadow the man until he posted a letter in a mailbox. "Soon as he does that, forget about him, but drop a piece of newspaper in the box right after he drops in the letter," Cordes told them. "Then we'll get the Post Office to open the box and let us take a look at the name and address on the envelope with the Elks card in it." In a few minutes, Marcus came out of the store and obligingly dropped a letter in a mailbox across the street. With Cordes and Morrissey tailing him, he strolled eastward on Forty-second Street until he reached a penny arcade near Seventh Avenue. He entered it, and Cordes and Morrissey followed him in and took up positions at penny-in-the-slot peepshow machines. The spectacle Cordes selected to peep at was "A Night in a Moorish Harem," but he saw little of it, because Marcus was breaking forty-nine clay pipes in succession at the arcade's shooting gallery. "Don't he never miss?" Morrissey muttered with noticeable gloom.

"I can see we're gonna have fun with this guy," Cordes replied thoughtfully.

Marcus paid for his shooting and then, with the two detectives still behind him, took the B.-M.T. at Times Square to the Church Avenue station in Brooklyn, from which he walked to a large apartment house at 30 Westminster Road. Before he entered the building, Cordes and Morrissey saw him stop and talk with a man who had just come out. By means of the colossal catalogue of man-wanted circulars that Cordes has

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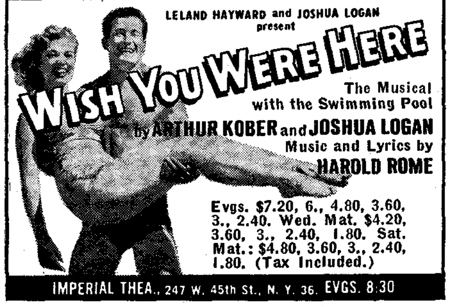

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always kept in his brain, he identified the newcomer as Bill Morton—"a good stickup and kidnapper outa Cleveland," says Cordes. Marcus and Morton went into the building together. "I doubt if they got any kidnapped Elks in that house," Cordes said to Morrissey. "We better take a plant." He and Morrissey went down the block and began watching the apartment house from the doorway of a stationery store that had a phone booth.

Cordes left Morrissey in charge of the plant while he telephoned the main desk at Headquarters, from which he learned that the envelope Marcus had posted was addressed to Nate Scharlin; Headquarters had got in touch with Scharlin and found that the Elks card belonged to his forty-year-old brother, Abe, who had been missing for three days. Abe Scharlin, who owned a distillery in Greendale, Kentucky, lived, with his wife and Nate, on West Seventy-second Street, and was regarded by the police as a quiet and peaceful, but big, bootlegger. A few years previously, he had been in trouble in California for narcotics peddling, and he had once owned a chain of stores there that dealt exclusively with Chinese customers. Also missing, Headquarters had learned from Nate Scharlin, was the secretary of the distillery, James (Jeff) Taylor, who was "the other guy" Marcus had referred to in the phone booth. It came to light later that the Marcus mob had snatched Taylor on the evening of April 28th as he was leaving his home in the Buckingham Court Apartments, on Bergen Street, Brooklyn, and had forced him at gun point to call Abe Scharlin and arrange to meet him in front of the Charles M. Schwab mansion, at Riverside Drive and Seventy-fourth Street; obeying instructions, Taylor told Scharlin it was a matter of urgent importance that he couldn't go into over the phone. Scharlin turned up outside Schwab's and was forthwith snatched. Neither man's family had reported his disappearance to the police. Although the kidnapping of bootleggers had been fairly common in the Chicago area, this one was the first the New York cops had ever had to deal with.

Around seven-thirty that evening, Walsh and Barrett went over to Brooklyn and joined Cordes and Morrissey on the plant. Walsh said his wife was sick, so Cordes excused him; Barrett and Morrissey stayed on. At about eight o'clock, somebody came out of the apartment building who instantly aroused the detectives' interest. The *Times* subsequently described him as "a huge man of very rough appearance." He was. His name was Dave Berman, and he was a Chicago thug who, at the age of twenty-four, was wanted for bank and post-office robberies involving a total of almost a million dollars. One robbery, of the Northwestern National Bank in Milwaukee, had yielded $296,000; another, at La Porte, Indiana, $180,000. Cordes had never seen Berman before, and his mental man-wanted catalogue contained nothing on him, but he instantly got the feeling that the man was no good and figured that he was involved in the kidnapping.

"O.K., Barrett," Cordes said, nodding toward Berman. "There's your man. Give him a walk and see where he goes." Barrett took off after Berman; Cordes and Morrissey stayed on the plant.

At about ten o'clock, Barrett returned. "What became of your man?" Cordes asked him.

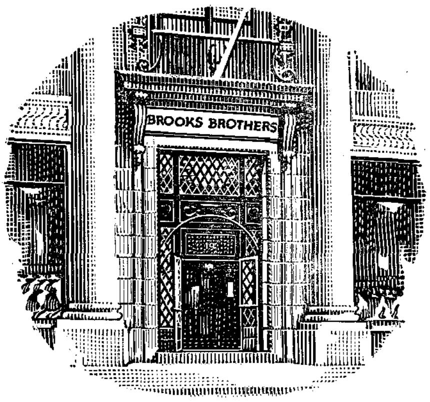
"Oh, I tailed him to three stores, and he's only buying shirts and stuff like that," Barrett said. "Ought to be back any minute now."

All but speechless with anger at this display of negligence, Cordes told Barrett to go home, and settled down with Morrissey to shadow the apartment house all night. Barrett was wrong; Berman did not return. Had Barrett stuck with Berman, the case could probably have been broken that evening, for it later developed that after leaving the third haberdashery shop Berman went to the hideout where Scharlin and Taylor were being held.

At about nine o'clock the next morning, Marcus came out of the apartment house. "You stay here. I'll take him," Cordes told Morrissey, and he tailed Marcus to the Church Avenue station of the B.-M.T. and followed him onto a train. Marcus got off at Canal Street. He made four brief phone calls, and then a longer one, from different cigar stores in that part of town. Cordes, fearful of alarming his quarry, didn't dare stand close enough to any of the booths to hear what Marcus said, but he thought he had a pretty good idea of what was going on. He figured that Marcus's first four calls were to the relatives of one or the other of the kidnapped men—probably Scharlin's relatives, since they were wealthier than Taylor's—giving instructions about the payment of the ransom, and that Marcus had kept them brief because he didn't want to allow the police, who might be assumed to be tapping the Scharlin wire, time to trace the calls. Cordes thought that the longer call was probably a progress report to confederates who were holding the kidnapped men. After making his phone calls, Marcus went over to Broadway, and spent the rest of the morning and most of the afternoon standing in front of Lindy's restaurant, chatting and laughing with various acquaintances who stopped to talk to him. At about five-thirty, he took the B.-M.T. back to Brooklyn and returned to the Westminster Road apartment house. Cordes and Morrissey watched it all night—their second night without sleep.

Shortly after nine o'clock the next morning, a Tuesday, Marcus came out of the apartment building and, as if in the grip of a compulsion neurosis, precisely repeated his routine of the day before. He took the same subway, made the same number of hit-and-run telephone calls from the same booths, garnished Lindy's sidewalk again until five-thirty, and returned to Westminster Road again for the night. On Wednesday it was the same thing all over again. Morton, the good stickup and kidnapper out of Cleveland, had not emerged from the building since entering it with Marcus on Sunday.

There had been only two new developments of any consequence in the case, and both of them were financial. Mrs. Abe Scharlin, whom the police had instructed to answer all phone calls to her house, had proved herself a wizard at renegotiating, for during her three days of spasmodic chats with Marcus she had prevailed upon him to reduce the amount of the ransom from four hundred and seventy thousand dollars to twenty thousand dollars for the two men. The other development was that Nate Scharlin had looked up Cordes while he was on the plant in Brooklyn, and had offered him and his detail twenty-five thousand dollars for Abe's safe return. Cordes had had enough experience in such matters to realize that the donkey never catches the carrot. There were so many others—superiors holding down desk jobs at Headquarters, and last-minute coattail catchers—who were sure to put themselves in on a pinch that the fellows who had actually done the work always ended up, as they had in the fur-robbery case, with hash-brown potatoes. Besides, he needed no monetary inspiration to keep him interested in this assignment. The kidnapping case was a big one, and he loved to work on the big ones. Nowadays, veteran members of the Detective Bureau, who were starting at their jobs when Cordes was at the height of his powers, still shake their heads at the



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tenacity and endurance he displayed on this occasion. "There was never anybody like that guy for going without sleep," a captain of detectives said not long ago. "Three, four, five days I've seen him work non-stop without hardly shutting an eye. And all the time he'd be hopped up like a kid playing cops-and-robbers."

After four straight around-the-clock days of tailing and planting Marcus, Cordes was beginning to feel a homicidal impulse every time he looked at the fellow, with his big black mustache and his spectacles. Toward noon on Thursday, the fifth day, he saw a large, dark, clean-shaven man, who was not wearing glasses, come out of the building on Westminster Road. Cordes studied him intently, and then said to Morrissey, "There's our man. That's Marcus for sure. That shave job he's done on his upper lip and ditching the glasses don't fool me. But him taking off that muff looks like things are warming up. I'll give him a walk. See you later."

It was indeed Marcus, and, as usual, he took the B.-M.T. to Canal Street and went into a cigar store to phone. This time, Cordes risked arousing Marcus's suspicions by strolling in and leaning against the booth. "This is the last day," he heard Marcus say. "If you don't have the money up by six o'clock, they won't get another chance." There were, as usual, more calls from other booths, but Cordes did not need to eavesdrop. He had heard enough: Scharlin and Taylor were to be murdered if the ransom wasn't paid by six o'clock. Now, of all times, he must not lose Marcus or make him suspicious. Marcus did not go near Lindy's that afternoon; instead, he took the "L" to Sixty-sixth Street and Columbus Avenue. From there, after doubling back on his tracks several times and glancing cautiously about, obviously to assure himself that he was not being followed, he went over to Central Park West and stood in the Sixty-second Street entrance to the Park. It was two o'clock when he arrived there. At two-twenty, Cordes, watching from across the street, heard what he describes as a "shriek whistle"—the kind boys make by putting two fingers in the mouth and blowing vigorously. Marcus peered in the direction it came from, and down Central Park West ambled Berman, last seen on his Sunday-evening shopping spree.

Marcus and Berman exchanged a few words and then went into the Park, sat down on the grass, and proceeded to converse earnestly in low tones. Cordes

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crouched behind a nearby bush. He had not shaved or changed his clothes for five days, and he looked like a mission stiff who had wandered uptown from the Bowery. He could see from the way Marcus and Berman handled themselves that they had guns stuffed in their belts. They talked for about forty minutes, after which they got up and started walking south. As Cordes was rounding his bush to follow them, he tripped on a root and fell; getting up, he was assailed by a great ache of weariness. He looked at his watch; it was three o'clock. "This is the last day," Marcus had said. "If you don't have the money up by six o'clock, they won't get another chance." It looked to Cordes as if Marcus and Berman were about to separate. If they did separate, which one of them should he stick with? The one who would lead him to where the kidnapped men were. Sure, but which one was that? Cordes fought his weariness and tried to figure the percentages.

Instead of separating, however, Marcus and Berman stopped and stood looking off to their left, apparently attracted by the music from the carrousel. Indeed, they started walking in its direction, and Cordes, as he stumbled wearily after them, thought, Oh, for God's sake, are these two big lugs going for a ride on the merry-go-round? But it turned out to be a ball game on a diamond near the carrousel that had caught their interest, and they sat down on the grass behind first base and began to watch it. Cordes took a seat on a bench on the side of a hillock to the north of the diamond, picked up a newspaper at his feet, and pretended to read it. The type smeared before his bleary eyes, but he did make out that the paper was the Bronx *Home News*.

After watching the game for nearly an hour, Marcus and Berman got up from the grass and started walking east. Cordes was about to rise and follow when suddenly they turned, skirted the diamond's outfield, and came up the hillock. He lost no time in raising the Bronx *Home News* in front of his face. When they reached the path his bench was on, they turned in his direction and began walking toward him. Out of the corner of his eye, Cordes could see them fifty or sixty yards to his left. They walked slowly, not talking. They've spotted me for a cop, he thought. When they were about a dozen yards away, Cordes saw Marcus, who was walking on the inside, take a gun out of his belt and put it in his right coat pocket, as casually as a man would shift a hand-

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The happy part about this whole thing is that fewer and fewer of such myopic folks are waltzing by. Some of those who have stopped by this year and claimed what was rightfully theirs are: Wellington-Sears, International Tel & Tel, National Gypsum, Westinghouse, Monroe Calkulator, Frigidaire, Missouri Pacific, Eastman Kodak, Minnesota Mining, United Van Lines, Employers Mutual, Aetna, Licensed Beverage Institute. All now in Nation's Business, *a general magazine for businessmen*, Washington 6, D. C.

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kerchief. Under the bottom edge of the Bronx *Home News*, Cordes could see the four big feet coming nearer and nearer. His body grew taut and his fingers dug into the margins of the newspaper. The feet were right in front of him now.

"Think I'll make another phone call," Marcus said.

"O.K.," Berman replied.

The feet kept on moving, and Cordes watched them beneath the Bronx *Home News* until they had travelled far enough for him to lower it.

Marcus and Berman left the Park and went to the Mayflower Pharmacy, at Central Park West and Sixty-second Street, where Marcus made his phone call while Berman waited outside. Then the two walked slowly up Central Park West. Cordes again had the feeling that they were about to separate. Time was running out on him, and he determined to try and seize Marcus and Berman at once. He did not know whether or not the ransom had been paid, but it was now almost four o'clock, and he felt certain that Marcus had just phoned instructions to his henchmen about what to do with Scharlin and Taylor. Nearby, Cordes saw a motorcycle cop stop his machine and dismount. Cordes hurried to him, identified himself, and asked for help. The cop was a youngster named Richard O'Connor. Marcus and Berman had now reached Sixty-sixth Street, and were standing on the southwest corner talking. "Those two guys over there are wanted for murder and robbery," Cordes told O'Connor. "Don't be afraid to shoot, because they're both heeled."

Cordes then sauntered west on the north side of Sixty-sixth Street, sneaking backward glances over his shoulder at Marcus and Berman, who were still talking on the corner. O'Connor remained with his machine on Central Park West, pretending to be absorbed in its engine. When Cordes had gone about a third of the way up the block, he crossed to the south side of the street and walked slowly eastward until he came to 10 West Sixty-sixth, where the high stoop of an apartment house projected several feet beyond a railing protecting the entrance to the building's basement. Cordes took his stand behind the west side of the stoop. Peering around it, he saw Marcus and Berman coming toward him; Marcus was on the inside, and both were still talking. Well behind them came O'Connor.

Just before Marcus and Berman reached the east side of the stoop, Cordes sprang out at them, drove them against the railing, and shouted, "Get 'em up, you bastards!" Marcus and Berman drew instantly, but Cordes was too quick for them. With his left hand he seized Berman's right wrist; with his right hand he grabbed Marcus's gun by the cylinder. "Hurry up and shoot!" he bawled at O'Connor, who was by then about five yards behind. At that moment, Marcus jerked his gun up and fired, but the bullet flew over Cordes' right shoulder. Marcus twisted to his left to fire again. O'Connor fired first, hitting him in the chest. Cordes wrested Berman's gun away and, with its butt, struck him over the left eye, knocking him down; as Berman fell, his eyeball was hanging out of its socket by the optic nerve. Then Cordes sent for an ambulance, but before it arrived O'Connor rushed Marcus to Roosevelt Hospital in a cab; Marcus died shortly after he was admitted. After Berman's eye had been dressed, Cordes took him to the West Sixty-eighth Street station house. Berman insisted that he was Charles Gordon, of Philadelphia, but on the bulletin board of the station house was a man-wanted flier bearing his photograph, his fingerprint whorls, his criminal record, the offer of an eight-thousand-dollar reward for his arrest, and the name David Berman. "Davey, what was you doing here in town?" Cordes asked him. "I was buying merchandise," Berman said.

The killing of Marcus and the capture of Berman made the late editions of the afternoon papers. Because neither Scharlin's family nor Taylor's had reported the kidnapping to the Missing Persons Bureau, this was the first the press had heard of it. In Marcus's wallet was found the other half of Scharlin's Elks card and five checks for three thousand dollars each, made out by Taylor to a man named Charles Kraemer, who was a well-known figure in the New York underworld. Kraemer was picked up that night as he was standing in front of Lindy's; he had recently come to town from Illinois, where he had been released after serving seven years for burglary. Although he vehemently denied knowing Marcus or Berman, the police were satisfied that his role in the kidnapping had been that of front man during negotiations.

Shortly after Cordes delivered Berman to the station house, Inspector Coughlin arrived there, accompanied by a detective who had once been a partner of Cordes'. In deference to the feelings of this detective's descendants, he will be given a name that was not his

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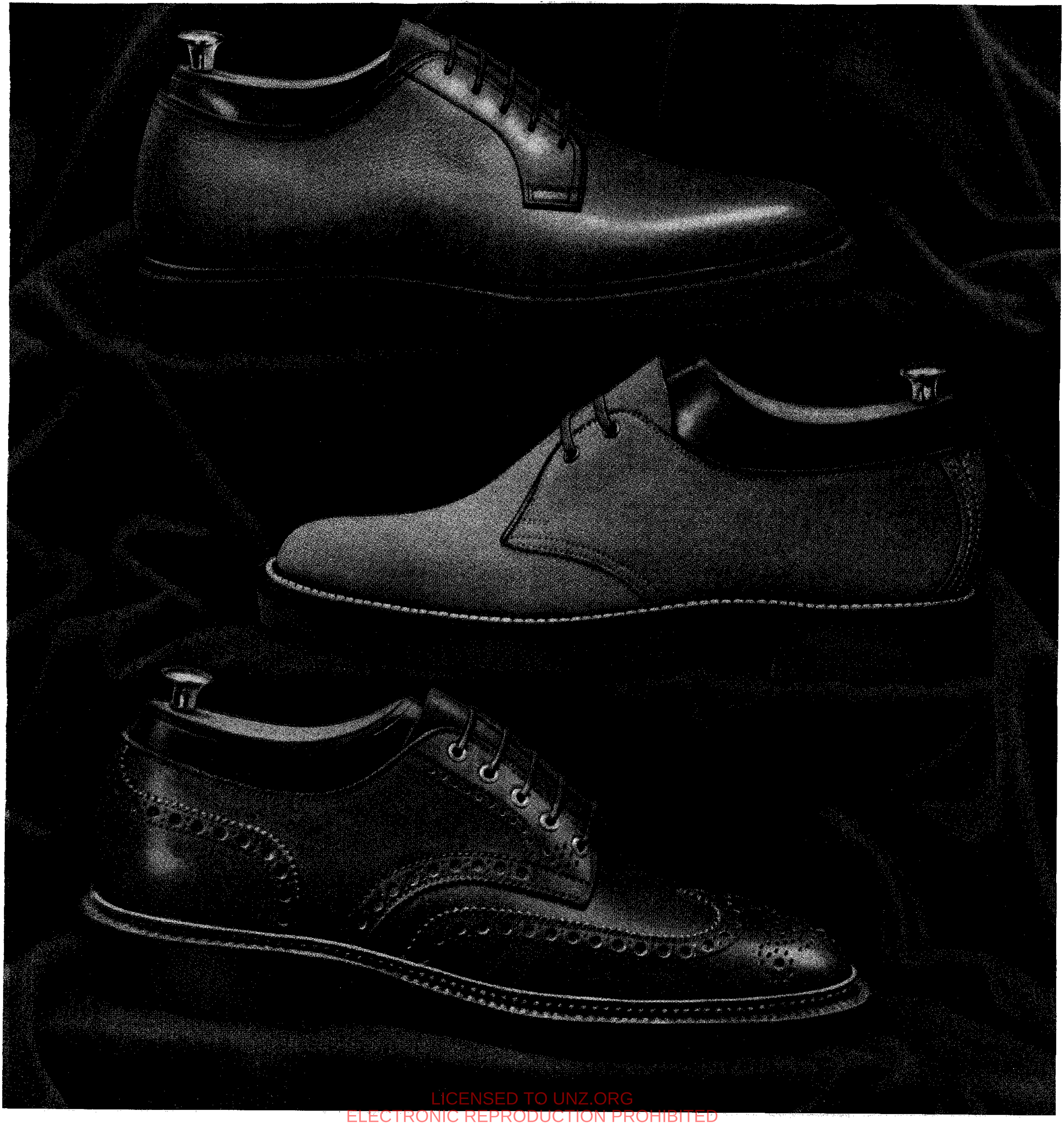

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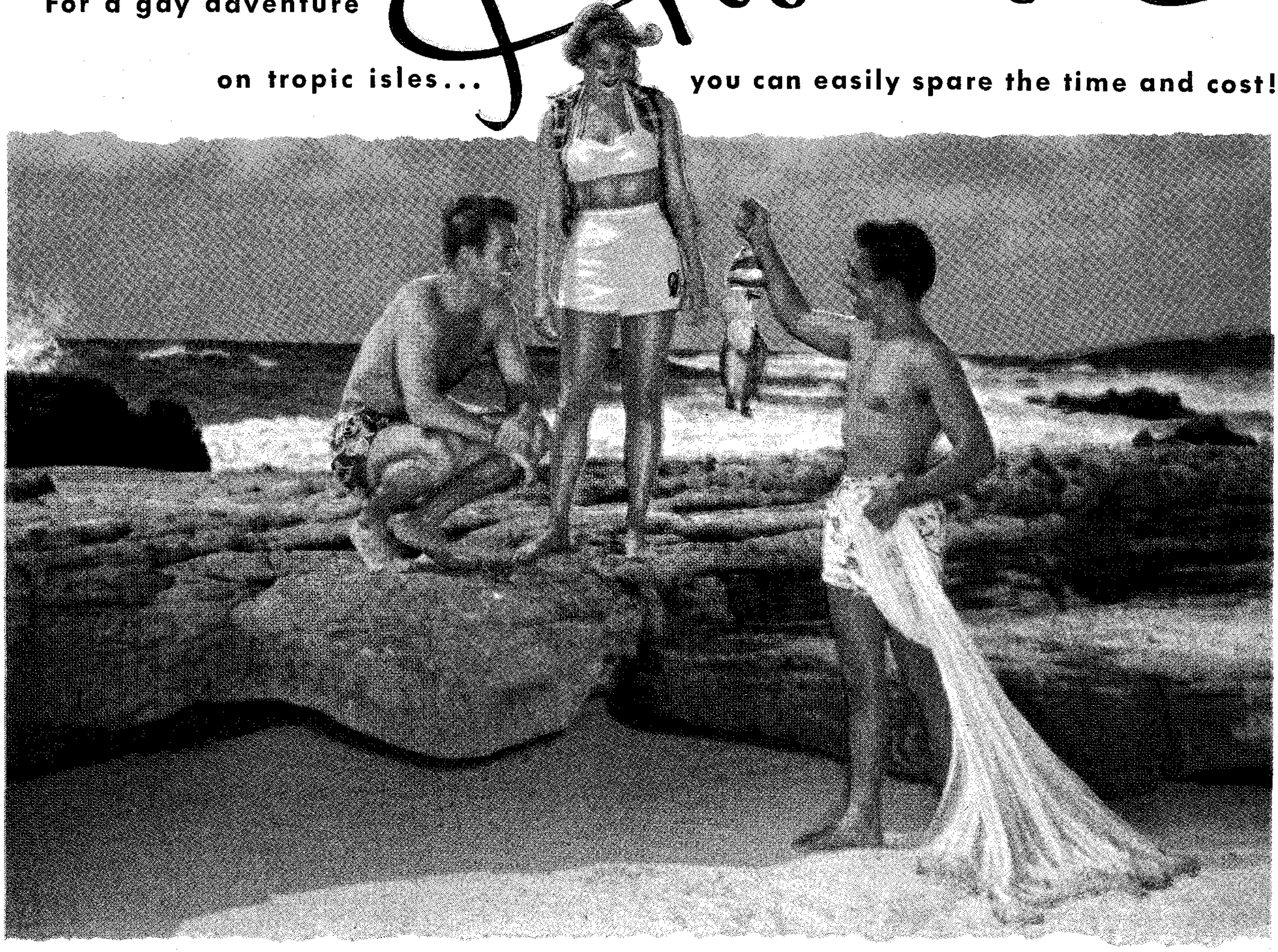

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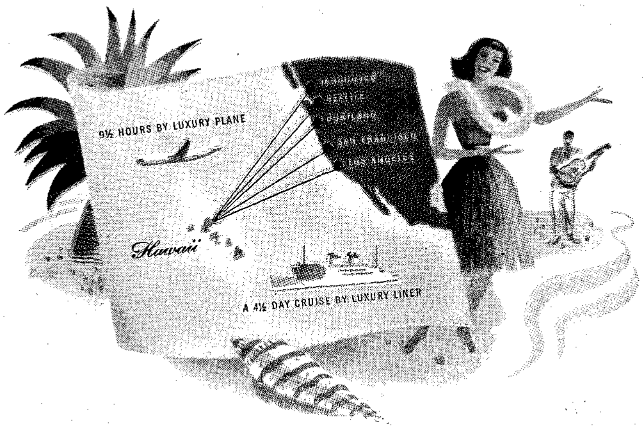
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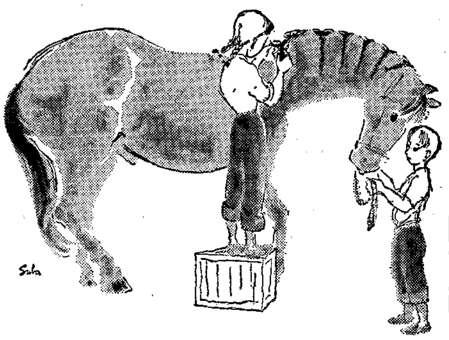
real one—Joseph Dorley. Dorley was ten years older than Cordes—tall, bony, leathery-faced, and turkey-necked, with a head like an upended cobblestone collared by a fringe of gray hair. He and Cordes had worked together when Cordes was a young detective. They had cruised around nights, and almost every night Dorley would park in front of the Fairfield Hotel, on the upper West Side, and leave Cordes waiting while he went inside; he told Cordes that he was visiting a sick old aunt of whom he was very fond. The visits often lasted so long that on winter nights Cordes had started to turn blue by the time Dorley came out. "Very sick tonight," Dorley would murmur, shaking his head. "Poor old soul." It wasn't until some years later, when the two were no longer partners, that Cordes learned that the name of Dorley's sick old aunt was Arnold Rothstein.

Inspector Coughlin questioned Berman and Kraemer but could get no information from them about where Scharlin and Taylor were. After Cordes had washed and shaved, he and Dorley and Walsh went over to Brooklyn to the Buckingham Court Apartments and talked with Taylor's wife until shortly after midnight. Cordes told her he was sure they would get her husband back for her. "It's Friday now," he said. "Friday's always my lucky day." The detectives left the Taylor apartment and rang for the elevator, which was of the self-operated type. When the door opened, out stepped Scharlin and Taylor.

Back in the Taylor apartment, the kidnapped men told the detectives that a short while before, with pillowcases over their heads, they had been driven in a closed car to Greenwood Cemetery and released. After reading in the papers about what had happened to Marcus and Berman, the remaining kidnappers had evidently decided that Scharlin and Taylor were too hot to hold any longer. When Scharlin and Taylor were kidnapped, on the night of April 28th, the kidnappers, who showed up in a car, had not immediately blindfolded them but



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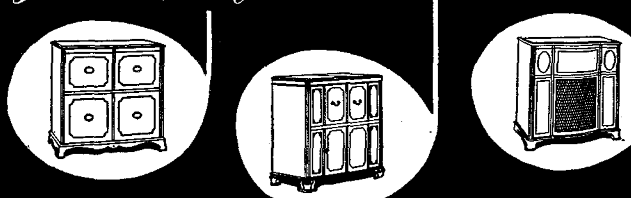

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had made them sit on the floor in back during a long ride to the hideout. Once they got there, pillowcases had been put over their heads and they had been forced to wear them during the eight days of their captivity. They had been cuffed a couple of times by one of the kidnappers, probably Berman, but on the whole had not been badly treated. The kidnappers had provided Scharlin, who was a diabetic, with the special foods his diet required. At one point, a loaded pistol had been shown to Taylor under his pillowcase; with its muzzle nudging his right kidney, he had complied with an order to make out five checks to Kraemer. Before the two men were hooded, they had seen that the hideout was a dingy two-story frame house and that a large window on one side had red and blue diamond-shaped panes. Every day, they had heard chickens clucking and crowing outside. Taylor, a native of Brooklyn, said he was pretty sure the house was somewhere in south Brooklyn. Cordes took Scharlin and Taylor to Headquarters, where, after examining many rogues'-gallery portraits, they identified Marcus, Berman, and Morton as their kidnappers, along with three other men, whom the police hadn't suspected—the Dougherty brothers, Charles and Sam, from Philadelphia, and a St. Louis hoodlum named Chickie Clark.

Taylor's hunch that the hideout was in south Brooklyn proved correct; about five o'clock that Friday morning, he cruised around the Hamilton Park region with Cordes, Dorley, and Walsh, and finally picked out a house at 1146 Fifty-seventh Street. Nobody answered when the detectives knocked, so Cordes entered by a cellar window, went up to the first floor, and let the others in. It was the house, all right. The kidnappers had been in such a hurry to leave that they hadn't taken the time to pack their belongings, which consisted of four hand grenades, four tear-gas bombs, a Thompson sub-machine gun, and a large assortment of sawed-off shotguns and automatics. They also left behind an interesting list of prospective victims. Presumably, if the Scharlin-Taylor job had been a success, the mob would have expanded its New York activities in a big way, for on the list were the names of Arnold Rothstein, the actors Al Jolson and Harry Richman, Big Frenchy De Mange, who was the bootlegging colleague of Owney Madden and Bill Duffy, and Maxie Greenberg, who was a partner of Waxey Gordon's. (Greenberg was later murdered in Elizabeth; Gordon died recently in Alcatraz, where he was serving a twenty-five-year sentence under the Baumes Law.)

ALL the evils that accompanied prohibition flourished in New York during the fourteen years it was in effect—all, that is, except kidnapping. There was a snatch here from time to time (Big Frenchy was kidnapped by the Vincent Coll mob in 1931, and in the Madden-Duffy saloons the cash-register tills were scraped to get up the ransom money), but the art and science of kidnapping never became a vogue here, as it did in the Chicago area. It seems likely that by breaking up the Scharlin-Taylor snatch Cordes squelched in its earliest stages a concerted drive by kidnappers from all over the country to move in on New York. Arnold Rothstein indicated that he thought so, anyhow. Cordes ran into him in the Great Drug Store, on Seventh Avenue between Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth, one night not long after the case was cleaned up, and Rothstein wrung his hand and poured forth his gratitude. "You rendered a great public service, Johnny, and I want to show you how much I appreciate it," Rothstein said. "I want to take over the mortgage you got on your little house uptown." Cordes grinned at him and said, "And let you have a rope around my neck the rest of my life? No, thanks, A.R., I'll take care of the mortgage myself."

Cordes received another offer, too. Scharlin and Taylor had a sudden change of mind, or change of something, and decided that they couldn't identify any of their kidnappers, but Berman still faced trial for felonious assault on Cordes. One evening shortly before the case was brought to court, Cordes' home telephone—its number was unlisted—rang, and a harsh voice offered him "a hundred Gs if you forget all about any assault." "Look, friend," Cordes said. "Anybody tries to kill me, they got to go and pay for it." And he hung up. Berman was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to fourteen years. Aged twenty-four at the time of his conviction, he was, in police parlance, "a full-grown man when he came out."

As for the rewards, word arrived from the Middle West that all the witnesses against Berman for his bank robberies had disappeared or been bumped off, so there went the eight thousand dollars on that score. The ten-thousand-dollar reward for Marcus had a string attached to it; he would have had to be convicted in order for his captors to col-

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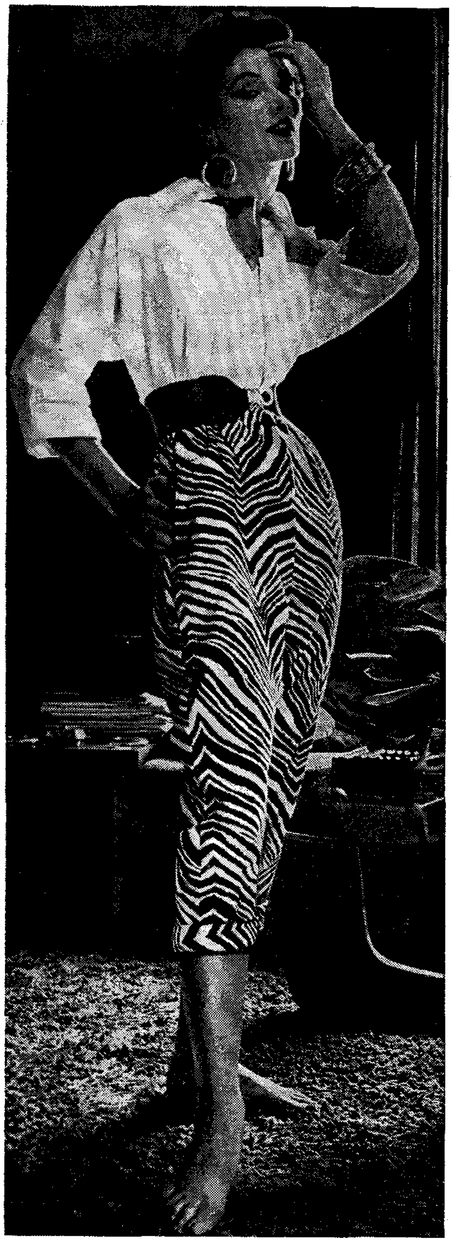

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lect it, and since he was dead, so was the ten thousand dollars. There was still, however, the reward of twenty-five thousand dollars that Nate Scharlin had promised for his brother's safe return. When, one day a week or so after the return had been accomplished, Cordes was summoned to the office of the Police Commissioner—a new man, Joseph A. Warren—he did not go there with dragging feet. Warren was a shy, gentle, pious Irishman, the type that turns up in Tammany Hall now and again, though not so frequently as to become monotonous. "Johnny," Warren said, "a nice present for you came in here this morning."

"Yes, Mr. Commissioner?" Cordes said, barely able to refrain from rubbing his palms together.

"But it would have besmirched your good character, Johnny, so I sent it back."

"But, Mr. Commissioner!" Cordes said. "I give my blood!"

"I know you did, Johnny," Warren replied. "But bootlegger money's not for a man of your character to be besmirched with."

That August, Cordes and Dorley were sent to Saratoga to keep an eye on the race track there. Stationing a couple of detectives in Saratoga during racing season was an old procedure of the New York Police Department. One evening, Cordes ran into Taylor in the Grand Union Hotel. They exchanged a few amenities, and then Taylor said, "You got that money, didn't you?"

"No, I didn't," Cordes said. "The Commissioner sent it back. Thought it would besmirch my good character."

"Sure, I know that," said Taylor, "but later on your partner picked it up."

"My partner!" Cordes shouted. "Listen, just don't move from right here for a minute till I get back."

At the United States Hotel, Cordes found Dorley eating dinner, with his napkin tucked in his collar. "Guy at the Grand Union's gotta see you right away," Cordes said.

Dorley wanted to know who the guy was.

"Never mind, he's gotta see you right away," Cordes told him, and almost dragged him to the Grand Union and into Taylor's presence.

"Joe, you know Mr. Taylor, don't you?" Cordes said to Dorley.

Dorley put his right forefinger to his lip and studied Taylor carefully. "No," he said. "I don't believe I do."

"No?" said Cordes. "You don't remember him coming to his apartment from the kidnap last May, or driving

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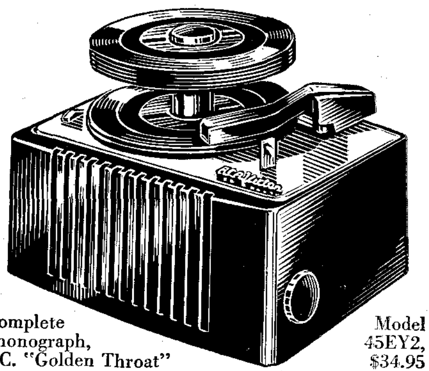

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around south Brooklyn that morning when he found the hideout for us?"

"Oh, yes," Dorley said. "I remember Mr. Taylor now."

"Well, do you remember collecting some money from him to give to me and then not giving it to me?"

"Why, Johnny, I wouldn't do a thing like that to you," Dorley said. Taylor laughed.

"You wouldn't, but you did, you dirty, despictable son of a bitch," Cordes said, and belted Dorley in the jaw. That was the closest Cordes ever came to collecting his share of Nate Scharlin's reward.

A year later, Cordes was awarded the Department's Medal of Honor, his second, for his work on the kidnapping. On a photograph of Cordes being decorated by Mayor James J. Walker, Commissioner Warren wrote, "Your record to date is the best ever known in the Police Department. Keep up the good work. Congratulations and appreciation." —JOEL SAYRE

(This is the second of two articles on Mr. Cordes.)

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT
(COATTAILS AFIRE DIVISION)

[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

Bobby Barber, an old-time Minsky burlesquer, has a unique job in Hollywood. While Bud Abbott and Lou Costello make millions of people laugh with their television and motion picture appearances, it's Bobby's spot to keep the two comics in a good humor. He's a real 20th century court jester.

On the set at Motion Picture Center where Bud and Lou are finishing the last films of their KTTV (11) series, they told me they've signed for 12 Comedy Hour shows ending in June, 1955. They give a lot of credit to Bobby for his efforts in keeping them going on their strenuous schedule.

When Barber sits down for coffee he is liable to find it seasoned with pepper. Chances are the water he uses to try and quench the fire is salted. He loads himself with seltzer bottles, buzz bombs, exploding cigars, trick card decks and other fun-provoking equipment and has spoiled many a take by running through the set, his coattails afire from a hot seat gag.

The other day Lou slipped Bobby a lemon meringue pie and had him toss it in the face of a visitor on the set. The victim was ex-Heavyweight Champ Max Baer. Baer didn't think the stunt was funny because he was wearing a new imported cashmere sport coat. He quietly slipped down to the studio eatery, armed himself with several pies and promptly turned the set into a Keystone comedy routine.

Barber enjoys not only the work but also the weekly check he gets from his jesting. After years of barnstorming he has finally settled down in a Woodland Hills home, within telephoning distance from both Lou and Bud if they need him to keep them laughing.

(*Advertisement*)

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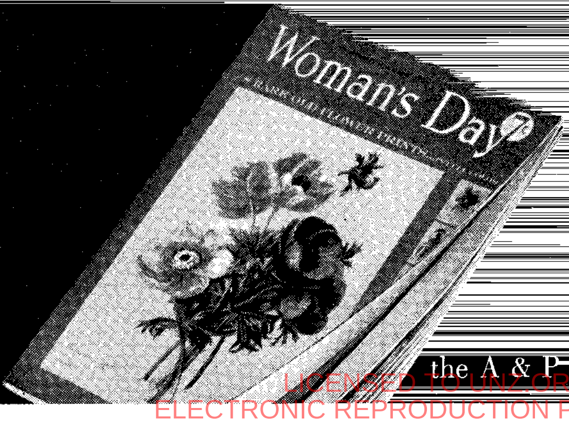

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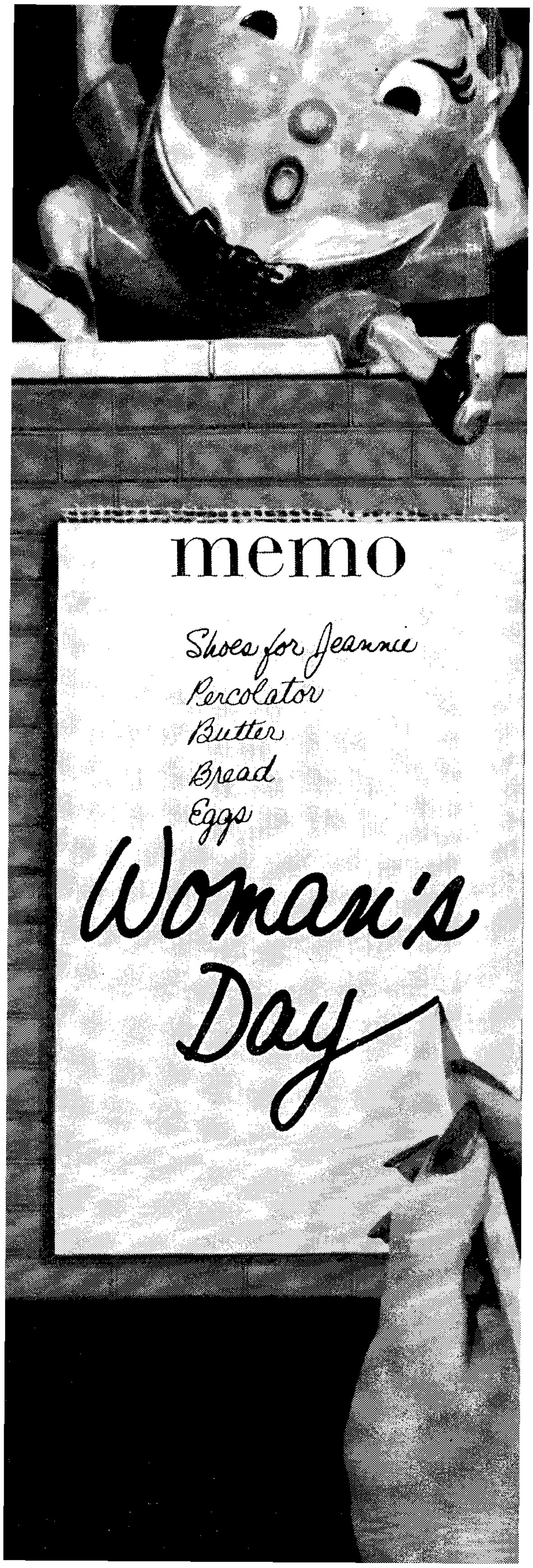
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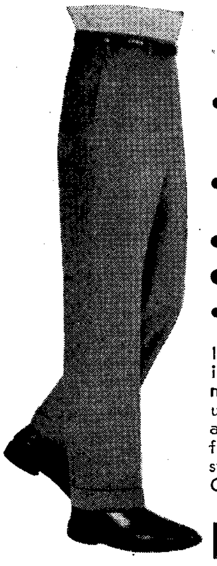

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Eat or Be Eaten

NEXT
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ARMAND DENIS, an old Africa hand responsible for "Dark Rapture" and "Savage Splendor," a couple of informative excursions into the Dark Continent, has again deployed his forces on the venerable mysterious territory, and come up with a documentary called "Below the Sahara." In case your knowledge of geography is as porous as mine, below the Sahara is the native sod of the usual cinematic crowd of hartebeests, lions, leopards, elephants, rhinos, and cheetahs, all of whom seemed to be in a low frame of mind as Mr. Denis moved among them, and whose table manners have apparently gone into a decline over the years. It is Mr. Denis's notion that the advent of the white man in Africa has caused such a deplorable imbalance in the eating habits of the livestock that it is often touch and go whether they will take a swipe at their four-footed colleagues or dine, *faute de mieux*, off such as Mr. Denis.

Although Mr. Denis is assuredly a pal of the furred and feathered, and is even able to cast an amiable eye on crocodiles and other passing lizards, in this outing he has not often managed to fill the spectator with any emotion but indifference; there have been so many African films lately that the animals here seem to be merely walking through their parts. The climaxes of "Below the Sahara" all show Mr. Denis looking worried as a rhino or some such horror charges him while he is busily keeping his camera lens trained on the beast. Who, you may ask, takes the picture of Mr. Denis taking *his* picture? And, in illustration of another phase of this sort of thing, we have at one point a scene in which a native boy is attacked by a leopard. It is quite a scene, but nobody thinks of belting the leopard with a tripod or telling Wamba, or whatever his name is, to duck. On the credit side of the enterprise, though, there are some ornithological bits concerning penguins and flamingos that are pleasant, and I guess (my heart being as soft as whey) there's no denying that a camera is a better weapon than a rifle.

MY interest in African animals was strengthened by a pair of English pictures dealing with people. One of these concerns a plumber who goes to Moscow and becomes a favorite around the Kremlin because the boys currently in power there think he's an atomic-bomb wizard. His name is Mr. Potts, and he's almost incredibly talented at drainage. The possibilities of this nonsense are drearily explored. The name of the thing is "Mr. Potts Goes to Moscow," which is succinct, if nothing else. . . . The other British effort is "Sailor of the King," based on a novel by C. S. Forester, the literary salt. In its screen version, the story has been provided with two endings, neither of which has any merit. It seems that a seaman in the First World War (Michael Rennie) meets an accessible lady (Wendy Hiller), and has a child by her without benefit of clergy. Along comes the Second World War, and Mr. Rennie, now a naval captain, is out to sink the German raider Essen. And who do you think assists him? Why, his get from the wrong side of the counterpane (Jeffrey Hunter). Sweet are the uses of coincidence.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

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SPEEDING A PARTING GUEST

A reader writes me: "Please, Mrs. Post, won't you write something in your column about guests who prolong their goodbyes in the front hall until their hostess is ready to drop? I have been confronted with this very annoying situation so often lately that I simply had to write you about it. If we suggest they come back into the living room and stay awhile longer, their answer is, 'Oh, no, we must go'—but they don't. When a guest is ready to leave, doesn't good manners require her to say goodbye and then go?"

It certainly does, and the only thing I can think of to remedy this is when you go out into the hall, to open the front door and say something such as "It has been no nice to see you," which certainly should prompt them to go out the door and say goodnight.—*Illinois State Register.*

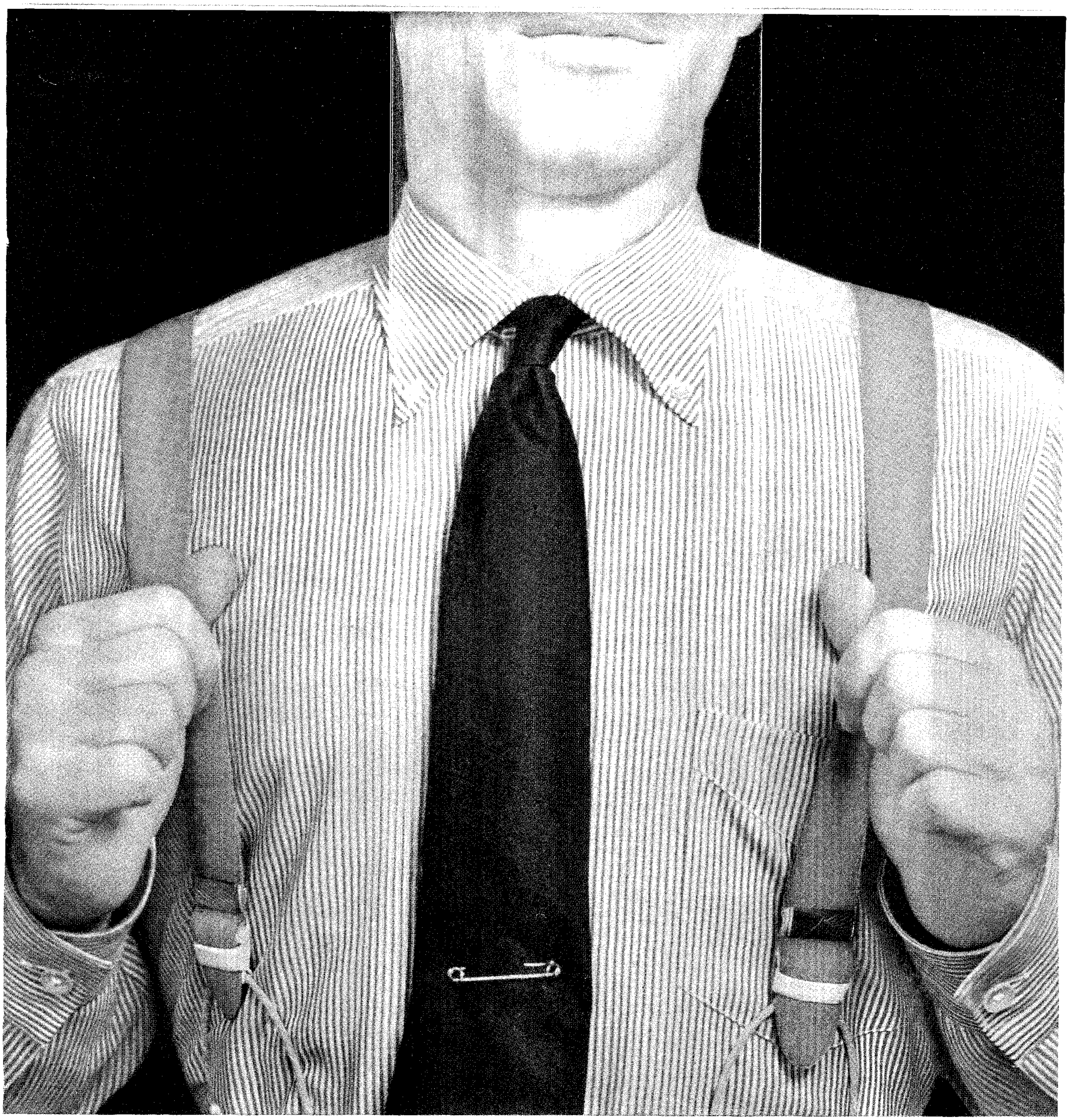
Banging the door behind them.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Seattle Post-Intelligencer*]

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 16—(UP)—Mrs. Vila E. Jackson took her first and last driving lesson yesterday, at a cost of $900.



Guess the price of this Hathaway shirt?

WE DON'T KNOW you from Adam, but we think you'll be interested in playing a little guessing game.

Look at this shirt very carefully. You have seen it worn by the best types from Harvard, Princeton, Yale, etcetera, for the last twenty-five years. It is the classic button-down Oxford, which Hathaway almost invented. Nobody ever looked like a bounder in this shirt. Quite the reverse.

Now write in the space below how much you think this shirt costs—and bear in mind that some Hathaway shirts cost as much as $45 each:

My guess is that the price is

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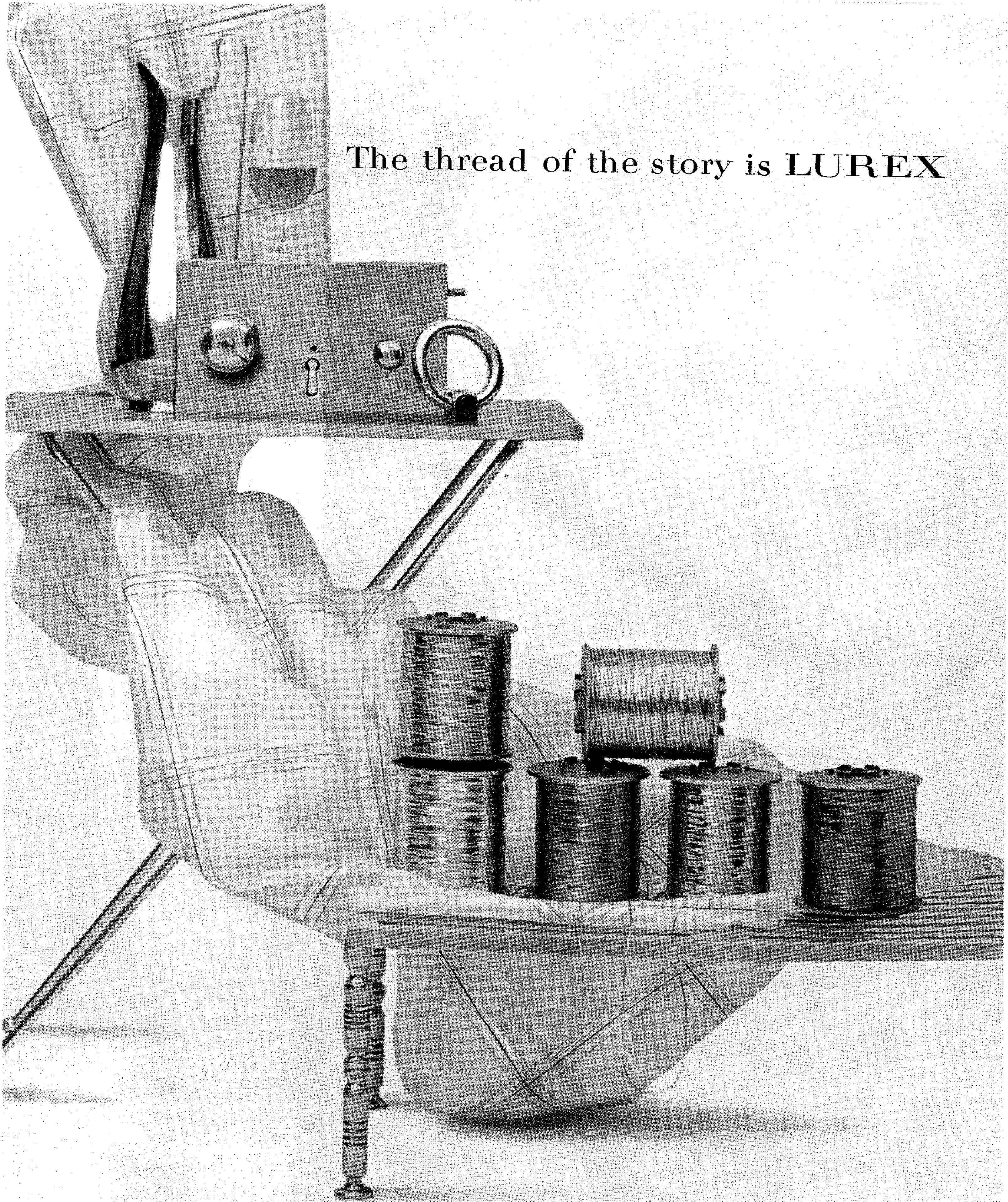
With apologies to Simon & Schuster

Now, turn this page upside down and read the answer. If you think the price is reasonable, write to C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine, for the name of your store. In New York, telephone MUrray Hill 9-4157. Also available in other stripes, and a wide range of solid colors.

The price is only $6.50. The same shirt in white is $5.95. Isn't that wonderful?

The thread of the story is LUREX



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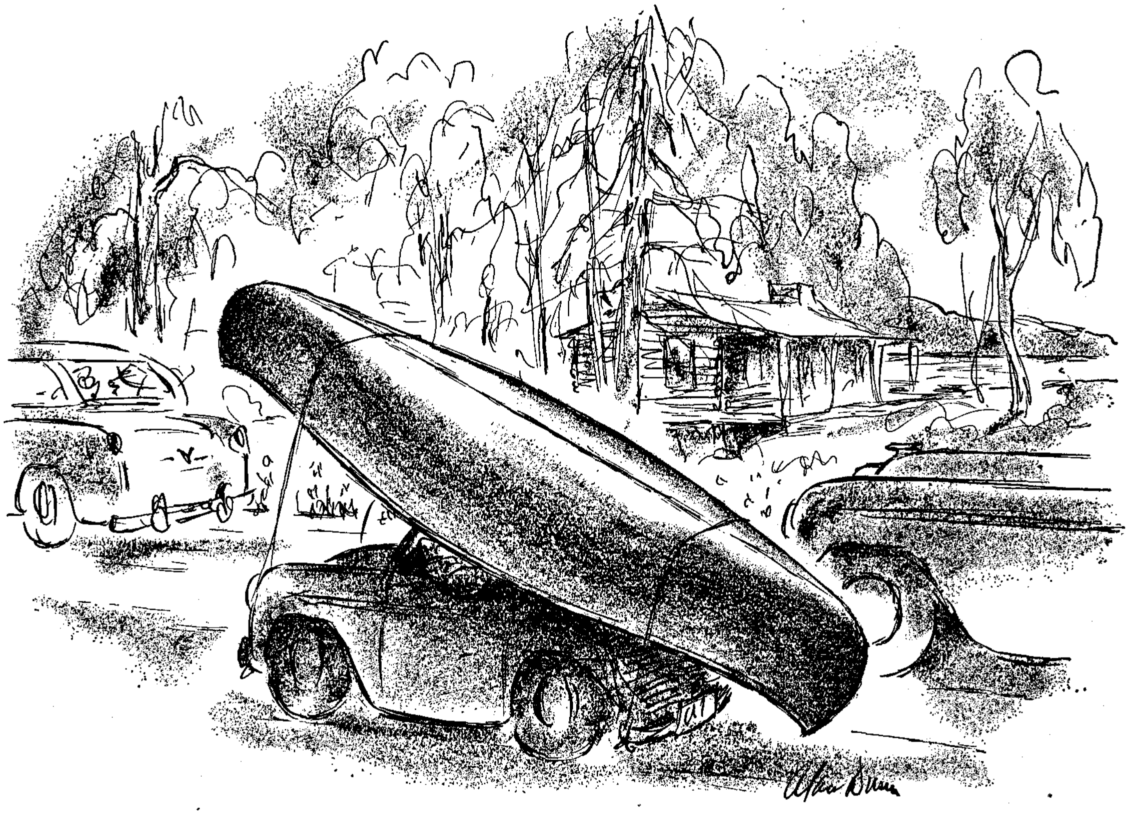
LETTER FROM BUCHAREST

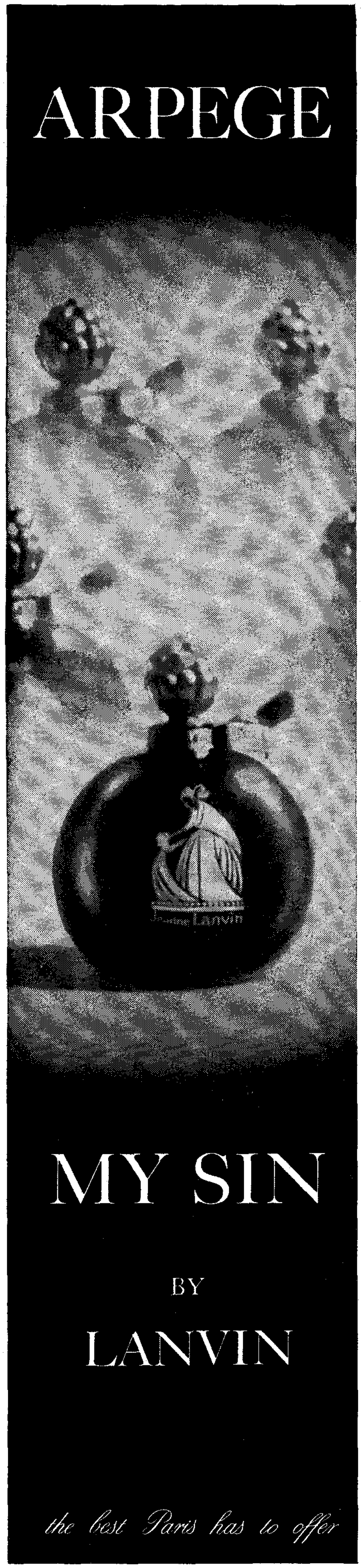
FOR almost six years, Rumania has been one of the least accessible countries in the world that lies behind the Iron Curtain. Rumania began to seal herself off from the West in 1947, at a time when Westerners could still visit Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Hungary without much difficulty, and the last American correspondent found it expedient to leave here before the end of 1948. In one recent fourteen-month period, only three Americans entered Bucharest, all of them State Department officials travelling on diplomatic passports. Then, this summer, the bars went down. The Fourth World Festival of Youth and Students for Peace and Friendship, which is the Communists' answer to the Western world's Olympic Games, was to be held in Bucharest from August 2nd to August 16th, and more than thirty thousand guests and participants, from more than a hundred countries, were invited. If there was ever to be a chance of entering Rumania under the present regime, I figured, this was it.

Getting here proved to be every bit as much of a problem as I had anticipated. I started the obstacle course one day in July, when I took my non-diplomatic passport around to the Rumanian Legation in Vienna to apply for a visa. The consular offices of the Legation keep unorthodox hours, being open to the public only on Wednesdays and Saturdays from noon to 2 P.M. Sometimes the officials skip Saturday to enjoy a longer weekend, and they often don't open on time on Wednesdays. At last, I managed to catch a functionary at his desk, and he gave me five application forms to fill in and told me that I would have to produce "at least" four photographs of myself. His "at least" was certainly justified; as it turned out, I needed seven. I filled in the forms, had a dozen photographs printed, and returned to the Legation—two or three times before I found anyone there with the authority to grant me a visa. Then came a lot of rushing around to get a Hungarian transit visa (which the Hungarian Legation issued only after seeing the Rumanian visa) and a pass that allowed me to cross Austria's Soviet Zone (which the Russians issued only after seeing both the Rumanian *and* the Hungarian visas). The Hungarian visa was stamped on a small piece of white paper, and not in my passport; American passports are not valid for travel to the Iron Curtain countries unless they are specifically amended by the State Department—which mine was—and certain satellite countries that like to welcome certain shady Americans obligingly circumvent this restriction by issuing visas on separate pieces of paper, so that no record of the forbidden trip will appear in the passport.

My roster of visas was finally completed just ten hours before the departure of the last train that would arrive in Bucharest in time for the opening of the Festival. This was the Arlberg-Orient Express, which runs from Paris to Bucharest four times a week, by way of Vienna. Three other American correspondents—one from the New York *Times*, one from the United Press, and one from the Associated Press—boarded the express with me. Although the train, which left at night from Vienna's Westbahnhof, was a very long one, it was jammed. The passengers were a heterogeneous lot—from Austria, East and West Germany, Pakistan, New Zealand, India, Indonesia, Canada, Great Britain, France, Italy, Chile, Ceylon, Sweden, and a great many other countries. Scandinavians jostled Madagascans in the vestibules, and boys in kilts flirted with girls in Javanese sarongs. Not all my fellow-travellers were fellow-travellers in the larger sense, however. Among the British, for instance, were a few who had been attracted by an advertisement in the *New Statesman and Nation* that offered a two-week trip to the Black Sea for twenty-two pounds. "That's a bloody lot less than I'd have to spend anywhere else on the Continent," a man from London said to me.

We reached the Hungarian border at 1:55 A.M. The train slowed down, and by the light of a bright moon I could see, beside the tracks, a high wooden watchtower on which machine guns and searchlights were mounted, and, beyond it, a plowed field, which, I had heard from refugees, was sown with mines. As we passed the watchtower, a Hungarian soldier carrying a tommy gun jumped aboard the last car and stood in its corridor until the train stopped at Hegyeshalom, which is the first station stop in Hungary. The Hegyeshalom station was decorated with flags, slogans, pictures of Stalin and Matyas Rakosi (the first Hungarian Communist Premier), and a lighted red star. Hundreds of children were milling about on the platform and frenziedly shouting "*Békét!*" ("Peace!") Apparently, they had been ordered out at that unseemly hour to give the travellers a favorable impression of Hungary as a happy "people's democracy." Hungari-





BOTTLED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE

an border guards passed through the train and took up everybody's passport. To while away the time, dignitaries made welcoming speeches in English, Italian, French, German, and Hungarian, and loudspeakers blared Arabic, French, Chinese, Russian, and Spanish songs, and the zither theme from "The Third Man." A few soldiers in Russian-style uniforms were posted in the background. After three hours, the passports were returned, presumably having been duly scrutinized, and the train started up again.

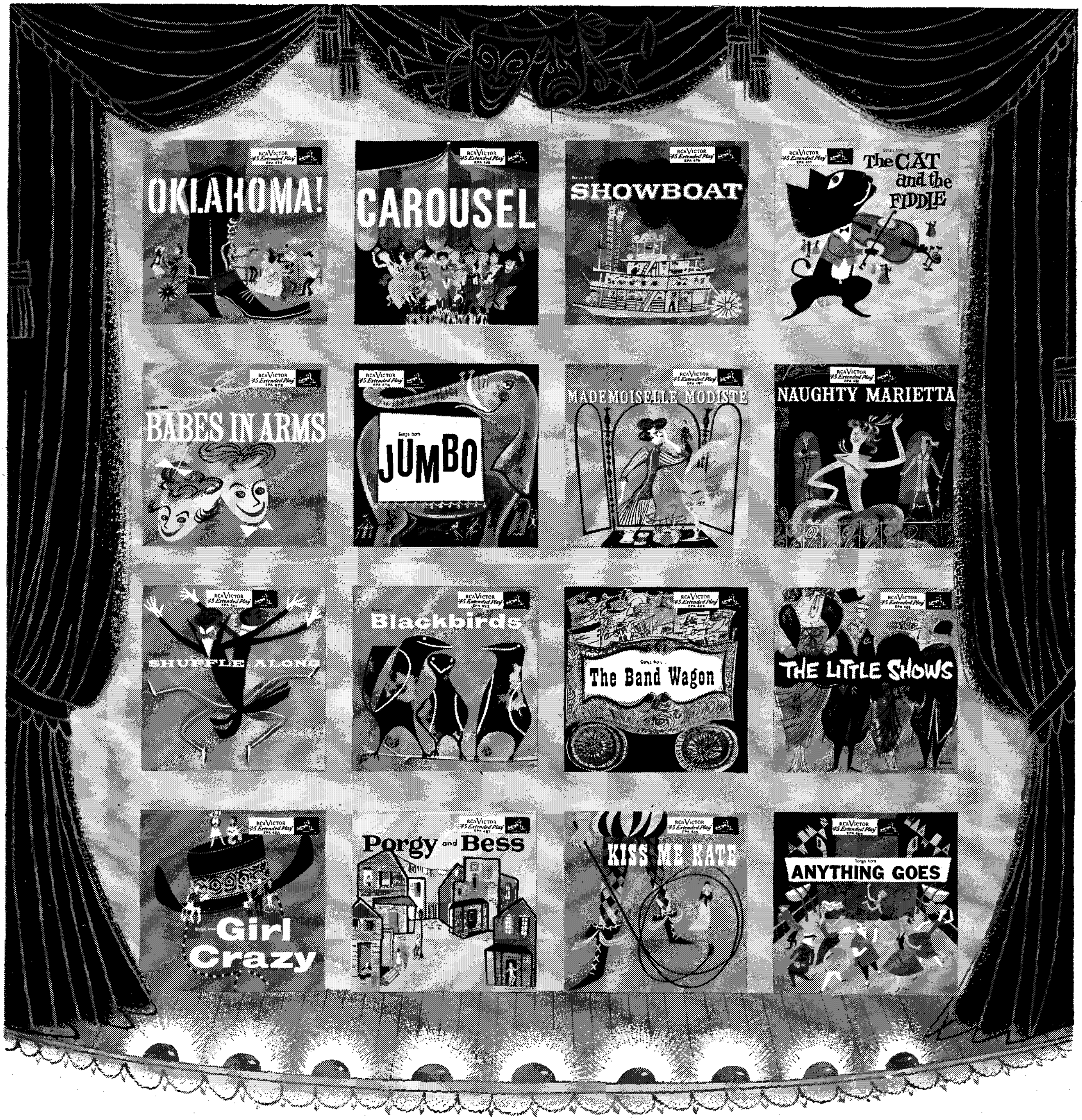
Nobody tried to sleep. Throughout the night, some French girls wandered from car to car singing the "Marseillaise" and "Sur le Pont d'Avignon." A Swedish student who spoke a number of languages badly kept telling everybody that the social legislation in his country was rotten and needed overhauling. When we reached Budapest, around nine in the morning, there were some gypsy fiddlers and dancers on hand to entertain the passengers while a brigade of window-washers hurriedly cleaned the car windows that faced the platform. (They didn't bother about the windows on the other side.) In Lokoshaza, the last Hungarian station before the Rumanian border, soldiers crawled under the cars—looking for anti-Communist leaflets and for stowaways, or so I was told. During this search, the train was surrounded by men with tommy guns. Again there was much music and folk dancing, and again our passports were taken away. This time, we waited four hours before they were returned and the train resumed its journey.

At the Rumanian frontier, which we reached about four o'clock, a large welcome sign adorned with the Picasso dove almost but not quite concealed a watchtower on which a soldier stood, tommy gun in hand. A detachment of border guards rushed out of a large white building and lined up at attention beside the tracks, and as we passed them, they unsmilingly clapped their hands high above their heads, which is Moscow-style applause. Flags bearing more doves and the Rumanian colors—blue, yellow, and red—hung from the telegraph wires. It was a beautiful summer afternoon.

Curtici, the Rumanian border station, was almost obliterated by a sea of flags. Elegant border-guard officers in brand-new uniforms and white gloves saluted the train with tommy guns held at "present arms." The passengers broke into wild cheering. An Italian girl sitting next to me said, "Isn't it wonderful to be in Rumania, the land of peace?" and then leaned out of the window and shouted, "*Pace! Pace!*" I said that soldiers carrying tommy guns, no matter how white their gloves, didn't look very peaceful to me. She gave me a contemptuous glance and ignored me from then on. Curtici's customs officials are notorious for their thoroughness ("Sometimes they take the entire sleeper apart," the conductor on our train said to me), but on this trip no one so much as asked us to open our bags. All the rules had been suspended for the Festival visitors.

Our train arrived at the Baneasa Station here seven hours late. The station, which is in a fashionable suburb of Bucharest, was built for King Carol, who took off from there on his pleasure jaunts to the West. On this occasion, thousands of people were lined up on its platform; they had probably been there nearly all day, but they cheered and waved as we pulled in. I had been told in Vienna that a man from the American Legation would be waiting for me with his car, but I didn't see how I would ever find him. It turned out to be easy. He was the one man on the platform who was wearing a tie. Only Western diplomats and high Communist officials wear ties in Bucharest. The diplomats, of course, wear them as a matter of custom, and the Party leaders wear theirs as a matter of establishing their superiority over lesser Rumanians, for whom open collars and rolled-up shirtsleeves are the accepted mode of dress, at least in summer. I soon adopted it happily. Bucharest in summer is almost as hot as New York.

THIS is the first time I have ever been in Bucharest. In my childhood in Czechoslovakia, I had often heard it referred to as "The Paris of the Balkans," because of its beautifully laid-out avenues and parks and its fine hotels, shops, and restaurants. Then it was known all through Europe as a city of light and lightheartedness. Today, Bucharest still looks bright and cheerful, but there is something artificial about its prettiness. On the drive to the American Legation, I noticed that the houses along the way were spick-and-span, and that the wide, tree-lined avenues, reminiscent of those in large towns in the south of France, were remarkably clean. But later, in my hotel, when the official interpreter assigned to me by the government had left for the night, a Westerner told me that Bucharest is indeed wearing makeup, and that it had been applied at frantic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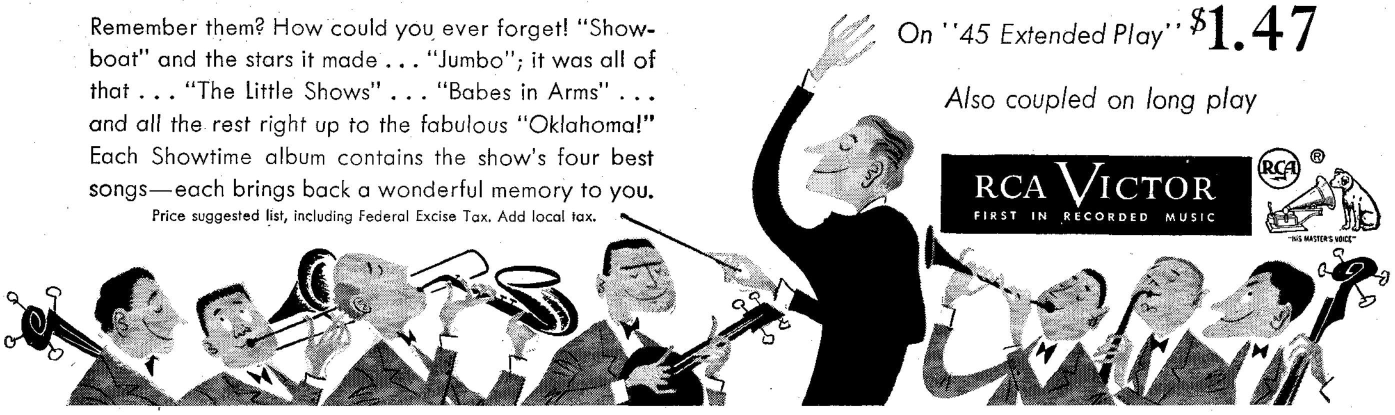

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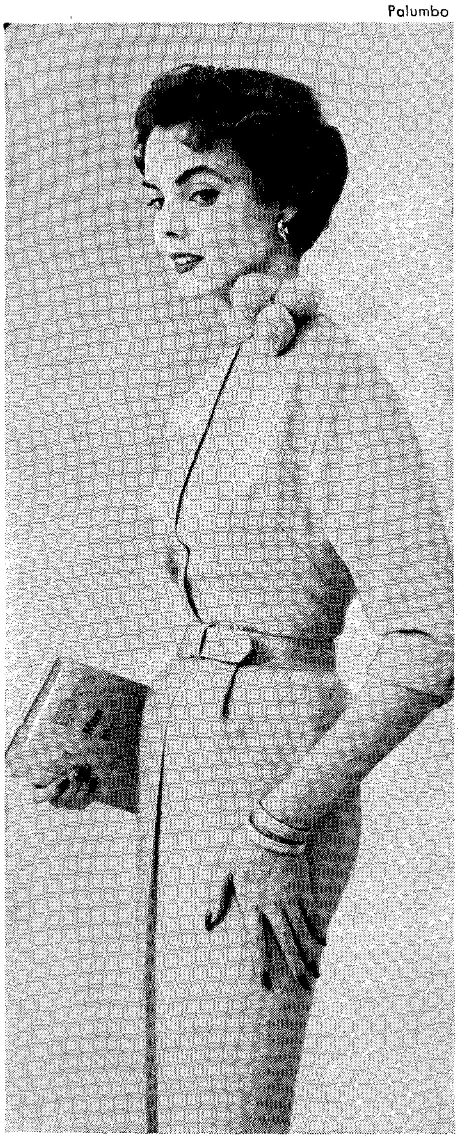

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speed for the Festival. "You should have seen this place a month ago," he said. "Drab as a factory town." The transformation, he went on, had been carried out in typically Communist fashion. All householders were ordered to pretty up their homes, and anyone who didn't get into the spirit of things went to jail. School children were set to work cleaning up the streets and parks. For months, bolts of cloth had been scarce in Bucharest shops, but there were suddenly plenty of them for making the flags that now practically cover the city. Among the flags are some that are rarely seen in the Western world—the flag of Mongolia, for instance, and the flags of the various Soviet Republics. There are also plenty of American flags, but they, too, look strange, for they display as many as sixty-four stars—eight rows of eight. Some of the American flags, I have been told, cover walls where a few weeks ago extremely anti-American, if out-of-date, posters were plastered, showing Acheson as a snake, Negroes being beaten, and Truman setting fire to a matchbox called "Balkans" with a match whose head bore the features of Tito.

I am staying in a room the Rumanian government reserved for me in the attractive Hotel Ambassador, and I have my meals at the Hotel Athénée-Palace, which was once the finest hotel in southeastern Europe and still shows traces of its old grandeur. At breakfast, the waiters toss hunks of butter and thick slabs of pink ham on my plate, and excellent Turkish-style coffee is available, along with *Tuica* (plum brandy), for those who want to start their drinking early. Lunch and dinner are substantial, too, with generous portions of fish, meat, *mamaliga* (corn meal), *sarmale* (stuffed cabbage), pastry, and whipped cream. There is vodka, and beer imported from Czechoslovakia, and Samburesti and Dragasani wines, with "Ministerul Industriei Alimentare" inscribed on their labels, that taste like the wines of Algeria. And, of course, there is caviar.

It did not take long to discover that very few people here outside the Athénée-Palace have seen ham, butter, wine, or coffee—let alone caviar—for months. One evening recently, I went around town trying to find a cup of coffee, but it was unobtainable; I learned there had been a critical shortage of food for weeks before the Festival opened, because the government was storing away such large amounts of it to impress the visitors with. Last fall, when a long drought spoiled the har-

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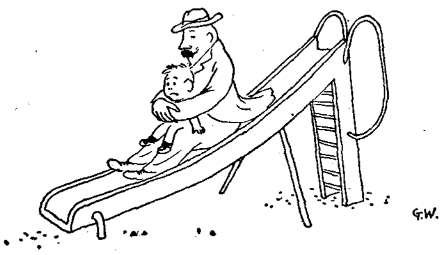
vest, people starved in Bucharest, and even the privileged diplomats' store had no butter, no vegetables, no meat, and no sugar. The wife of a French attaché wanted to decorate her dinner table one night with a pumpkin and three ears of corn. She was unable to buy them, and finally had to borrow them from a high-ranking Communist, who insisted that they be returned the next morning. Not so long ago, corn was as abundant in Rumania as oranges are in California. In Bucharest, by the way, oranges have become symbols of a free and plentiful life. They are sometimes available in the markets here at about forty cents apiece. I have been asked by several Rumanians whether there are enough oranges in the United States, and have received skeptical glances when I replied that you can get all you want there for forty cents a dozen. There are free oranges for all Festival visitors. The members of a non-Communist Belgian athletic team, who came here in the belief that the Festival was a bona-fide sports event, became so disgusted when they discovered it was really just a propaganda festival that they refused to eat their free oranges and have wound up by presenting them to the Belgian Legation, where they have been gratefully divided among the staff.

To say that an orange in Bucharest costs forty cents is not precisely accurate, for the dollar exchange—officially eleven lei to the dollar—is unrealistic, and no one has been able to figure out what the true value of the leu is. It costs fifteen cents to send an air-mail letter from New York to Bucharest, but it costs four lei, or nearly forty cents, at the official rate of exchange, to send one from Bucharest to New York. Wages are probably a better index to the value of the leu. An unskilled worker in Bucharest usually earns three hundred lei, or, officially, about twenty-seven dollars, a month, and a skilled one four hundred. Rumania, which used to export a large surplus of food, now rations bread, meat, fats, sugar, fish, and eggs. Rationed food is cheap, but the basic rations are only three and a half ounces of sugar and seven ounces of meat a week and twelve ounces of bread a day, and



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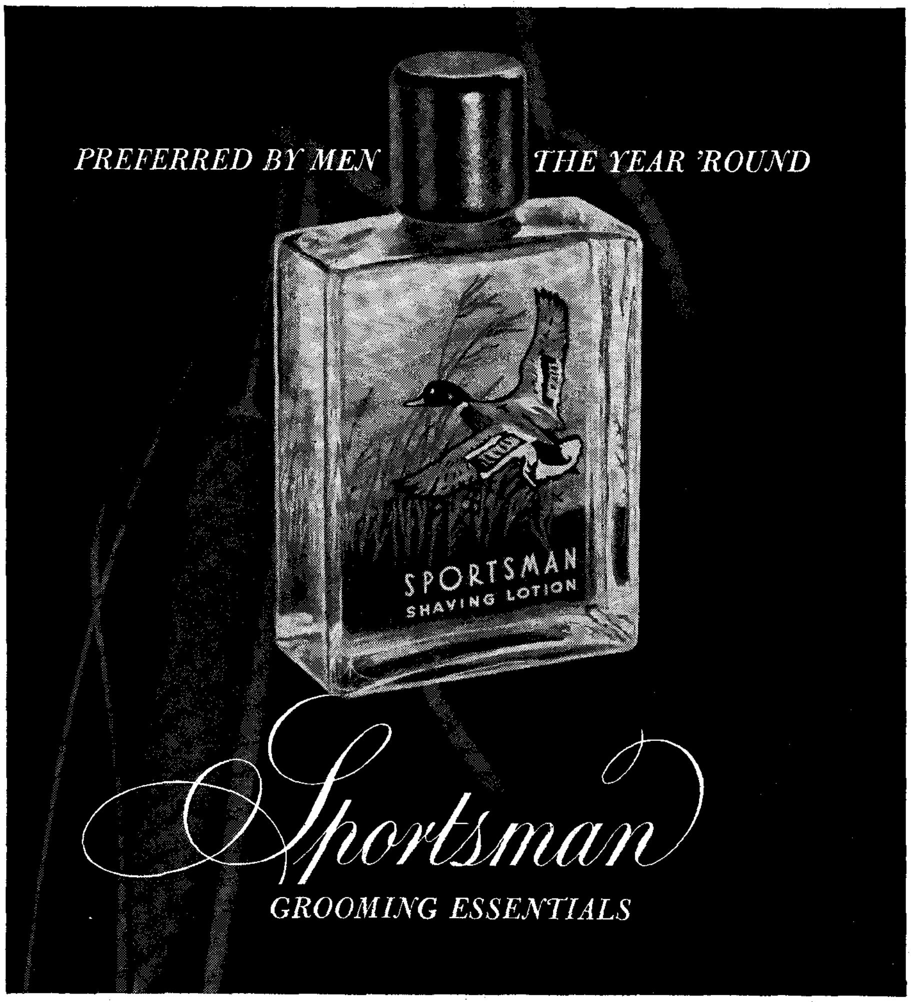


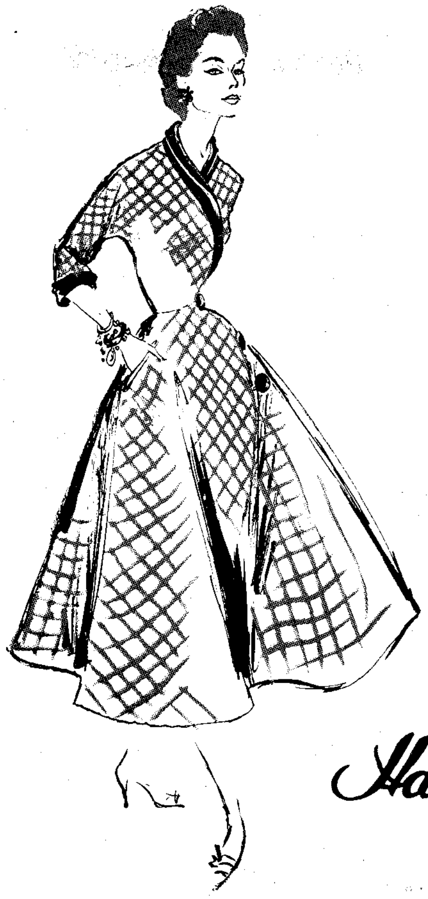
even these slim allotments are not always available. Delegates to the Festival are given chocolates along with the oranges, and some of them pass theirs along to children in the streets; it has come as quite a shock to these well-meaning people to learn that the children have never before tasted chocolate.

Not only the drought but the resentment the peasants feel toward collectives has helped create the appalling food shortage. The most important reason for it, however, is the shift that is taking place in Rumania's entire economy. In accordance with a Soviet-dictated policy that applies to all satellite countries, the Rumanian government has embarked upon its first Five Year Plan, which is designed to turn a backward agricultural country into a modern industrialized one. The change-over has been impressive in scope and speed and terrifying in cost. To obtain the necessary tools and machinery from the Soviet Union, Rumania has been obliged to ship a large part of her agricultural output there. Last year, because of the drought, Rumania had to buy wheat from other countries in order to fulfill her commitments to the Russians. It was either bread or machines, and the Communist government decided that it was going to be machines.

Bucharest has no real black market in foods. If meat is scarce, there just isn't any for the average man. Occasionally a farmer will slaughter a pig and sell it at black-market prices, but not often, for if he is caught at it, both he and his customers are liable to ten years in prison. There is, however, a black market in some commodities—Sheaffer and Parker fountain pens, for instance, and the inevitable nylons and American cigarettes. The steepest black-market prices are those paid for American and Swiss medicines. Some people here are apparently able and willing to pay five thousand lei for a thousand Rimifon anti-tuberculosis pills that would cost only a thirtieth as much in any Swiss pharmacy. Penicillin, streptomycin, aureomycin, and the sulfa drugs are also extravagantly appreciated and paid for.

There is no black market whatever in foreign currencies. The mere possession of a dollar bill is a crime for which people have been sentenced to five years at hard labor. "At that rate of exchange," a Bucharest businessman told me, "I wouldn't take a dollar if you gave it to me." Rumanian currency regulations forbid the export of as much as one leu. Even in Switzerland, where the banks claim proudly that they buy and sell every currency in the world, there are no leu notes to be had. For months, rumors of an impending devaluation of the leu have been circulating, but these may have been spread with the blessing of the government in order to keep people from putting their money under the mattress. No one in Rumania would dream of saving money anyway. A factory manager, one of the privileged few who make much more than they need, said to me, "It's unpatriotic to save, and besides, if you haven't any money, you won't lose any." He had a new American fountain pen and a new Swiss wristwatch.

THE mechanics of the efficient police state are visible everywhere in Bucharest. There are more uniformed men to be seen on the streets here than in any other city I've ever visited. Some wear white uniforms and some wear gray ones. Others—the troops of the *Securitate*, which is the local version of Russia's M.V.D.—wear Army uniforms with blue epaulets and a blue band around their caps. At my hotel one evening, I made a phone call to the American Legation, hung up, and then lifted the receiver again to put in another call. Instead of the operator, what I heard was a playback of my conversation (innocuous) with the Legation official; something had gone wrong with the *Securitate's* recording machine. Also, I noticed that a group of loiterers was always standing on the sidewalk in front of the hotel. I would have put them down as standard Bucharest loiterers if a Western diplomat and I, chatting in my room one morning, had not made an appointment to meet later in the day at a certain spot in front of the State Opera House; when I got there, I discovered that one of the hotel loiterers had become an opera-house loiterer. In the fashionable district near Şoseaua Kiseleff, where bankers and landowners once lived in sumptuous villas and where the country's new aristocrats—the Party bosses and government officials—now live in the same sumptuous villas, I saw a *Securitate* man in almost every doorway, and others stood in sentry huts in the gardens behind the houses. Morning and evening, big Zis cars (a Zis I rode in looked like a Packard, was subject to overheating, and made five and a half miles on a gallon of gas, which costs fourteen lei) and Buicks are to be seen in this neighborhood, but during the day its streets are empty of traffic. There is no denying that Rumania's strict controls over everything have been effective in their way. The country's secrets are well



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kept. While everyone here is aware that the headquarters of the Cominform are in Bucharest, no one in the Western legations knows exactly where. Last year, Rumanians were informed of the removal of Ana Pauker from her position as Foreign Minister by an item printed in small type on an inside page of *Scanteia* (the *Spark*), the official paper of the nation's Communist Party, and to this day no one outside a select circle knows whether she is dead or alive. For several weeks after the announcement was printed, she continued to ride about Bucharest in her big car, and then she disappeared.

Rumania's greatest revolutionary is still around and is still the most powerful man in the country. He is the Prime Minister, Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej, a former railroad worker who spent ten years or more in various prisons, notably Dej Prison, whose name he later added to his own. Pictures of Gheorghiu-Dej, showing him as a forceful-looking, graying man, are displayed everywhere, often next to pictures of President Petru Groza, a former wealthy landowner, who has never officially joined the Communist Party. Groza, Rumania's genial and not unpopular figurehead, speaks with unusual frankness to foreign diplomats and likes to dance with their wives. Gheorghiu-Dej has no time for such nonsense. He is the man primarily responsible for the government's achievements in industrialization and collectivization. And, to hear the government tell it, he has almost wiped out illiteracy among the population and has halved the infant-mortality rate by building dispensaries and introducing state medical care in even the most remote villages.

It is characteristic of the atmosphere of a police state that practically nothing is known about Gheorghiu-Dej's private life. I saw him at the new State Opera House on the night it opened. With him in his box was the Soviet Ambassador, and after the show the theatre was surrounded by a cordon of *Securitate* troops. The other members of the audience, most of them prominent personages in Bucharest and thus, one would suppose, reliable Communists, were herded out through a narrow side entrance between rows of ugly-looking toughs in plainclothes while Gheorghiu-Dej and his party, I learned later from a man who had been outside, emerged from the front entrance and were driven off in his Cadillac, with *Securitate* patrols in Chevrolets and Plymouths before, beside, and behind him. Westerners who have been here for some time

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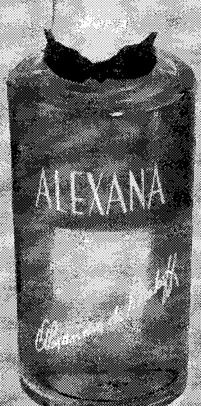

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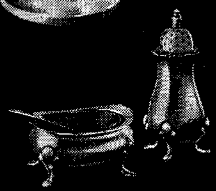

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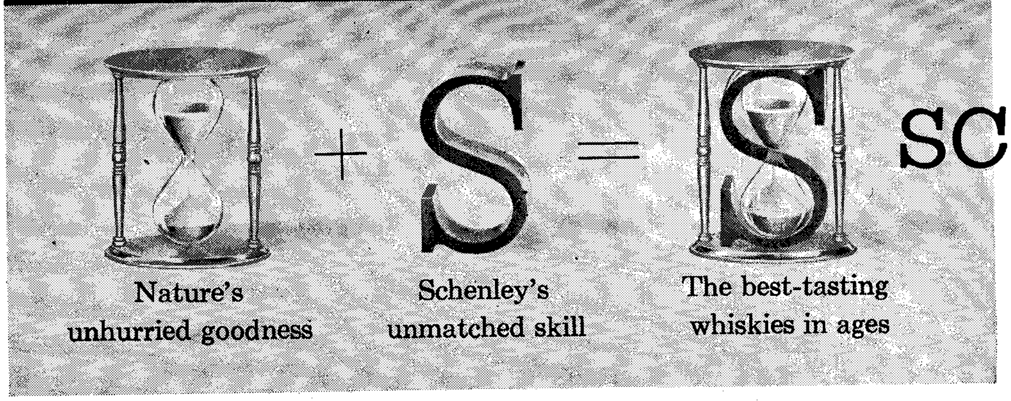
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Exclamation point in wool flannel: this lithe dress with the new spiral neckline. Mouse gray, hickory gray, truffle brown, black. Sizes 8 to 18. $49.95. With it, the charming mop hat in hand-crocheted yarn. Mouse gray, truffle brown, black. $17.95. **BONWIT TELLER,** New York, and most fine stores throughout the country.

are inclined to believe that ninety per cent of the Rumanian people are against the Communist regime, and after seeing to what extent the Party leaders are protected from their loving followers I can understand why they think so. During parades in Stalin Square, a double row of *Securitate* troops with tommy guns is stationed between the marchers and the dignitaries in the reviewing stand. One row faces the marchers and the other the dignitaries.

Gheorghiu-Dej lives in a large house behind the Swedish Legation building. (The Rumanian government has repeatedly tried to buy the building from the Swedes.) Neighbors see few signs of life in Gheorghiu-Dej's house. He comes home late at night, and lights are rarely turned on in more than one or two of the rooms. I have heard no tales of high living among the Party leaders. It is often said here that Stakhanovites—workers whose production records consistently surpass their norms—make more money than members of the government. But, of course, a member of the government has little need for money. He is provided with a house in Bucharest and a country home in the mountains near the resort town of Sinaia, as well as with secretaries, servants, a car, an airplane, and plenty of food.

THE only Westerners who are permitted to live in Bucharest are members of the diplomatic missions. There are also a few Rumanian-born naturalized Americans, who returned here in better years, and most of whom wish they hadn't. There is no treaty between the United States and Rumania defining the status of such people; the Rumanian authorities consider them Rumanians and won't let them out of the country. The personnel of the Western legations is extremely limited; the American Legation, for instance, has a staff of ten, including two American girl secretaries. (The Soviet Embassy is said to have eighty-five persons of diplomatic status on its staff.) The Westerners in Bucharest lead an outpost life. If they want to have their teeth looked after, they go to Vienna, thirty-three hours away by train. They send their broken watches, spectacles, and radios there to be fixed, since there are no spare parts in Bucharest and few skilled repairmen. Last year, after protracted negotiations, the British were allowed to bring in a doctor, and he looks after most of the Western diplomats and their families. The Americans here buy everything they need, even

HATS BY SALLY VICTOR
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NEW DIMENSION

Terraced clusters of scintillating stones suggest the tri-dimensional effect so popular this fall. Each brilliant stone, each sparkling surface, guaranteed to last a lifetime. Tri-D earrings to match. At fine stores everywhere. *Necklace* about $9.00, plus tax. *Earrings* about $7.00 plus tax.

ORA CREATIONS
Guaranteed for life

Ralph Singer Co.
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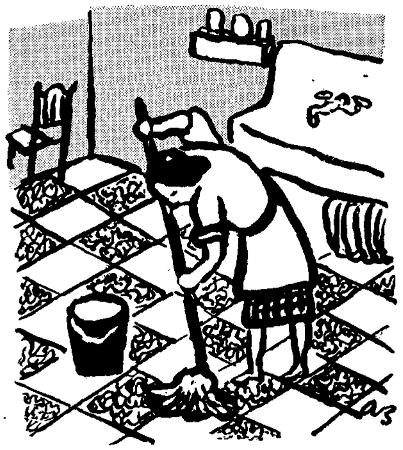
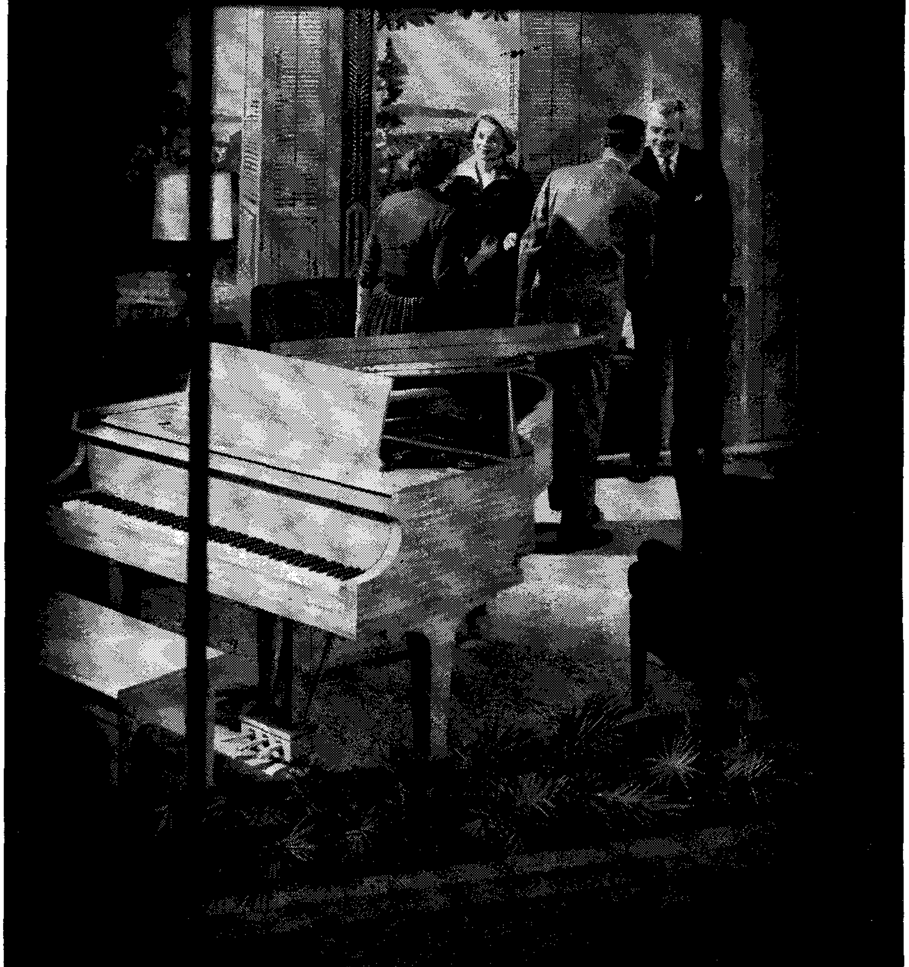
things like shoelaces and bobby pins, at the United States Army stores in Vienna—a form of shopping that demands considerable advance planning.

The Westerners live in a strange limbo. They are officially restricted in their movements and unofficially followed wherever they go. Once in a while, they are permitted to take a five-hour train trip to the Black Sea and enjoy themselves briefly at the seaside resort of Eforia, but they are not allowed to stay there overnight because, the Rumanians say, there are no accommodations. The Westerners are sure there are plenty of accommodations, and think the real trouble is that Eforia is near the port of Constanța and that Constanța is full of Soviet troops. No maps of Bucharest are available to Westerners. The official reason is that "the names of too many streets have been changed." (Actually, the Rumanians have been fairly conservative about changing their street names. In other satellite countries, the change of regime was followed by a wholesale renaming of streets and squares, but here one street is still named after Aristide Briand and another after Benjamin Franklin.) The Western diplomats are not allowed to visit factories or collective farms, and they are careful not to take photographs of any but the most commonplace subjects. Bucharest has its special rules of diplomatic procedure. In the past, several Western legations have been broken into at night, so now, in all of them, the staff members take turns at guard duty, twenty-four hours a day. It is common knowledge that Rumanian employees at the Western legations—clerks, receptionists, chauffeurs, gardeners, and the like—are under orders to make regular reports to the *Securitate* on their employers' activities. Some employees report these reports to their employers, and some, no doubt, report to the *Securitate* that they have reported to their employers that they



For All the World to See

Here is Gracious Living Through the Years



In the finest homes . . . on the concert stage

It's BALDWIN

The Baldwin Grand, unparalleled standard in the world of music, is a symbol of gracious living in America's finest homes—a mark of taste and appreciation of enduring quality. In selecting *your* piano, look to the Baldwin—exquisite in its fine craftsmanship and its superb tone—to bring added warmth and grace to your home.

Among the many distinguished concert artists who use the Baldwin exclusively are: Arrau, Beecham, Ciccolini, Fiedler, Francescatti, Franceschi, Roy Harris, Amparo Iturbi, Monteux, Montecino, Piatigorsky, Pinza, Shure, Stravinsky, Tourel, Wild.

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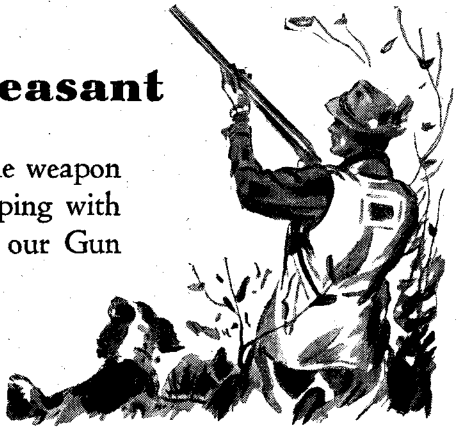
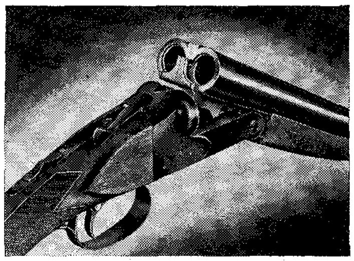
BUILDERS OF: BALDWIN GRAND PIANOS • ACROSONIC SPINET PIANOS
HAMILTON VERTICAL AND GRAND PIANOS • BALDWIN ELECTRONIC ORGANS

"THE A&F Co. GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD"

Date with pheasant



In no other shooting is a fine weapon more desirable, more in keeping with the nature of the sport. In our Gun Room are the products of the best foreign and domestic gun makers. We have many used guns, in excellent condition, at prices much lower than the original figure. You are cordially invited to visit our Gun Room, the unofficial club house of all who love guns.

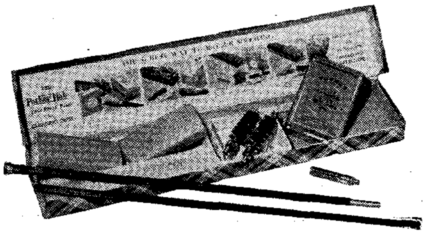


WINCHESTER MODEL 21 DOUBLE BARREL SHOTGUN

An outstanding American made shotgun noted for its dependability, workmanship and perfect balance. 12, 16 and 20 gauge in various barrel lengths and borings. Selective ejection, selective single trigger, beavertail fore-end.

Standard Model . . . $314.70

Custom Built Model Field Gun $426.60



IMPORTED GUN CLEANING KIT

Handy, compact shooting accessory holds all the necessary items for cleaning rifles or shotguns in the field or at home.

Rifle Kit. Specify calibre . . $6.75

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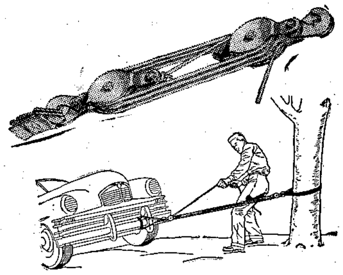
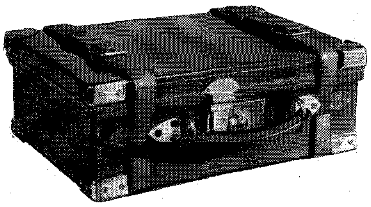


HANDY HOIST

Fits pocket, weighs 1 lb. Roller bearing pulley and 100-ft. nylon cord are ample for hanging bucks, pulling out mired cars, lifting boats on cars or trailers. With web strap and carrying case . . . $13.75



IMPORTED OAK-LEATHER SHELL BOX

As sturdy as it is good looking, this fine English russet leather case carries 150 or 200 shells for out-of-town shoots or hunting trips. Removable partitions, brass locks and corners, outside straps.

150 Rounds $35.00

200 Rounds $40.00

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CHICAGO STORE: **VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE** 9 NORTH WABASH

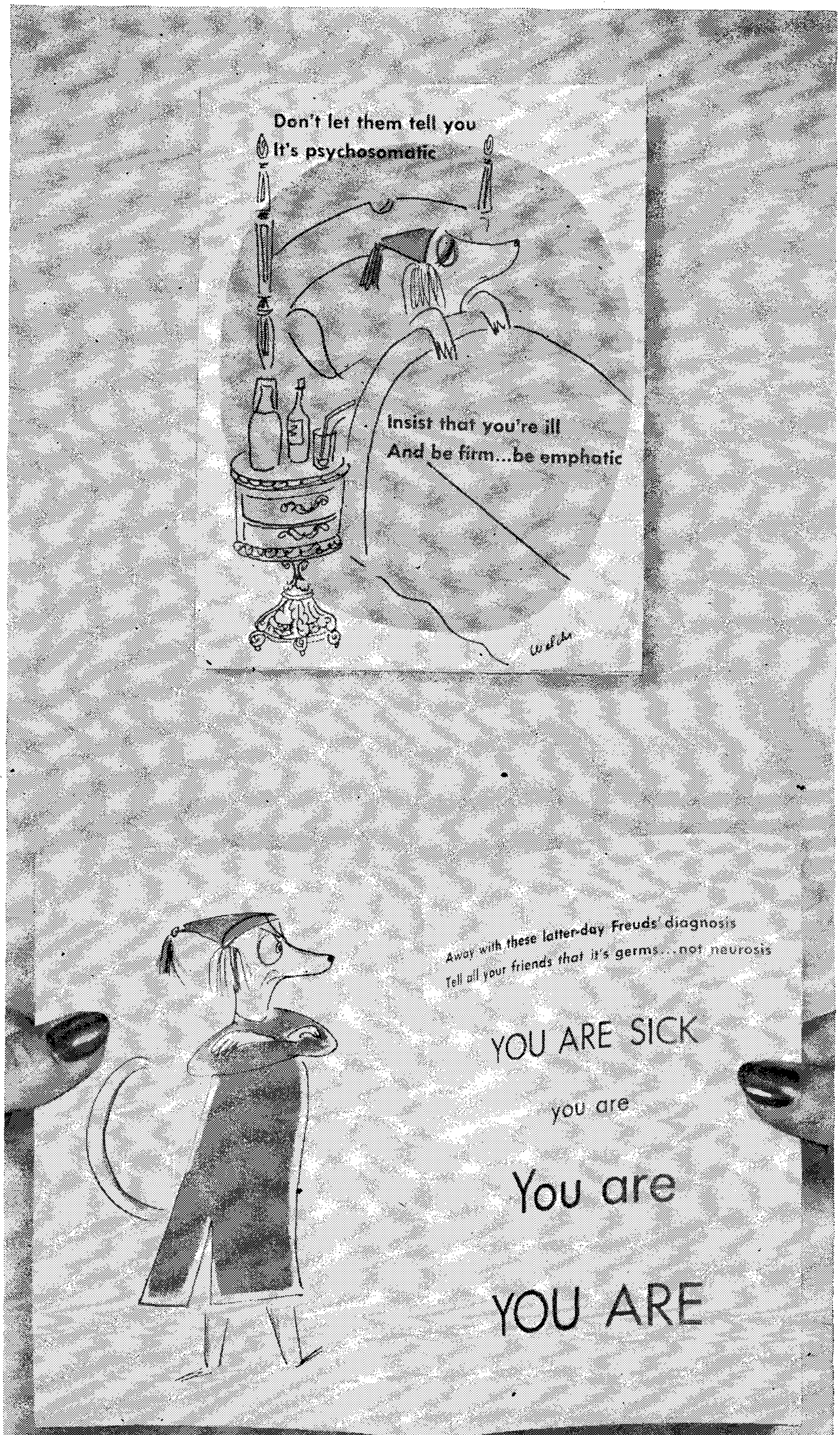
have reported to the *Securitate*. Regular reports are also made by cooks, housemaids, and butlers in the foreigners' homes. Because dictaphones abound in every place where they are likely to congregate, Westerners rarely enjoy the pleasures of conversation except when they are out walking. Often when two of them have something to discuss in an office, they disconnect the phone, turn the radio up, and open the windows, and even then the conversation is mostly conducted on two levels—one oral, for the benefit of a possible microphone, and the other in writing, on scraps of paper that are immediately burned in an ashtray. Newcomers are likely to be skeptical about the necessity for such precautions, and consider the behavior of the old hands melodramatic, but they soon learn better. The old hands have come to take informers and hidden microphones in their stride. "You have to," one of them said to me. "If you didn't, you'd go crazy."

The Westerners find it amusing to observe the class distinctions that have arisen in a supposedly classless society. At government receptions, the guests are always split into three groups. The first consists of members of the Politburo, Cabinet Ministers, and all Russian and satellite diplomats. The second is made up of lower-echelon politicians and all the Western diplomats. The third comprises the system's new middle class—Stakhanovites, state laureates, bureaucrats, writers, and artists. The three groups are ordinarily entertained in different rooms and served different food. At an outdoor reception in President Groza's palace gardens, the lawn was divided into three sections by gravelled paths, and the three groups were kept strictly separate. It has been noticed that when satellite diplomats are recalled, the gowns worn by their wives remain in Bucharest and are worn by the wives of their successors. I was assured by several ladies that these gowns would not cause sleepless nights in the Parisian fashion centers.

ALTHOUGH Bucharest suffers from a housing shortage, there has been little residential building during the past few years. Several vast government structures have been put up, however. In the suburbs, the enormous Scanteia building is nearly completed, and not only the Party paper *Scanteia*, with a claimed circulation of almost a million, but five other dailies and thirteen weeklies are already being printed there, on a Russian-made rotary press three stories high. Over every linotype machine is the typesetter's pledge to try to set more letters every hour; the leading Stakhanovite in the shop, Jan Dumitrescu, has set 10,246 letters in an hour. (A good American linotype operator can set about twelve thousand.) The Communist government is displeased with the several large, modern apartment houses that were built in Bucharest between the two World Wars, and calls them representative of the "ugly, bourgeois school of architecture." One of them, near the Royal Palace (now a museum), so annoyed the municipal beautifiers that they put up a six-story false front and several fountains to hide it.

New statues have been erected all over the city, but some of them are made of plaster and have to be taken indoors for the winter. Statues of heroes of the old regime have been removed "to improve traffic conditions." There is still quite a traffic problem, though. The streetcars and buses—some of them imported from Russia or Czechoslovakia—are always overcrowded. There are taxis—Fords, Studebakers, and Chevrolets, German BMWs and Opels, Russian Pobedas, Czech Tatras and Skodas, and French Citroëns and Renaults—but the fares are at least three times as high as those in New York, and few people can afford them. Many taxidrivers were driving oxcarts not so long ago, and their lack of experience makes Bucharest a pretty risky place for pedestrians, even though a drunken driver who kills or seriously injures a pedestrian may be sentenced to death. There is much talk about a new subway, and the official aim is to make it "almost as beautiful as Moscow's."

Bucharest's once renowned cafés and luxury shops have disappeared. The cafés, my interpreter told me, were frequented by "loafers and people making shady deals" and "had no place in the new city." And privately owned shops have no place in the almost wholly nationalized economy. Only a few private artisans and shopkeepers are licensed to conduct business. Through my interpreter, I talked to an old tailor who once had an expensive shop with several employees. Now he works alone. "If I had a helper, I would have to pay very high taxes," he told me. "Besides, there isn't enough for one man to do. Most of my work consists of altering and repairing old suits. Sometimes I get a chance to make a new one for a Party official. He has to provide all the cloth, lining, and buttons. I supply only the thread and the labor. Every once in a


Don't let them tell you
It's psychosomatic
Insist that you're ill
And be firm...be emphatic
Away with these latter-day Freuds' diagnosis
Tell all your friends that it's germs...not neurosis
YOU ARE SICK
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Custom Tailors **Chipp** Furnishers

CHIPP TRAVELLERS ON THE ROAD

Periodically, during the year, Chipp representatives visit many cities to exhibit distinctive Custom Tailored and Special Cut Clothing for Men and Custom Made Clothing for Women. Also, at this time, Chipp carries a complete sample range of exclusive accessories for men. Listed below, are the names of the cities, hotels and dates of our Fall showing.

CITIES	HOTELS	DATES
Baltimore	Southern	Sept. 15
Buffalo	Statler	Sept. 28
Charleston	Daniel Boone	Sept. 8
Chicago	LaSalle	Sept. 14, 15, 16
Cincinnati	Netherland Plaza	Sept. 10, 11
Cleveland	Statler	Sept. 24, 25, 26
Dallas	Adolphus	Sept. 21, 22
Denver	Albany	Sept. 24, 25
Detroit	Cadillac	Sept. 21, 22
Evansville	McCurdy	Sept. 17
Houston	Rice	Sept. 16, 17
Indianapolis	Lincoln	Sept. 12
Los Angeles	Biltmore	Oct. 1, 2
Louisville	Brown	Sept. 9, 10
Memphis	Peabody	Sept. 11, 12
Midland	Scarsborough	Oct. 5
Minneapolis	Radisson	Oct. 12, 13
New Orleans	Roosevelt	Sept. 14, 15
Oklahoma City	Biltmore	Oct. 7, 8
Philadelphia	Bellevue-Stratford	Sept. 10, 11
Pittsburgh	William Penn	Sept. 8, 9
San Francisco	St. Francis	Sept. 28, 29, 30
Rochester	Sheraton	Sept. 29, 30
San Antonio	Gunter	Sept. 18, 19
St. Louis	Chase	Sept. 18, 19
Toledo	Commodore Perry	Sept. 23
Tulsa	Mayo	Oct. 9, 10
Washington, D. C.	Willard	Sept. 8, 9
Wilmington	DuPont	Sept. 14

WE INVITE WRITTEN REQUESTS FOR OUR EXACT DATES ON REMAINING SCHEDULE

Our buyer visited Great Britain and the Continent and placed orders for exclusively designed tie materials and fabrics, carrying out the theme for fine quality and conservative styling for which Chipp is noted. The result of this European trip will be in evidence at our exhibits and our shops.

In addition to our Custom Clothing and our Special Order Department, Chipp now offers Ready-Cut Clothing.

The Chipp Ready-Cut is designed with soft natural fronts, shoulders without padding and small lapels. All important details of the conservative styling for which we are well-known. A special selection of patterns will be maintained for this department. Model sizes will be available for try-on to determine proper fit. Ready-Cut Coat and Trousers from $85.00. Ready-Cut Jackets from $65.00. Also Special Order Coat and Trousers from $120.00. Special Order Odd Coat from $85.00. Custom Made Coat and Trousers from $155.00. Custom Made Odd Jacket from $115.00.

Chipp

14 EAST 44th STREET
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

while, one of my old customers comes in—a former bank manager, maybe, or corporation director—bringing one of his old suits and asking me to sell it for him, so that he can eat for a couple of weeks. My new customers eat quite well. They spend the summer in the mountains and they have cars. Funny, isn't it? My old customers used to have cars, too. You might say that nothing has changed in that respect—nothing but the people."

The tailor's old customers, of course, have come far down in the world. Former merchants, bankers, and lawyers are generally glad to get a job in a nationalized industry, which at least entitles them to ration cards. No one knows and hardly anyone cares what happens to the ones who are too old or too sick to work; having never been wage earners, they are not covered by social security.

Last year, after a hundred thousand Jews had been allowed to leave Rumania to go to Israel, the emigration was suddenly all but stopped. Many of the two hundred thousand Jews still living in Rumania had already received their emigration papers and had sold their belongings in anticipation of getting out. Now they are drifting around without any possessions, and merely trying to keep alive. The Communists have not continued the violently anti-Semitic policy of former Rumanian governments; indeed, there are several Jews in the Rumanian Cabinet. It appears that the government's decision to clamp down on Jewish emigration was prompted not by racial considerations but by a possibly not unjustified anxiety. If one large group of the population were permitted to leave the country, the authorities may have reasoned, it might raise hopes among other groups that they, too, would someday be permitted to leave, and this, in turn, might undermine their willingness to work for the present government.

THE interpreter assigned to me had lived in Washington for a while after the Second World War and had acquired something of the American point of view. He said he wouldn't try to "sell" me on Rumania by urging me to visit factories, dams, collective farms, and other prodigies of the Communist regime. "What's the use?" he said. "When you go home, you won't say anything about the good things. You'll just pick out the bad ones. But you will have to admit that a number of people here are better off now than they were before." There is no disputing that.

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CHEEZ-IT
A DAINTY CHEESE CRACKER
GOOD...any old time
Bob Day

GOOD any old time!

America's largest selling cheese cracker!

Sunshine Biscuits, INC.

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INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670
HUDSON'S BAY
BRAND
Best Procurable
SCOTCH WHISKY
A BLEND
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
Produce of and Bottled in Scotland by
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86.8° PROOF
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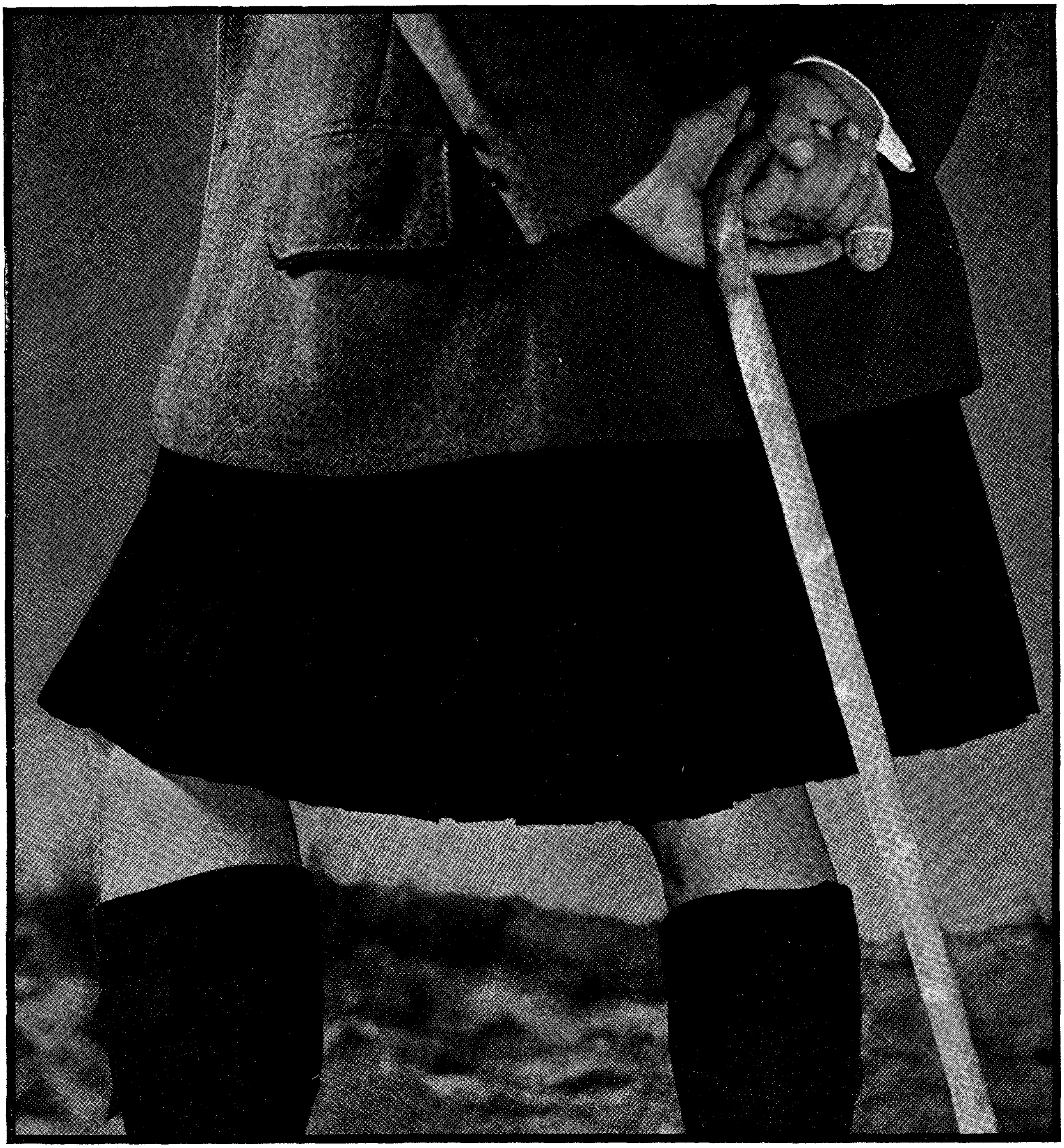

What does a Scotsman wear under his kilt?

We venture to say you won't know lasting comfort in any underwear until you wear knits; specifically Carter's. Knitwear is infinitely softer than anything woven. It is flexible, delightfully porous and absorbent. Today Carter's offer the kilted clansmen, or you, all the innate blessings of knitwear in a fabulous variety of styles and fabrics. At Carter's we knit shorts of any style and cut you might prefer. Boxer shorts. Mid-lengths. Longs. Or an utterly new Trigs Brief. All are uncommonly comfortable, superbly fitting. For undershirts, Carter's suggest the non-pareil Super T-Shirt or the trim, dapper Athletic Shirt. Equally important, you can select your fabric as season or climate dictate, for Carter's knit this impressive gallery in such fabrics as soft combed cotton, sleek Orlon Tricot, and smooth Spun Nylon. Carter's fashion these classics with consummate skill. Trigs will last you a very long time indeed. And Carter's craftsmen have developed a remarkable new process which means, simply, Trigs will not shrink out of fit. Quite naturally, underwear like this is not bargain basement stuff. Nor will you find it in every store. Better ones, yes. For the name of the fine store near you, write William Carter Company, Needham Heights, Mass.

Carter's TRIGS

Fitting and Proper

Truly light
refreshing as a summer shower
DOMINION TEN
Imported Canadian Whisky
A BLEND • 86.8 PROOF
IMPORTED
4/5 QUART
86.8 PROOF
DOMINION TEN
Canadian Whisky
A Blend of Distinguished Light Whiskies
This is a blend of fine, carefully selected whiskies distilled and aged under the supervision of the Canadian Government
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SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP
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NEW YORK, N.Y.
CHANGE
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RAIN

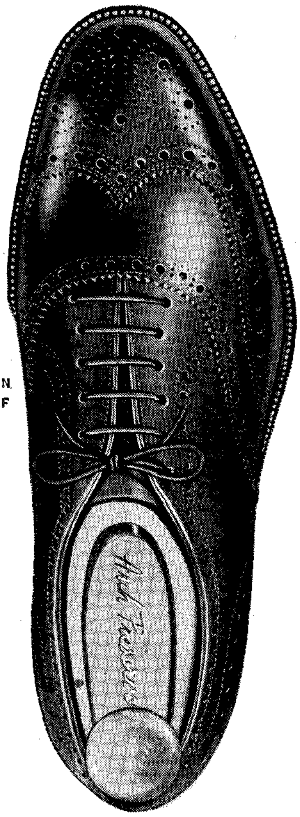
Try it you must, for DOMINION TEN most successfully combines those virtues so greatly sought after—an extreme lightness of body with a definite yet delicate flavour that is always uniform.

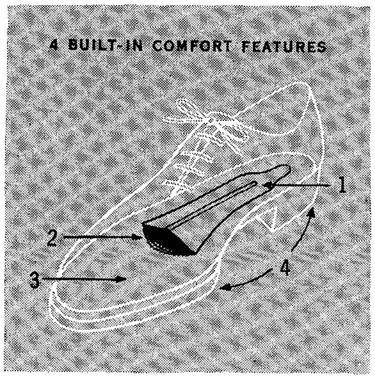
We believe you will find no finer or more pleasing whisky anywhere.

DISTILLED AND AGED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Party officials, bureaucrats, factory managers, men who run collective farms, and Stakhanovites live better than they used to. One of my interpreter's prize exhibits was a thirty-one-year-old manager of a large plant producing electrical machinery. The son of a poor peasant in the Carpathian Mountains, he started out five years ago as a technician, and is now in charge of seventeen hundred men. His salary is twenty-five hundred lei a month, plus a car and good food rations—a real success story. He was in high spirits when I talked to him, and told me that, with four months still to go, his plant had almost met its quota for the current year. His workers, he said, had a good canteen, a rest home in the mountains, a sports stadium, paid vacations, free medical care, social security, and old-age benefits. He assured me that they were free to quit at any time, but I later learned that Rumania has a law freezing workers in their jobs. Another display piece was a locomotive engineer who considered himself very well off. He said he was making six hundred lei a month in salary and getting an additional four hundred for saving fuel on his trips. He lived with his wife and two daughters in a comfortable three-room flat in an apartment house that was built after the war. They had fine furniture, he said, which they'd bought in 1950 from "some friends," and a modern kitchen and bathroom. And the engineers' trade union had just presented him with a radio, made in Riga. The family had larger food rations than most people, and his wife didn't have to go to work, as she had in the old days. She just stayed home, knitting and embroidering.

I conceded to my interpreter that these men were doing fine, but when I mentioned the other side of the coin—the ever-present police—he replied obliquely, "In Washington in summertime, you learn to live with the heat, whether you like it or not." As if to dispel any doubts that in Rumania, as elsewhere, the Communist Party makes everybody's business its own, *Scanteia* not long ago took football players to task in an eight-column article headed "RAISING OF FOOTBALL ACTIVITY TO A HIGHER LEVEL." "Ten thousand football teams now exist in Rumania, whereas there were only ten during the bourgeois regime," the article said. "But bourgeois qualities in the sport still remain, and these must be taken care of. The political level of football players must be raised. The leaders of sports collectives are responsible for these





The governor
and the
garageman
agree:

"it's wright for me!"

WING TIP OXFORD IN BROWN OR BLACK CALF

It's no surprise to find men in all walks of life wearing Wright Arch Preservers. These handsomely styled shoes have *hidden construction features* unlike any other fine footwear. Features that make these the easiest going, most comfortable shoes you ever put on. Your nearest Wright Arch Preserver store is listed in the classified phone book. E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

1. FAMOUS SHANK HELPS PRESERVE NATURAL ARCH. 2. METATARSAL RAISE HELPS DISTRIBUTE WEIGHT NATURALLY. 3. FLAT FOREPART HELPS FOOT EXERCISE NATURALLY. 4. HEEL-TO-BALL FITTING—SHOE FITS TO NATURAL FOOT ACTION.

Wright arch preserver shoes

9 out of 10—buy them again!

FOR WOMEN, SELBY SHOE CO. FOR BOYS, GERBERICH-PAYNE. IN CANADA, FOR MEN, SCOTT-MC HALE

shortcomings. The lack of coördination between the players' physical education and their political and moral education constitutes a threat to the Communist work of educating large masses of our youth."

I HAD planned to mail this letter from Bucharest, but people in our Legation have told me that mail, even air mail, takes an unconscionably long time to reach the United States (two and a half weeks for air mail is considered brisk), so I think I might as well speed its passage a bit by taking it with me on the train back to Vienna and posting it there. I have lived in Vienna a good deal, off and on, in recent years, and I have not considered the atmosphere there particularly tranquil, what with the Westerner's constant realization that the city lies a hundred miles inside the Soviet Zone of Austria, and the innumerable Russian and local Communist agents swarming over it at all hours. But now, as I prepare to pack up and leave Bucharest, I suspect that Vienna is going to look pretty good to me—practically like an oasis of freedom.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

APPLES

Behold the apples' rounded worlds:
juice-green of July rain,
the black polestar of flower, the rind
mapped with its crimson stain.

The russet, crab, and cottage red
burn to the sun's hot brass,
then drop like sweat from every branch
and bubble in the grass.

They lie as wanton as they fall,
and where they fall and break,
the stallion clamps his crunching jaws,
the starling stabs his beak.

In each plump gourd the cidery bite
of boys' teeth tears the skin,
the waltzing wasp consumes his share,
the bent worm enters in.

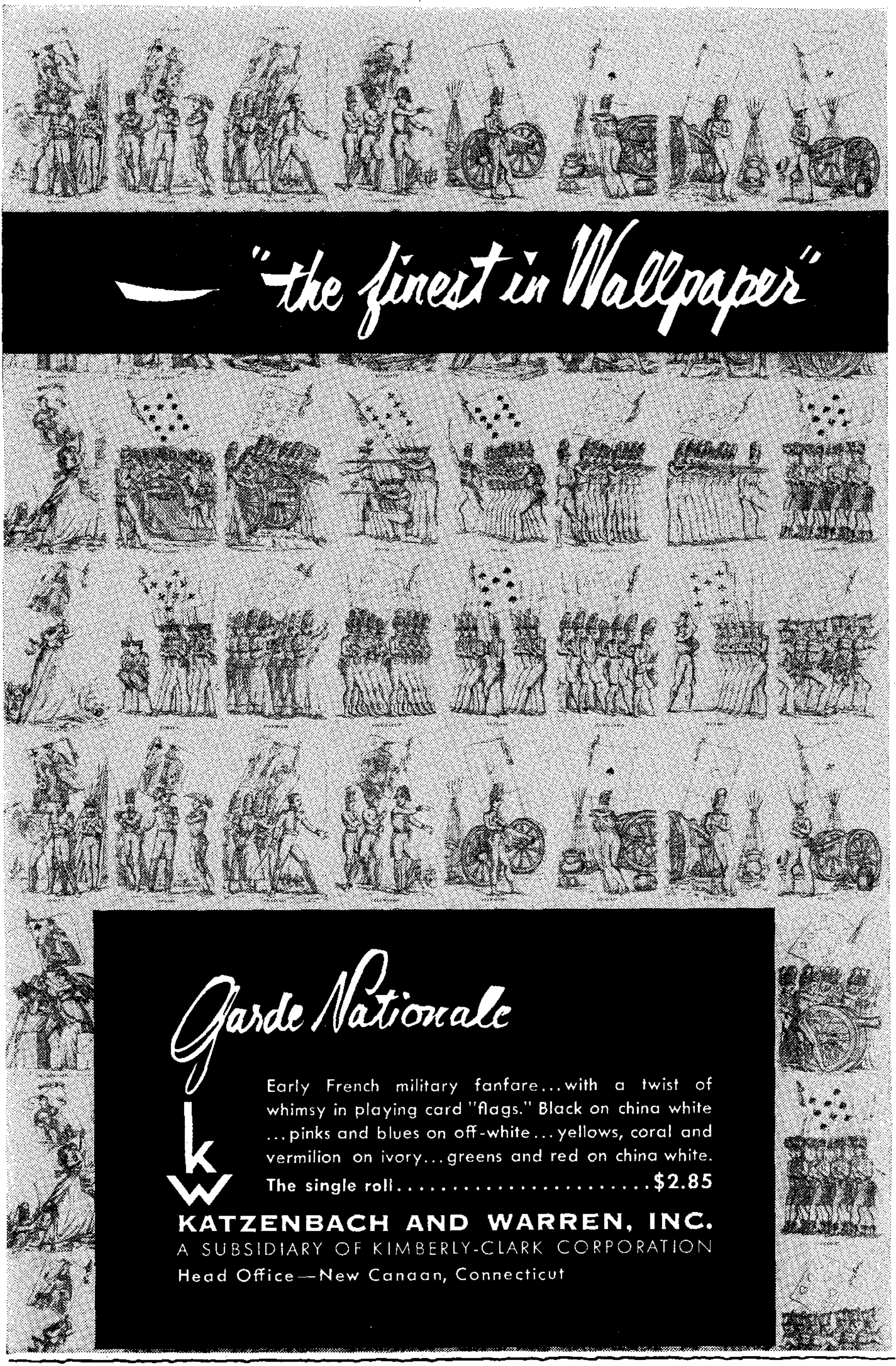
I, with as easy hunger, take
entire my season's dole;
welcome the ripe, the sweet, the sour,
the hollow and the whole.

—LAURIE LEE

•

Current cases are wanted for this market—really current. Writers should query immediately after a crime.—*Writer's 1953 Year Book.*

Wait just a second till we burn this shirt.


— "the finest in Wallpaper"

Garde Nationale

Early French military fanfare...with a twist of whimsy in playing card "flags." Black on china white ...pinks and blues on off-white...yellows, coral and vermilion on ivory...greens and red on china white.

The single roll......................$2.85

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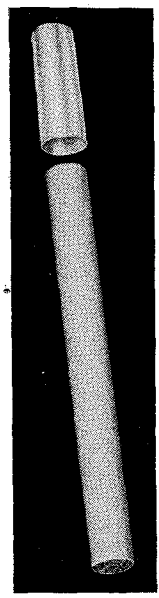
A SUBSIDIARY OF KIMBERLY-CLARK CORPORATION
Head Office—New Canaan, Connecticut


THE PERFECT FILTER for ANY CIGARETTE
(King Size or Regular)

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THE RACE TRACK

Home Again

FOR anyone who was able to bear up after Saratoga Springs, Aqueduct offered entertainment and opportunities last week. Although the grandstand seemed stuffy compared to Saratoga's, the infield was as gay and green as the one at the Spa used to be—but wasn't this year. The Aqueduct management also had a pleasant surprise for its patrons; what is called the morning line is now printed on the program. As I daresay you know, the morning line (sometimes it's called the send-out, or the approximate odds) is a list of the probable odds against each horse running on a given afternoon. It really goes beyond that, though, being a more or less authoritative estimate, based on past performances, workouts, and other information, of the runner's chances, and it is offered as a guide to bettors. Heretofore, it was posted in a corner of the betting ring and flashed briefly on the tote board in the infield before each race. Having it on the program is going to save race-trackers a lot of clerical work. If you've wondered how the morning line got its name, I can tell you that back in the bad old days when a poolroom *was* a poolroom, it was sent out early in the morning, so that horseplayers could stop at their favorite horse parlor on their way to work and back their fancy at the posted odds. Bookmakers, of course, had experts turning out morning lines for them, and a few of these experts, like Tex Grenet and Gene Austin, were famous as price-makers. For a long time after the coming of the pari-mutuel, Frank Shannon, a former bookmaker, got up the morning line for the New York tracks. Since his death several years ago, it has been a chore of the mutuel department.

AS for the racing at Aqueduct, the Brookmeade Stable's First Aid (he will be remembered with satisfaction by those who backed him at Jamaica last July, when he won the Saranac Handicap at 66–1) beat Combat Boots, Elixir, and half a dozen others in the Aqueduct Handicap on the opening day. Later in the week, though, in the Astarita Stakes, Brookmeade's smart filly Riant could finish no better than third to Make a Play, an 11–1 shot, and When in Rome. Dark Peter won the Fayette Handicap from Wheat State, and old Tea-Maker was third. I'm trying to stifle a feeling that Tea-Maker isn't as good as he used to be, but I can't.

MOST of the two-year-olds who were hit by the coughing sickness at Saratoga are in training again, and I expect we'll see some of them under colors in the next fortnight. With this in mind, I asked a roving outside man of mine what sort of showing Hasty House Farms' wonder colt Hasty Road and wonder filly Queen Hopeful would make when, or if, they came East from Arlington Park. I wasn't surprised when he didn't predict a succession of dazzling triumphs for them. He pointed out that while Hasty Road is unbeaten, he led Donnajack by only a few lengths in the Arlington Futurity, and Donnajack got nowhere at all at Saratoga. And my man thought that Queen Hopeful, who has won six of her ten starts, including the Princess Pat and the Lassie Stakes, and $155,423 in prize money, would be no match for Evening Out.

THE most exciting colt on the horizon at the moment is The Pie King, an Irish two-year-old who is coming over for the hundred-thousand-dollar-or-so Garden State Stakes at Camden on October 31st. He has run mostly in England, where he won at Ascot and Goodwood and recently added the Gimcrack Stakes at York to his collection. The Gimcrack, a six-furlong race, was founded in 1846, and each year in York the owner of the winner is the guest of honor at the Gimcrack Club's annual dinner, in December; he makes the principal speech of the evening, and he also furnishes the wine. Well, The Pie King has two owners; that is, he's owned jointly by Ellwood B. Johnson, a Los Angeles caterer known as the Pieman, and Ray Bell, another Californian, who bought him as a yearling. Bell won the Gimcrack Stakes with Windy City II several years ago, and then sold him for $100,000. Windy City II broke down racing on the hard California tracks, but before he did, he beat Hill Gail. At Saratoga last month, Bell said The Pie King might be better than Windy City II. It's hard to believe that anybody could have such luck twice; that would be almost like getting a couple of Native Dancers or Tom Fools. In racing, though, you can't tell how the ball will bounce.

—AUDAX MINOR

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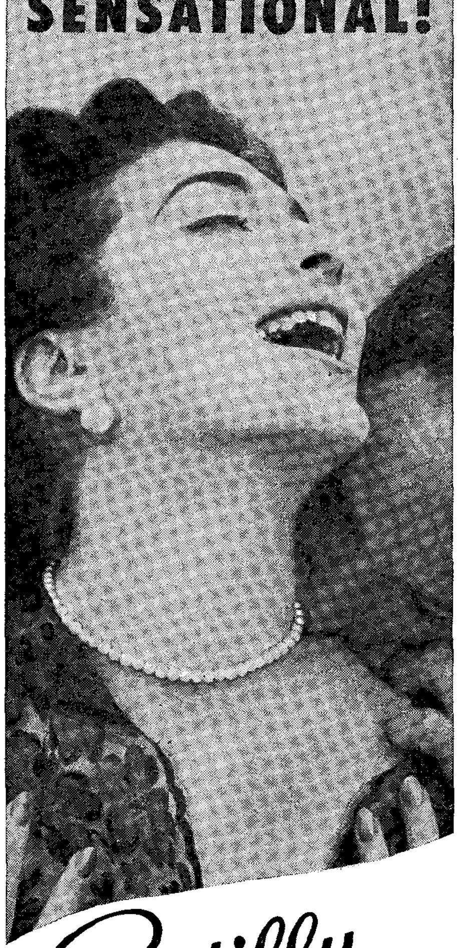

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AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT

WE are, in our family, reasonably dutiful citizens—we hang out a flag on Decoration Day, observe the Fourth of July with noisy cheer, pay our taxes with reluctance but on time, cross the street with the green light, do not use the mails to defraud—but until this summer the possibility of entering actively into the practical policies of the United States government was not one we had considered seriously; our active participation in the operations of the government had been confined, not to put too fine a point on it, to voting. This complacent footing was recently blasted rudely out from under us.

There is a college in our town, and that fact underlay the whole affair. Our son Laurie and various of his cronies made liberal use of the campus baseball diamond during the hot summer days, including one blistering Sunday afternoon when, about three o'clock, I was sitting reading a mystery story upon our own front porch. Through the still air I could hear the distant enraged shouts of ten-year-olds discussing the accuracy of a thrown ball; our two daughters, shiny from their morning swim, were playing in the sandbox; the baby had awakened cheerful from his nap and was singing to himself in the play pen, holding aloft one small foot. My husband was slowly relaxing into that heavy-eyed state which hits him about the seventh inning of the baseball broadcast, and which slips imperceptibly into a nap before dinner. I had just showered and changed into a clean skirt and blouse, and was in the process of deciding that it was really too hot to fry chicken, and that I would, instead, make some simple cool salad (tuna fish?), when Laurie shot down the road on his bike and came to a halt half an inch from the porch steps.

"Got to get ready," he said gaspingly, vaulting the porch rail. "Hurry."

"Laurie, it's just too *hot* to race around like that. You'll have sunstroke or something; *nothing* is important enough to—"

"Company," Laurie said. "People coming over. Here."

I rose abruptly. "People?"

"Got to *hurry*. They'll be here in a minute." Laurie started through the door, and I followed after him, saying, "Wait, who—"

"Got to talking to them. Ball field. Said they'd be right over. We got to *hurry*." He headed for the stairs. "Better put on a clean shirt," he said.

If Laurie intended, unadvised, to put on a clean shirt, immediate and violent action of some kind was called for from me. I moved swiftly to the study door, opened it and said "Company," and heard my husband groan. I then passed through the house to the back door, from which I shouted "Jannie! Sally!" and was rewarded by a distant answering voice. "Clean shirt," I said thoughtfully, and went up the stairs two at a time and into the girls' room, where I found two nearly clean dresses, skidded into the boys' room, where Laurie was buttoning his best Hawaiian-print shirt, snatched a sun suit for Barry, called downstairs, "Porch chairs," and stopped long enough to run a comb through my hair. "Who *are* these people?" I shouted to Laurie, and he shouted back from his room, "Visiting college. One's named Yashamoto, I *think*."

Remotely I recalled rumors I had heard of a group of foreign students visiting our college for an orientation course in this country. "How many are there?" I shouted across to Laurie, but he had gone downstairs. Serve them coffee, I thought frantically, or perhaps something typically American. Hot dogs? No, no, not in the middle of a hot afternoon. Iced coffee; iced coffee, and there was a box of doughnuts in the breadbox if the children hadn't got to it. Cookies? I wish I had some ice cream, I thought, taking the three bottom steps in one leap. I was plugging in the electric coffeepot when Jannie and Sally came through the back door. I threw their dresses at them and said, "Company. Wash your faces." They disappeared, murmuring, and I moved swiftly out to Barry, who was amused at the idea of wearing the sun suit, since it was the first article of formal attire he had seen since summer's start. I tied Sally's sash, took a swipe at each head with the hairbrush, heard voices outside, emptied an ashtray on my way to the door, ducked my mystery out of sight, and opened the door. "Good afternoon," I said, only slightly out of breath.

THERE were six of them. "Good afternoon," said a gentleman in a red, white, and blue striped tie, who was, it turned out, the spokesman. "My name has been Horogai Yashamoto. Thank you very much for invitation to your home."

"We are delighted that you have come," I said, trapped without thinking

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into a kind of stilted formality. "Will you come in?"

I held the door open, and they filed solemnly in past me and then lined up inside. Each of them was wearing an identification button, and as Mr. Yashamoto introduced them, one by one, I kept trying to look sidewise at the names on the identification buttons, hoping they would forgive mispronunciations. The two Japanese were Mr. Yashamoto and Mr. Masamitsu; there were three people from Brazil, Mr. and Mrs. Fernandes and Mr. Lopes; and a tall gentleman with a black beard, who was from Ceylon and whose name I never learned, because I got it first as Babar and no amount of correction, after that, could make me change it. "How do you do?" I kept saying. "How do you do?"

For one hideous minute, we all stood, just inside the front door, smiling eagerly at one another and all obviously trying helplessly to find some civil, neat, appropriate comment for the situation; then, blessedly, the study door opened and my husband, inadequately briefed by Laurie, came out with his mouth open.

"Good afternoon," Mr. Yashamoto said, with his little bow. "Thank you very much for invitation to this home. We are pleased to have met you. We are pleased at seeing family life here."

My husband took a deep breath. "Glad you could come," he said manfully.

"Hi," said Laurie, appearing behind him. "Hi, fellas."

Mr. Yashamoto bowed again to Laurie. "Our small friend Lorri," he said, smiling. "We are meeting your parents now."

"And m'sisters," Laurie said, waving at Jannie and Sally, who were standing shyly in the kitchen doorway. "The big one's Jannie. The little one's Sally."

Mr. Yashamoto approached formally, and bowed to each of them. "Jonny," he said. "Solly."

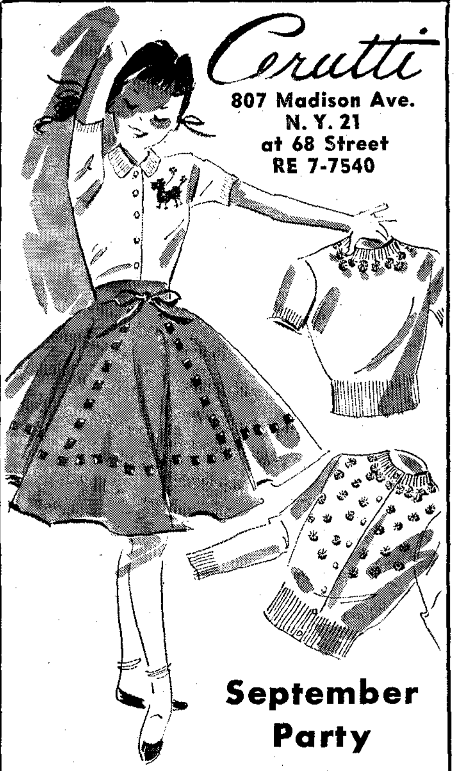
"H'lo," said Jannie, almost inaudibly, and Sally giggled and crossed her feet.

"*And* m'brother Barry," said Laurie.

Mr. Yashamoto, following Laurie's pointing finger, bowed again, to the play pen. "Bolly," he said.

"Well," said Laurie, who seemed at the moment to be in entire control of the situation, "let's all siddown, then."

Hesitantly, edging and backing and bowing and countering, they found chairs. I sat briefly, until I was positive that our visiting gentlemen were firmly set into position, and then said "Excuse me" and raced back into the kitchen, where I took down glasses and set them on a tray, got out ice, and spread the



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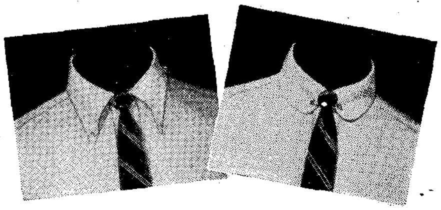

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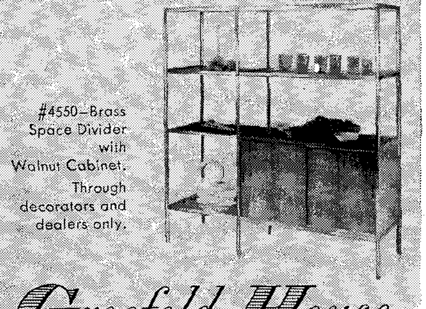

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doughnuts thinly on a plate and padded the spaces between them with gingersnaps. Give the coffee another five minutes, I thought. Sugar and cream. Spoons. When I came back to the living room, I found our guests sitting, each with hands folded in lap, and all turned intently toward Laurie, who was saying, "And the thing is, when you're playing second and there's a heavy hitter up, you wanna play *deep*, see, so's—"

Everyone stood up again when I came to the doorway, and I said, "No, no, sit down, please," and finally sat myself, abruptly, onto the telephone-table chair, so that Mr. Yashamoto and Mr. Masamitsu and Mr. Fernandes and Mr. Lopes and Mr. Babar would also sit down. Laurie started to talk again. I noted that Mrs. Fernandes was giving him that gaze of hypnotized attention which usually means a state of utter bewilderment, that my husband was eying Mr. Yashamoto in the manner of a monomaniac who intends shortly to enter upon his field of interest (in this case, coins), and that Jannie and Sally between them had cornered Mr. Fernandes; Laurie gave every indication of being about to describe, in detail, the several innings of his latest game, and Mr. Babar had a small notebook in which he was writing busily, pausing occasionally to glance curiously at the books on the shelves, or the children's bare feet, or the rug, or the table lamps, and then returning to his notebook to write again.

"Trouble with *most* long-ball hitters, you got to—" Laurie was continuing purposefully, and I turned to Mr. Lopes, who was on my left, and smiled at him politely and he smiled back.

I strongly suppressed a basic superstition that came unbidden to my mind (if you talk *loud* enough you can *make* them understand) and said, very softly, "And how long have *you* been here, Mr. Lopes?"

He looked surprised, and thought. "Ten minute?" he said at last, tentatively.

"No, no. How long have you been in this country?"

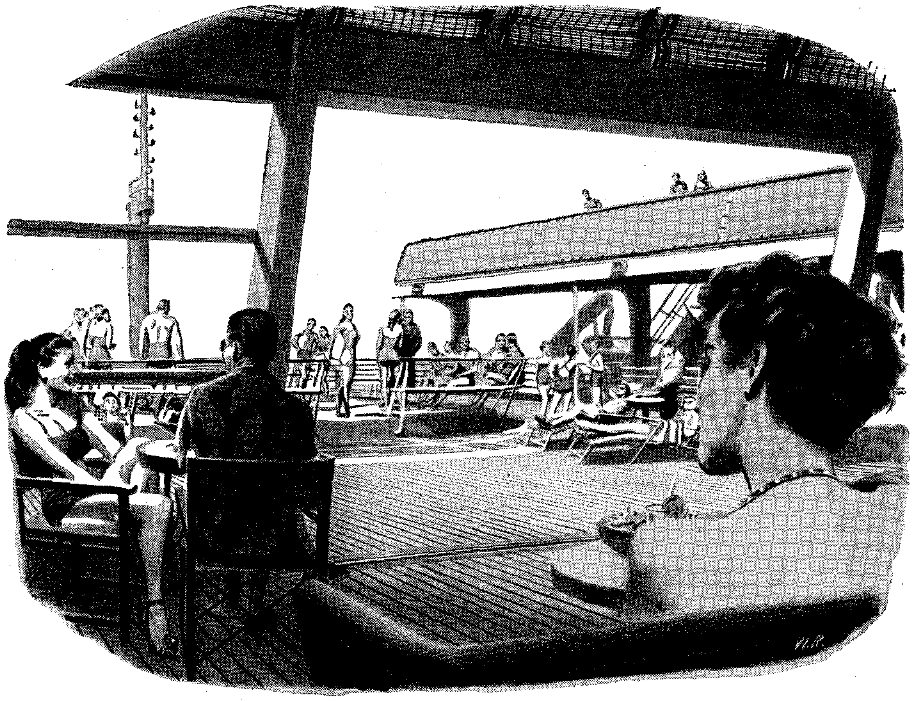
Again he thought. "João," he said hesitantly. "João Lopes."

I smiled and nodded. "And do you like it?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, pondering. "Very much," he said finally, and we both smiled, and nodded, and repeated "Very much," and smiled again.

"This is fine country," Mr. Yashamoto said. "Very eatable food in this country."

"We especially," Mr. Masamitsu said, "we *especially* enjoy hot dog. And



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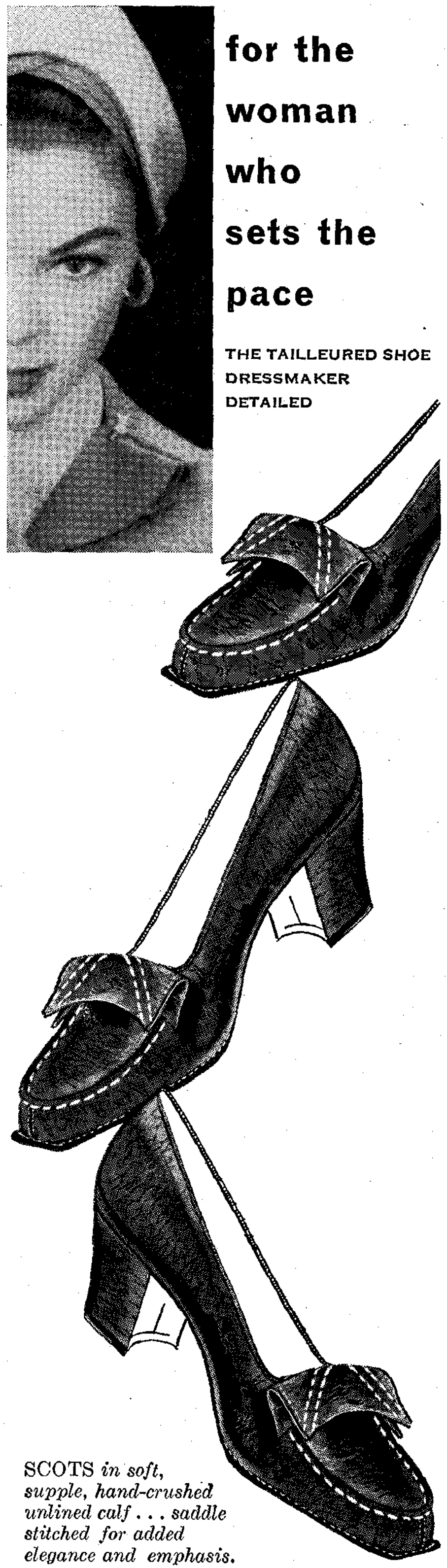

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mustard," he added wistfully. "And spaghetti."

"Boy!" Laurie said, and sighed. "And relish. And pickle."

"Peeckle?" Mr. Masamitsu turned wonderingly to Laurie. "Peeckle?"

"Peeckle," said Sally, enchanted into speech. "Peeckle, peeckle, domineeckle."

"Anyway," Laurie said, loudly overriding his sister, "I suppose you know what *rice* is, I guess? I guess you eat a lot of rice at home, don't you?"

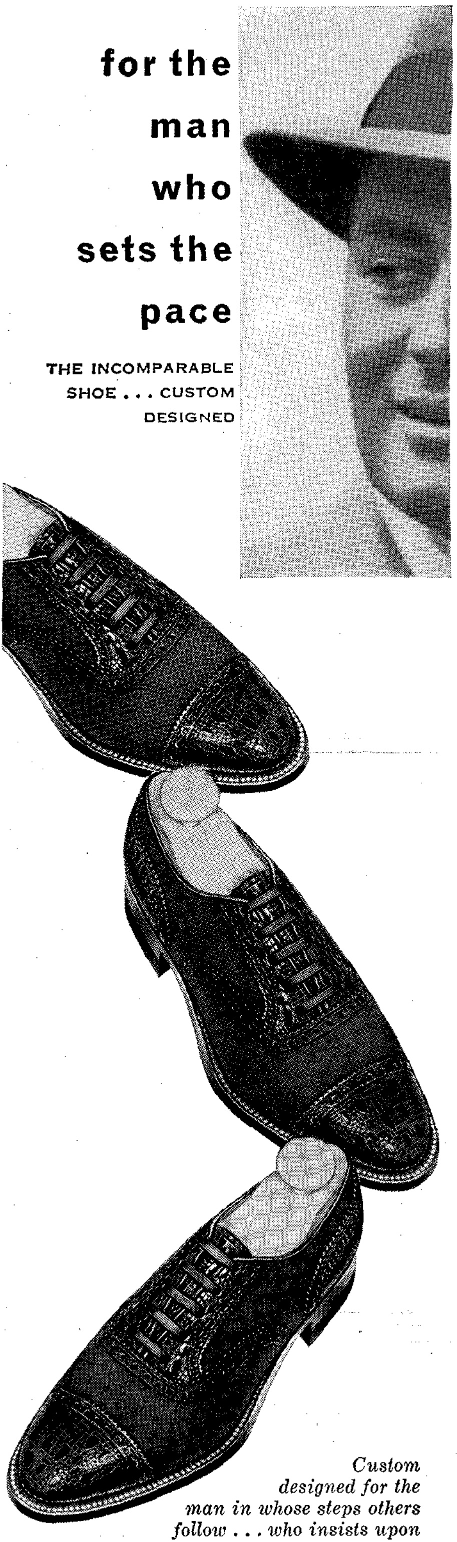
Mr. Masamitsu shuddered delicately. "Indeed no," he said with eagerness. "Indeed I do not; me, I eat no rice. Indigestion." Everyone smiled, and nodded.

Mr. Babar for a minute raised his head from his notebook, regarded Mr. Masamitsu intently, obviously debated making a note, and then reluctantly refrained; instead, he leaned toward Sally and touched her hair gingerly, and Sally turned and said "Hey!"

"You are most kind," Mr. Yashamoto said suddenly to my husband, "to allow us to come into this country of yours."

It was at that moment that, as I say, the United States government, flags flying, walked into our living room and sat down. I could see my husband's eyes widen and knew that without warning the same realization had come to us both: here we were, unprepared, in a sort of ambassadorial role, forced to stand or fall by our reasonably dutiful way of life. We spoke simultaneously. (Was that "Yankee Doodle" sounding in the distance?) "Nice of you to come," my husband said, and I said with a great heartiness, "I hope you enjoy it here." Then we all smiled and nodded again to each other, and I muttered "Coffee, everyone?" and fled to the kitchen.

JANNIE and Sally, with great plans for passing plates of cookies, followed me into the kitchen, and I gave Jannie the sugar and cream and Sally the plate of doughnuts, and went after them with the tray of iced coffee. Each of our guests solemnly accepted a glass of iced coffee and—I believe most of them thought this a ceremonial to be followed precisely—a spoonful of sugar and a little cream, and then, finally, one doughnut. Food, no matter how ceremonial, had its usual gracious effect, and I felt my position as international hostess relax slightly as, glasses and doughnuts in hand, our guests stirred, and rose, and spoke to one another, and moved around. Mr. Yashamoto at last entered into an animated conversation with my husband about Japanese coins. Laurie and Mr. Masamitsu discussed with loving detail



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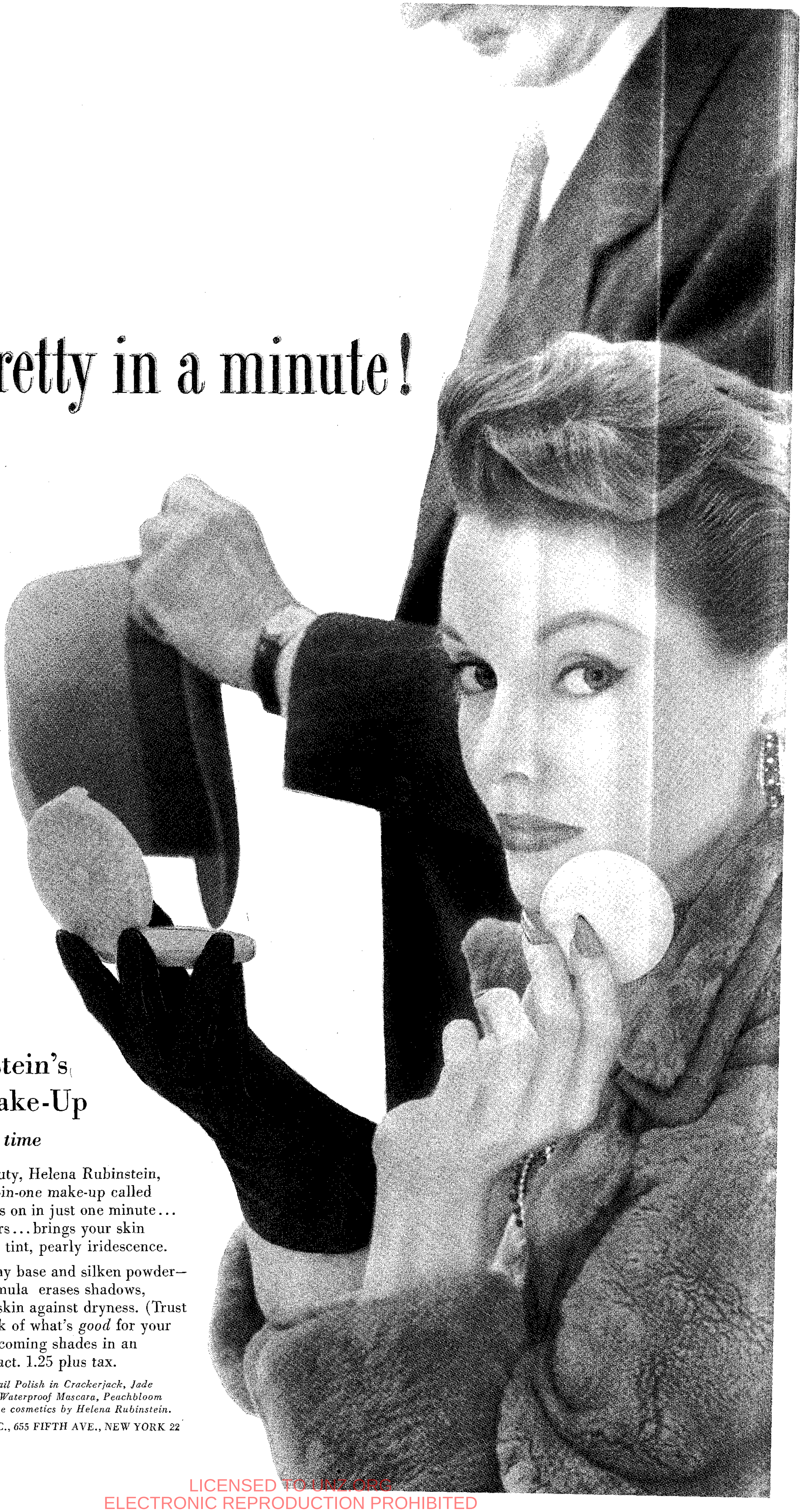

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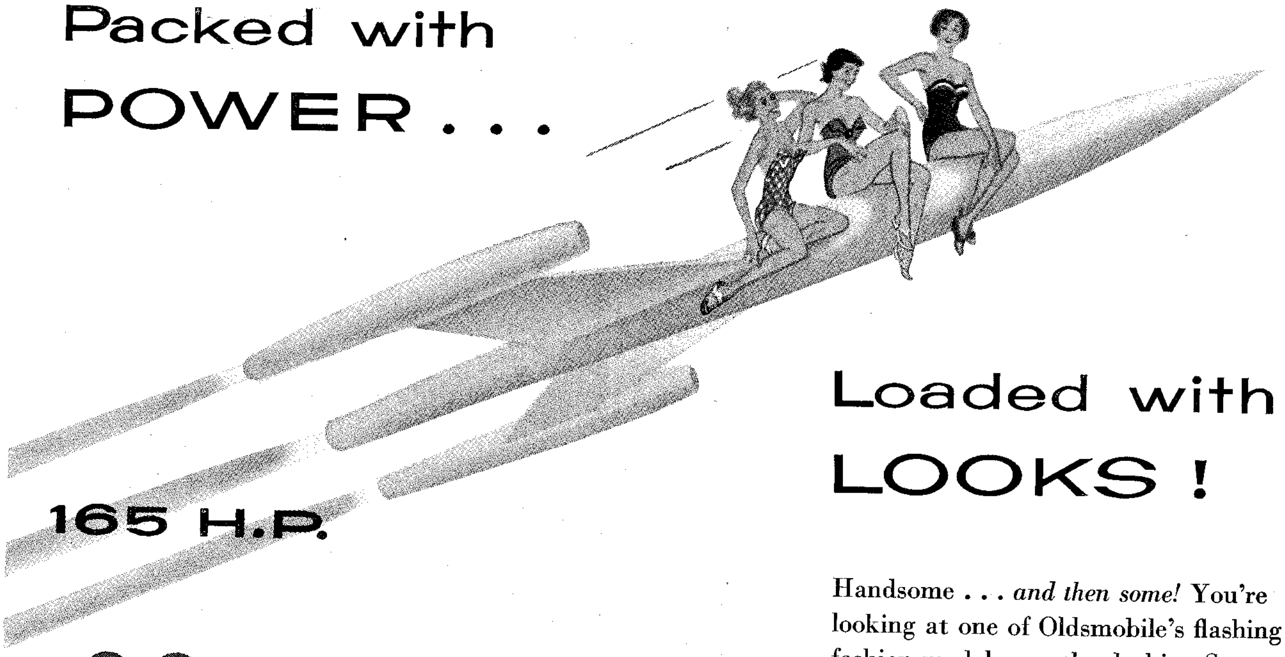

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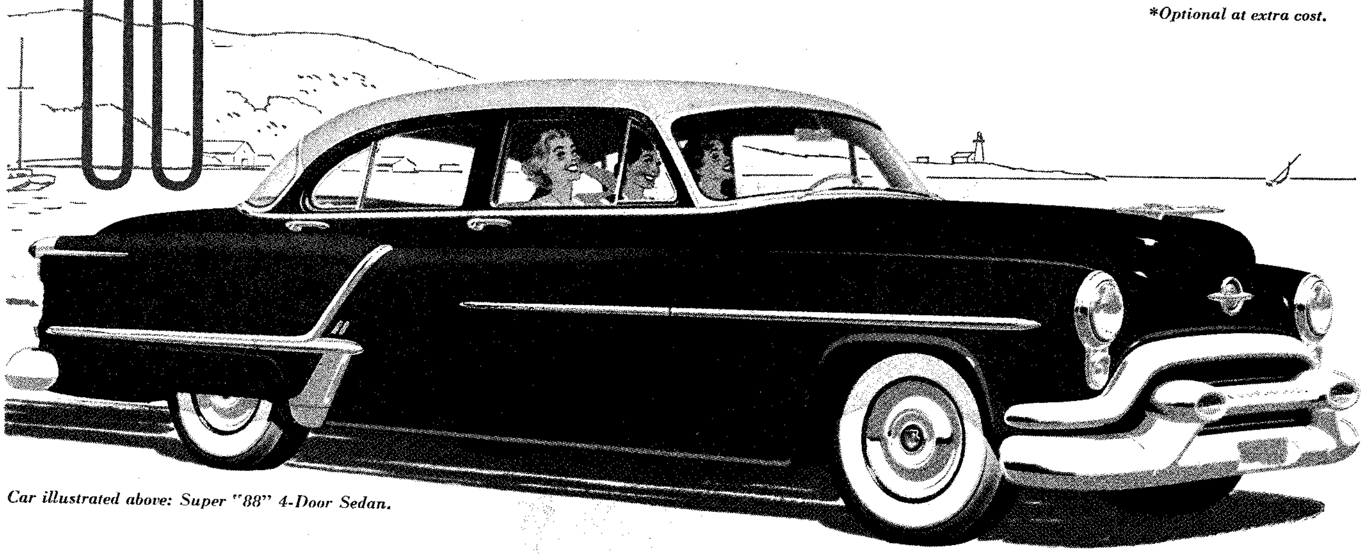

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the several beauties of the hamburger, the corn on the cob, the hot biscuit. Jannie took Mr. Fernandes by the hand and led him off to see our five new kittens. Mr. Babar settled down to a painstaking scrutiny of the wallpaper. Sally was telling Mr. Lopes, with dramatic action, the story of the three bears. And I went over to sit beside Mrs. Fernandes on the couch and said, "What a *lovely* skirt." (It was flaming red, with heavy gold embroidery around the hem, and I would have given my eyeteeth to have one like it.) "Lovely," I said.

"Yes?" she said. "I do not espeak English, no."

I thought deeply. "Lovely," I said, touching her skirt.

She watched me, and then, touching her skirt in turn, said imitatively, "Lovelee?"

Inspiration came to me. "Wait a minute," I said, holding up one finger in what I believed might be a universal signal for patience, and I hurried out to where Barry, in his play pen, was thoughtfully chewing on his sun-suit strap. I lifted him, gave him a quick swipe across the bottom to make sure he was dry, and then brought him back and put him into Mrs. Fernandes's lap. "Baby," I said triumphantly.

She put her arms around him and hugged him, and Barry, craning his neck back to see her, regarded her for a minute with a slight frown, and then apparently decided that she was likable, and smiled. I wondered briefly, watching him, if Barry's warm smile were not precisely the smile, friendly but bewildered, that we had all been using toward one another as a substitute for communication, and I looked upon my younger son with fond pride.

"Bébé?" said Mrs. Fernandes. She held out her finger and Barry grasped it, and they both smiled again; she looked at me and we both nodded and laughed. Barry reached up and took hold of one of her gold earrings, and she spoke to him rapidly in Portuguese, and Barry smiled, and she and I looked at one another and laughed again. It was a masterpiece of communication.

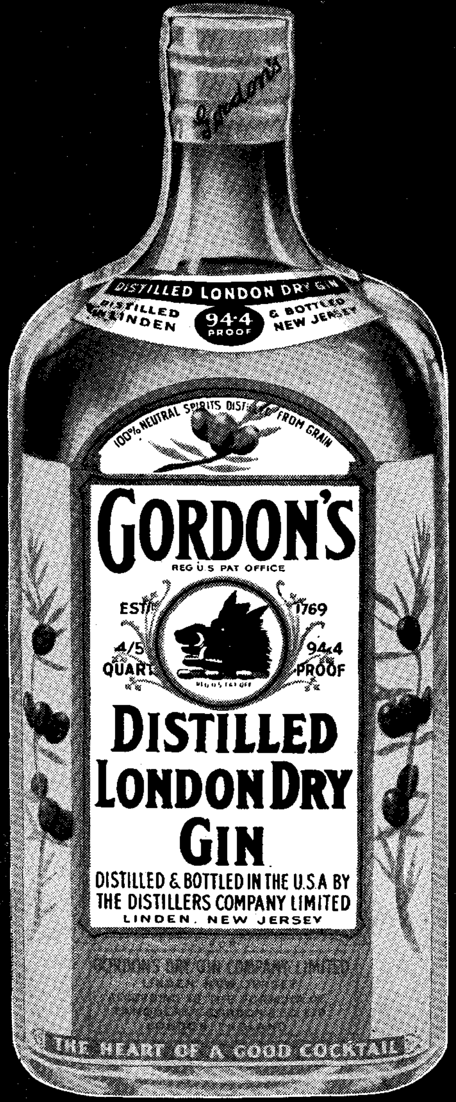
"Bolly?" she said to me.

"Barry."

"Ah," she said. "Bar-ree." She spoke to him again, and he answered her in his language, which was surely as comprehensible to her as mine, and he showed her his four teeth and got her earring in his hand to play with. We were getting along famously.

We were all beaming at one another once again when someone spoke suddenly behind me. "Do you eat?"

Startled, I turned. It was Mr. Babar,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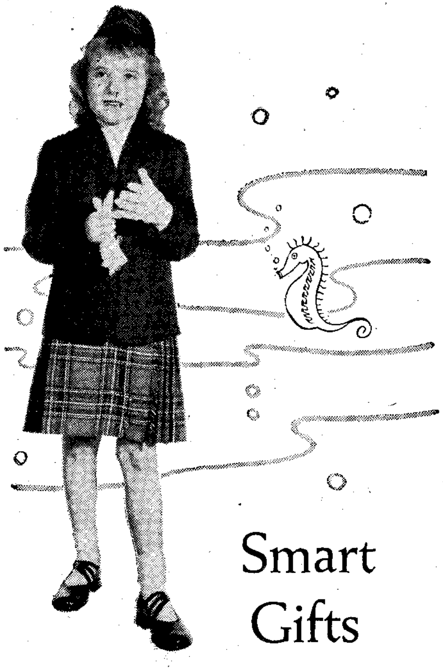

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squatting beside my chair. "Do you eat"—he paused, pencil in hand—"breffist food?" he finished finally.

Blinking, I said, "Well, of course, we send for the space goggles on the cartons, but I personally—"

"The little Bolly—what eats he?"

"Cereal," I said meekly. "Strained baby food." Mr. Babar frowned, shaking his head, and Mrs. Fernandes and Barry stared, uncomprehending, from one to the other of us.

I sighed and stood up, giving them both my universal sign of patience, and went into the kitchen and came back with an unopened box of Barry's cereal and a jar of strained squash. I handed them to Mr. Babar. He scowled at them, making notes in his book. "Most very interesting," he said, and reluctantly gave them back.

I felt like an idiot, but I said, "Would you like to keep them? I have plenty more."

"Keep them? Take them with?"

"If you want to."

I gestured foolishly, but Mr. Babar said with pleasure, "Thank you very much; this is of the utmost great value," and hastily, as though afraid I might after all insist upon taking back my cereal and my strained squash, he went over to his briefcase and stored them away. Then, coming back to where I was sitting, he asked, pencil poised, "Shampoo?"

I nearly did international relations irreparable harm by giggling. After a minute, however, I said, sober-faced, "I wash my hair with it. So do my daughters."

"Ah." He wrote. Then he touched the sleeve of my blouse with the tip of the pencil. "How much?" he asked.

I stirred uneasily, and glanced around to see if my husband was listening, but he was showing Mr. Yashamoto our authentic Japanese netsuke, a lovely little ivory carving that had been my birthday present. "This," I heard Mr. Yashamoto say incredulously, "is *Japanese*?"

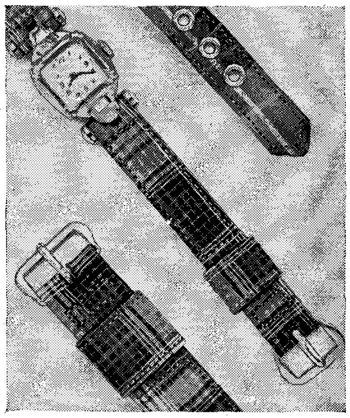
"Eleven-ninety-eight," I said very softly to Mr. Babar. "But if you don't mind—"

"Eleven *dollar*?"

"It's nylon," I said, "but please don't tell—"

He beamed. "Aha," he said. "*Nylon*." And he made another note.

Mrs. Fernandes was singing softly to Barry, who lay back against her arm making small quiet noises, and Jannie and Mr. Fernandes came back into the room and I heard Mr. Fernandes saying, "People from different countries seem different, my Jonny, but cats—



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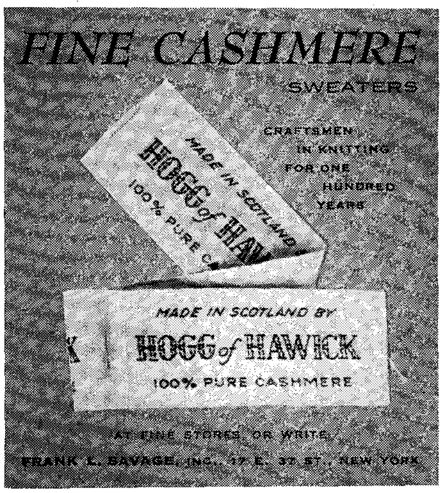

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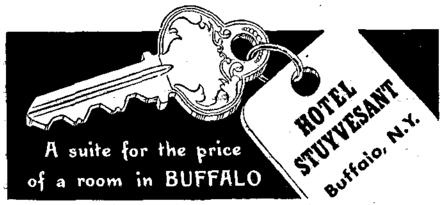

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never. Cats are always much alike."

"Except," said Jannie intelligently, "that some of them are black and some of them are white and some of them are gray and some of them are striped."

"True, true," said Mr. Fernandes.

Mr. Babar apologetically touched me on the arm to attract my attention. "Television?" he asked anxiously.

SUDDENLY, in the middle of a sentence, Mr. Yashamoto glanced at his watch and rose. "One hour," he announced, and our guests stood, all together. Mr. Yashamoto came across the room and bowed quickly to me. "Thank you very much for visit to your home," he said. "You have been most instructive."

I leaned down to take Barry from Mrs. Fernandes, and she hugged him and handed him to me. Between the two of us, we managed to pry her earring out of his hand.

"A opportunity not to miss," Mr. Babar said to me, and then, unexpectedly, "I will not reveal cost of clothing." I could have sworn he winked at me.

Mr. Lopes shook hands with Jannie, and Mr. Fernandes removed Sally from his lap. "How about a game tomorrow?" Laurie said to Mr. Masamitsu, and Mr. Masamitsu bowed. "Swell idea," he said precisely.

"I do hope you'll come again," I said generally. "We have enjoyed your visit so much." I turned to Mrs. Fernandes and said, "It has been a real pleasure."

"Bébé," she said, touching Barry's head, "Bar-ree."

"Come any time," my husband said to Mr. Yashamoto. "Show you those Japanese coins."

They were all moving gradually toward the front door, and then, when they reached it, they passed through it in single file, as they had entered, and lined up again on the front lawn.

"Thank you again very much," Mr. Yashamoto said, and my husband and I both said, "Do come again," and Laurie called out, "Be seeing you, fellas," and Jannie and Sally called, "Bye! Bye! Bye!"

They wandered off down the college road, our guests, conversing among themselves, and pausing once for a minute while Mr. Babar turned and took a long look at the outside of our house and wrote in his notebook.

—SHIRLEY JACKSON

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MY first haircut, I've been told by the old folks, was given me by a hired man named Dave Griffin, who worked for my family in Texas off and on for years. He made a sort of game of the operation. I acted the part of a sheep, and he was the man who was doing the shearing. The job he did on me was as neat as the one he had done on thousands of sheep. Dave was a versatile fellow, in the best tradition of hired men. He could repair an old McCormick binder, he could trap the most elusive coyotes, he could shoe mean mules, he could whip up a good batch of biscuits, he could— well, he could do anything within reason, and do some things very expertly indeed.

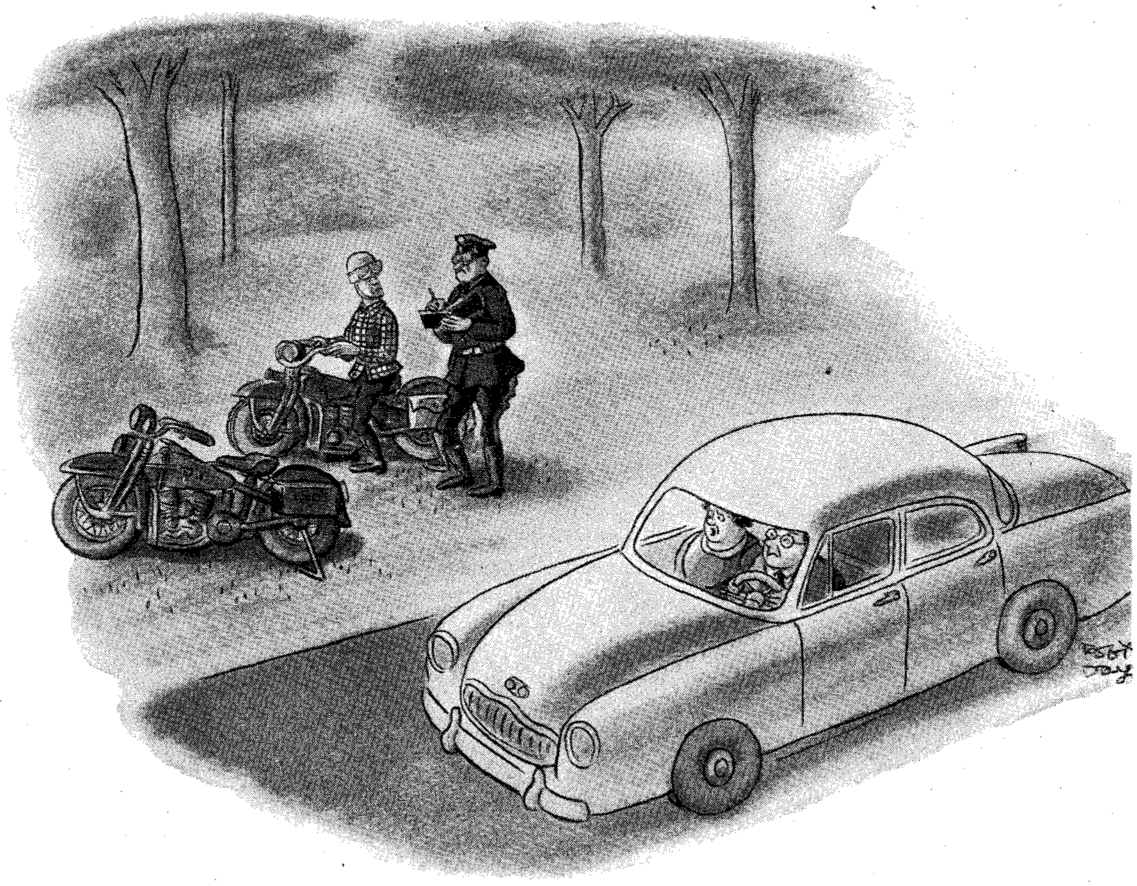
In my twenty-six years in New York, where most of the hired men I knew sat at desks and changed their shirts at least once a day, I often wondered how the old-time hired hands like Dave Griffin were faring back in God's country—how they were standing up under the stresses and strains of so-called advancing civilization. Were they still skillful, hard-working, honorable, humorous, independent, and adept at improvisation, or had their characters been undermined by the teachings and trends of a flabby age? I liked to think that the solid hired man was a permanent fixture of Southwestern life, but I heard some disquieting rumors.

The older members of my family often recounted the history of a beloved hero, a hired man named Louis Conradt, who was picked up on Congress Avenue, in Austin, soon after the Civil War by my Grandfather Stanley (Thomas Edward Stanley, often known among the early settlers as Buttermilk Tom). When my grandfather moved with his family to a ranch in relatively new country on the Lampasas River, eighty miles northwest of Austin, he took with him Conradt and a freed slave named Harper. The ex-slave soon returned to Austin, but Conradt stayed on. At the time my grandfather picked him up, he was nineteen years old, and freshly arrived from Germany. He was squarely built, exceptionally strong, and a model of industry and integrity, and he learned quickly. He worked for my grandfather for seven years, and during that period he drew no wages. "Keep my money for me," he said. "I'll let you know when I need it." The work was terribly hard—building stone fences (this was before Bet-a-Million Gates introduced barbed wire to Texas), clearing brush to make fields, plowing with oxen, and doing every other chore that was necessary in a pioneer community. After seven years, Conradt picked out a girl he wanted for his wife, and asked my grandfather for his wages; I never knew the amount of the accumulated pay, but it was enough for a down payment on an excellent stock farm some twenty-five miles northwest of my grandfather's place.

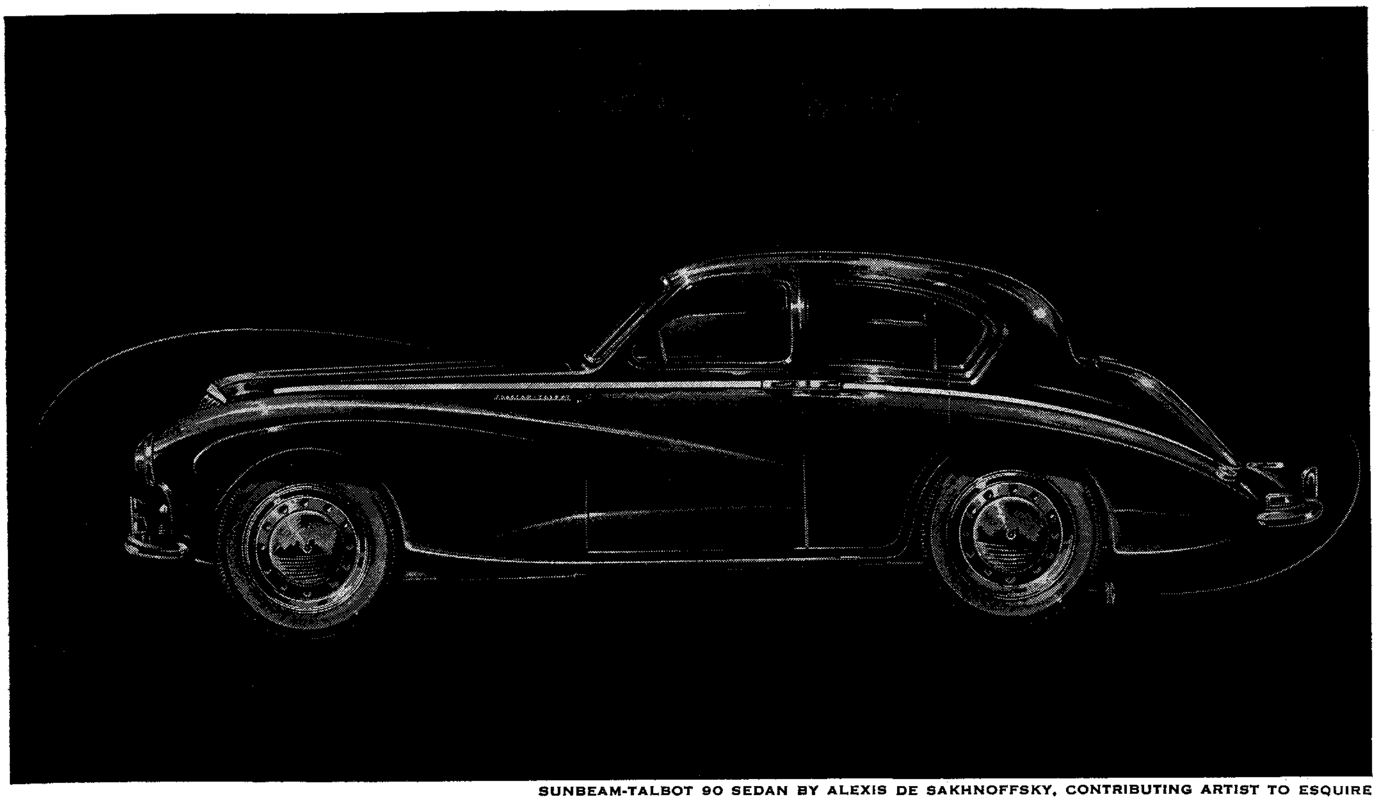
Conradt settled down to a long and substantial life. His descendants are among our finest citizens. He used to visit us when I was a boy. He was exceedingly pleasant in manner, and handsome even when very old; I recall particularly his shining blue eyes. It was doubtless mostly from Conradt that I got the notion that any hired man, provided he had the endurance, the thrift, and the modestly ambitious vision, could duplicate, more or less, what Conradt did. Even today, I suspect that, given those qualities, a hired man could amount to something. I may be mistaken. Today's hired men seem licked at the start.

IN the early part of 1946, when my wife and I left New York and acquired a small ranch in central Texas—in the same area, by the way, where young Conradt toiled for my grandfather long before—it was at once apparent that we would have to have some help around the place. I have a few skills, but they are not all-inclusive. My weight, at best around a hundred and thirty pounds, hampers me in the performance of many necessary tasks, and the encroachments of age are no asset. When the problem is roping a sixteen-hundred-pound bull to treat an infected eye, I need help.

For a time, it seemed that getting any sort of hired man was out of the question. Then, late one afternoon,



"You'd think they'd at least have some consideration for their own kind."



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Claudie John arrived, unannounced but full of zip. He was driving a ramshackle automobile. With him were his good-looking young wife and four small children. Claudie John, a plausible talker, had precisely the right line of gab to impress us. He was tired of towns, and of working at odd jobs. He yearned for the soil. He loved animals, he said, and he had a way with them; he was a deft milker. He could build strong fences. He was fond of fresh air and solitude. He wanted his children to grow up close to nature, away from the artificial attractions and dubious morality of the cities. This was it; we were sold.

The wages I offered him were a little higher than the prevailing rate, and he seemed pleased. He and his family moved into a small but fairly well-equipped house on a nearby farm, for which he paid fifteen dollars a month. It turned out that although he had been reared in the country, he had spent the past few years working at soda fountains, dry-cleaning establishments, gas stations, and other places that had left him physically soft. This wouldn't matter, he said; in a short time he would be in shape, with calluses on his hands.

Claudie John (he had a last name, but few persons knew what it was; he belonged to that vast army of young Texans who have been handicapped by names like Jackie Dee, Jeanine Bob, and Buckie Lou) entered upon his new career with vast good cheer and zest. Indeed, he would throw himself so furiously into any task—repairing a fence, cutting brush, hoeing a garden—that in an hour or so he would be exhausted. I lectured him on taking it easy and pacing himself so he could last through the whole day. "Observe the Mexicans," I told him, in my wisdom. "They seem to work slowly, but they can carry on until dark. When the day is over, they are not very tired. And they have done an astonishing lot of work."

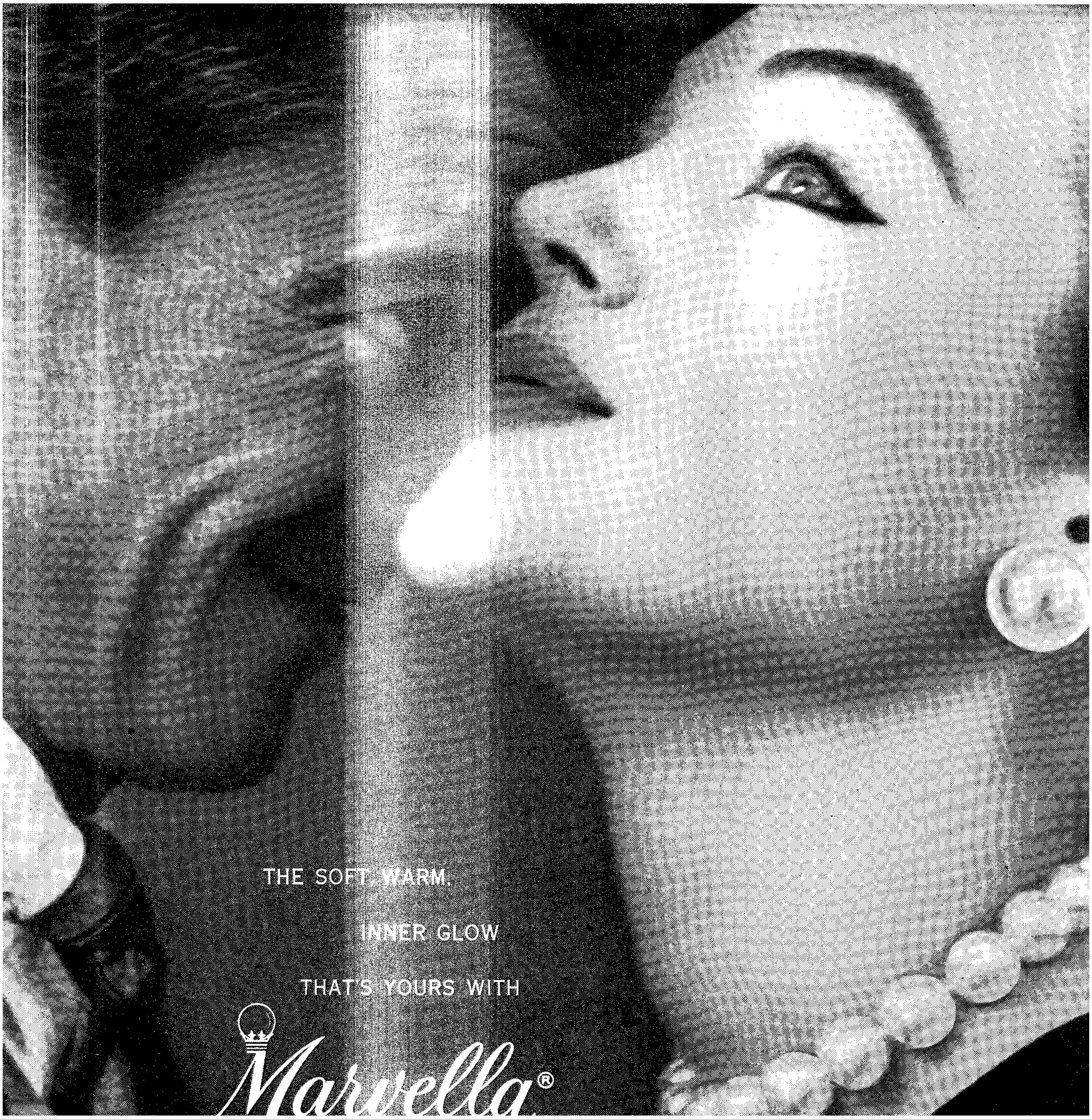
Claudie John said that I was right, as usual (he was an admirable yes man), and that he would try to go at things more sensibly. It was no use. He continued to operate by fits and starts. He was really good for only about two hours of honest work every day. To be quite fair, I imagine he was not very strong. He developed what he suspected were stomach ulcers. He complained of the heat, the cold, and the wind. After a time, I discovered another trait of his, one that saddened me greatly. He was a physical coward. One day, as warm weather was coming on, he asked me whether there were many rattlesnakes on the place. I told him, truthfully, that we had enough rattlesnakes to stock the big snake pit at the Brackenridge Park Zoo, in San Antonio, and advised him to be careful. Then, in an attempt to reassure him, I ventured upon a questionable bit of sesquipedalian humor. "I wouldn't worry about the snakes, Claudie John," I said. "Just look at them as a sort of inconsequential occupational hazard."

"I'm relieved to hear you say that," he replied. "I've always been told they were poisonous as hell."

Not long after that, Claudie John collapsed completely one day upon being butted by a playful old ram, and from then on he showed an increasing timidity in handling animals. I could see that he was really one of nature's unfortunates—a man wholly devoid of courage. Even so, I kept him on and pampered him in many ways, and my wife and I were constantly doing things for his family. He was better than no hired man, but not much.

He was forever having money trouble. He would buy unneeded gadgets on the installment plan, and he kept having to repay small loans that friends had made him. His legitimate living costs were extremely low, but he was always behind, and each weekend brought a new crisis. One day, he told me he thought he had found a way out. If I would give him a little time off every week, and let him use my truck, he could, he solemnly assured me, make a steady small income buying and selling livestock. I was delighted with this show of ambition, but I warned him that speculating in livestock is a tricky business, that traders with solid backing have lost money, and that he would be in competition with men who could teach tricks to rug peddlers. "Don't worry about me," he said. "I've been watching these livestock auctions a long time. I'm as smart as those fellows. Just give me a chance."

Claudie John started in a small way, on money borrowed from relatives and boyhood friends, buying and selling one or two animals at a time. Slowly he began to get ahead of the game. One week, he plunged a little more heavily than usual and came out with a profit of over two hundred dollars. His ulcers felt better. This, he told me, was the life. In his next deal, he staked everything, and a little more, on a load of calves he bought from an old stock farmer who had the reputation of knowing more about money than Hetty Green. Claudie John paid too much for them, and then the market dropped suddenly. He was wiped out, and in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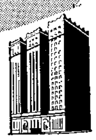

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debt. He settled up a few of his more urgent obligations by selling off just about everything he had, borrowed eighty dollars from a trusting neighbor, who was probably sorry for the wife and children, and vanished, taking his family with him. I have not seen him since; I have been told that he went to some obscure town in Nebraska to press pants for his wife's brother.

Thus, under a cloud, passed the feckless Claudie John. Now, after several years, I am inclined to remember him fondly for an odd reason: He could do such strange things to the English language. Out of a long list of Claudie John's utterances, I think I like this one best: "Whenever I taken up with Phyllis Jean and we was first married, whenever I'd done did up the work and gone on in, we used to mighty near every night be able to take out and dance."

ONE late-spring afternoon soon after the departure of Claudie John, a fifteen-year-old boy named Donald (oddly, he was not named Donnie Lee or Jimmy Don) showed up and said he had heard we wanted help. He was a junior in the high school at Lampasas, thirteen miles away. He said he wanted to work in his spare time and on Saturdays until the school term was out, and then would be willing to work full time during the summer. He was modest, and said he really didn't believe he was worth more than three dollars a day. We took him on.

In many ways, Donald was satisfactory. He was a hard worker, and steady; he was well-mannered, and not without ambition. He was interested in our books and borrowed many of them, and his comments were often shrewd. One day he said, rather shyly, that he wanted to learn to operate a typewriter, so we turned a machine over to him and gave him a few pointers. Soon we observed something that struck us as terribly sad; Donald had worked with his hands, at very hard labor, since early childhood, and his fingers had so thickened and stiffened that even after the most diligent practice it was next to impossible for him to strike one key at a time. He tried manfully for a month, off and on, but his hands had been so brutalized, so reduced to insensitive clubs, that he never got very far. His futile struggles with the typewriter were as pathetic a sight as I've ever seen.

Our arrangement with Donald was makeshift at best, and his hours were uncertain. He had no automobile to get him to our place, so he would hitchhike, or ride the school bus and walk

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three miles from the nearest bus stop on the highway, or we would drive into town and get him. Sometimes he borrowed a bicycle. Once, he walked all the way out, and was so exhausted when he reached our place that he couldn't work. After a spring and summer with us, he got a regular job in town. Later, he served a hitch in the Army, and then got married, and when I last heard from him, he was driving a big truck. He was a brave, decent boy, and we became very attached to him.

Donald's principal fault, common to many hired men everywhere in the world, was that he insisted on doing things his own way, even though he had been given specific and detailed instructions to do them otherwise. And his way was generally wasteful and slipshod. He would hold his garden hoe near the end of the handle and wield it hit or miss, wasting much energy and doing little real hoeing. Moreover, he was strictly a machine-age child. He would do nothing with his hands if he could figure out some way, no matter how roundabout or expensive, of doing it with machinery. Many country chores can be done best by hand, but the modern hired man seems to hate and fear all hand implements, particularly the spade, the weed cutter, the crosscut saw, the pitchfork, and the old-fashioned heavy grubbing hoe. I have seen Donald take a truck into a formidably wet ditch, inviting almost certain trouble, so that he could stand on top of the truck's cab to cut a dead limb from a tree. When the truck got stuck, we would have to get chains and a tractor to snake it out.

WITH Donald gone, we were dependent for a time on the occasional aid of neighbors and their hired men. We were making many improvements—cutting brush, trimming trees, repairing terraces, building fences, painting, killing weeds—and work was piling up. Then came the great Billye Jo. He showed up one morning, said he was a long-time friend of Claudie John (though, confidentially, he told us, he thought Claudie John was a good deal of a bum), and gave us a very good sales talk on his all-round skill, his absolute reliability, and his deep yearning to get back to nature.

We tried Billye Jo out for a week, and it was obvious that, as he had said, he was a man of many talents. He was a fair jackleg carpenter; he knew something of masonry; he was kind, firm, and observant with animals; he knew all about tractors, and had a good working acquaintance with many other types

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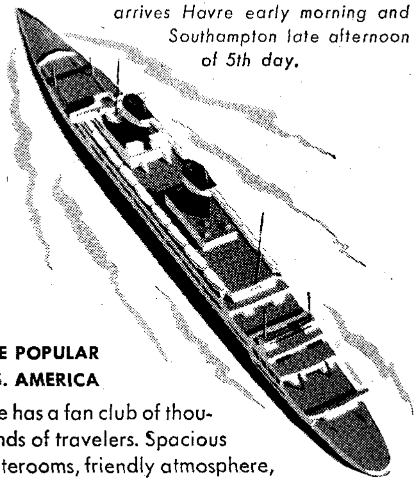

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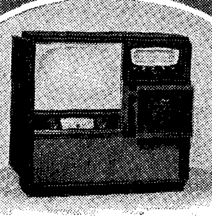
of machinery; he was fast and deft with an axe. We signed him up. Indeed, we went all out for Billye Jo.

First, there was the matter of where Billye Jo would live. We wanted him on the place, and he had a wife and small baby to worry about. There seemed nothing to do but build him a house—and a fine little cottage it turned out to be, of concrete blocks painted gray, with a red iron roof and a cool flagstone porch, thirty feet long and ten feet wide, along the east side. It was on a fenced plot a hundred and twenty feet wide and a hundred and forty feet long, nestling up against a dense grove of live oaks to the south. There was room for fifteen fruit trees and an excellent garden. When the layout was completed, Billye Jo pronounced it wonderful. The place had electricity, a large bathroom, an efficient kitchen, and plenty of water, which came by electric pump from a well we had had drilled for five hundred dollars. And the whole business was for Billye Jo, rent free.

Billye Jo moved into this shiny new love nest with his wife—a pretty blonde—and their baby girl. Their belongings were pitifully few. Their automobile was cheap, old, and often in need of repair. Their household furnishings were meagre, but we helped them out by lending them an extra bed, a couple of chairs, a sofa, two tables, and some pictures. Billye Jo had three notable possessions, to which, at the beginning, I attached little importance—a paint, or spotted, cow pony; a guitar of the sort that produces music known in cowboy and hillbilly circles as "git-fiddle;" and a renegade border collie, which turned out to be a sheep killer. It was one of my neighbors, a man ordinarily reluctant to speak either good or ill of anyone, who first pointed out to me the significance of these items. "Your new hired man seems a pleasant fellow," he said. "And he's a good worker—so far. But I'd feel better about him if, instead of his horse, his guitar, and his dog, he'd shown up with a milk cow, a brood sow, and a little flock of hens."

A profound observation, as it turned out. There is, it must be, a considerable segment of the human population that has an aversion to owning anything useful or productive. But Billye Jo worked hard and was enthusiastic, and at the beginning of our association I thought nothing of the possible significance of his possessions. He talked me into buying a small tractor with the necessary attachments—plows, a wood saw, a mower, and a gadget for moving dirt. For at least six months, Billye Jo, out-



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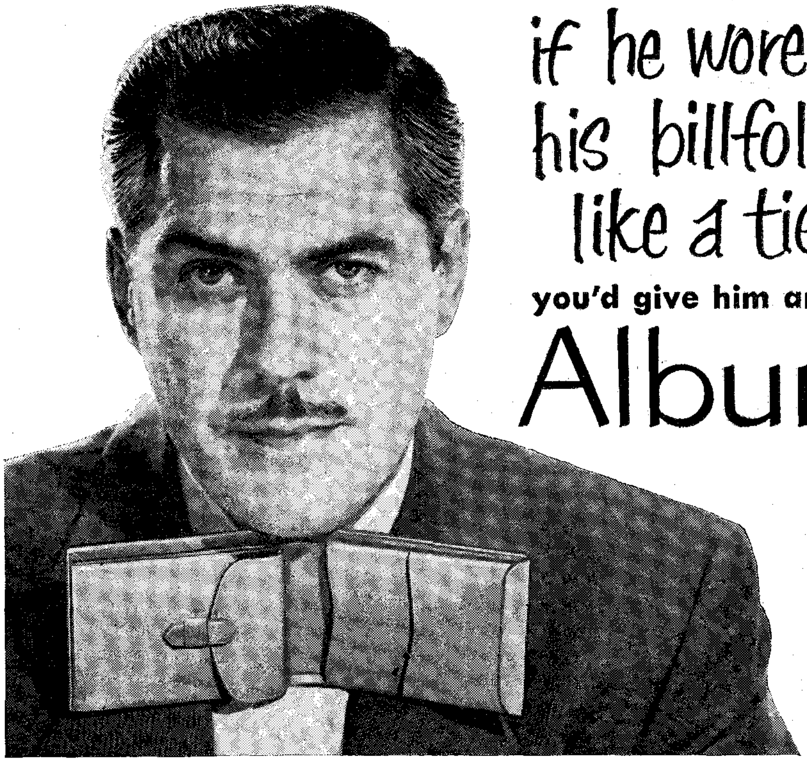
wardly a happy man, rode this tractor in the performance of much useful work.

The first signs of discontent were hardly alarming. Billye Jo complained, obliquely, of mother-in-law trouble; his wife and his mother-in-law, he gave me to understand, insisted on visiting each other too frequently. Then he became angry when his dog was found dead of poison in a neighbor's sheep pasture; I didn't help matters much by telling him that my own suspicions about the dog had become so strong I would have killed him myself if the neighbor hadn't beaten me to it. Next, and more ominously, he began to drop remarks to the effect that he "wasn't getting anywhere" and "wasn't ever going to amount to anything."

I did my best as a well-meaning efficiency expert. I told Billye Jo that he made too many long and expensive trips in his automobile on weekends; he could save money on that. Moreover, I had noticed that he preferred buying his milk in town to milking a cow on the place; I assured him he could have all the milk he wanted. I also told him that I would back him, to any reasonable extent, in the purchase of a few cattle of his own, and that he could have free grass in exchange for a small percentage of the offspring. I advised him to raise a few chickens. I offered him a small hog pasture for nothing. I suggested that his wife could add to their income by doing some sewing, and said we would supply the machine.

All this seemed to make little impression on Billye Jo. He became more morose and bellyached about small matters. His work fell off. He had once had a keen eye for ailments among the livestock; now he only glanced at them when he visited them out in the pastures, and it was up to me to spot trouble. His hours of work grew shorter, through schemes of his own devising, and his weekends grew longer. By the end of the first year, he was almost useless, but still I had hopes for him.

Nevertheless, I had come to understand what my old neighbor meant when he sized up Billye Jo; the boy simply had no use for good possessions. And as time went on I discovered a kindred weakness: Billye Jo was trying to live in the past, dreaming of the past, his thoughts wandering off to the glories of the vanished frontier. Talking with him, I learned that he had been profoundly impressed by one of the few books he had ever read—a life of Billy the Kid (William Bonney, the thief and killer, who was finally shot down by Sheriff Pat Garrett) written by the



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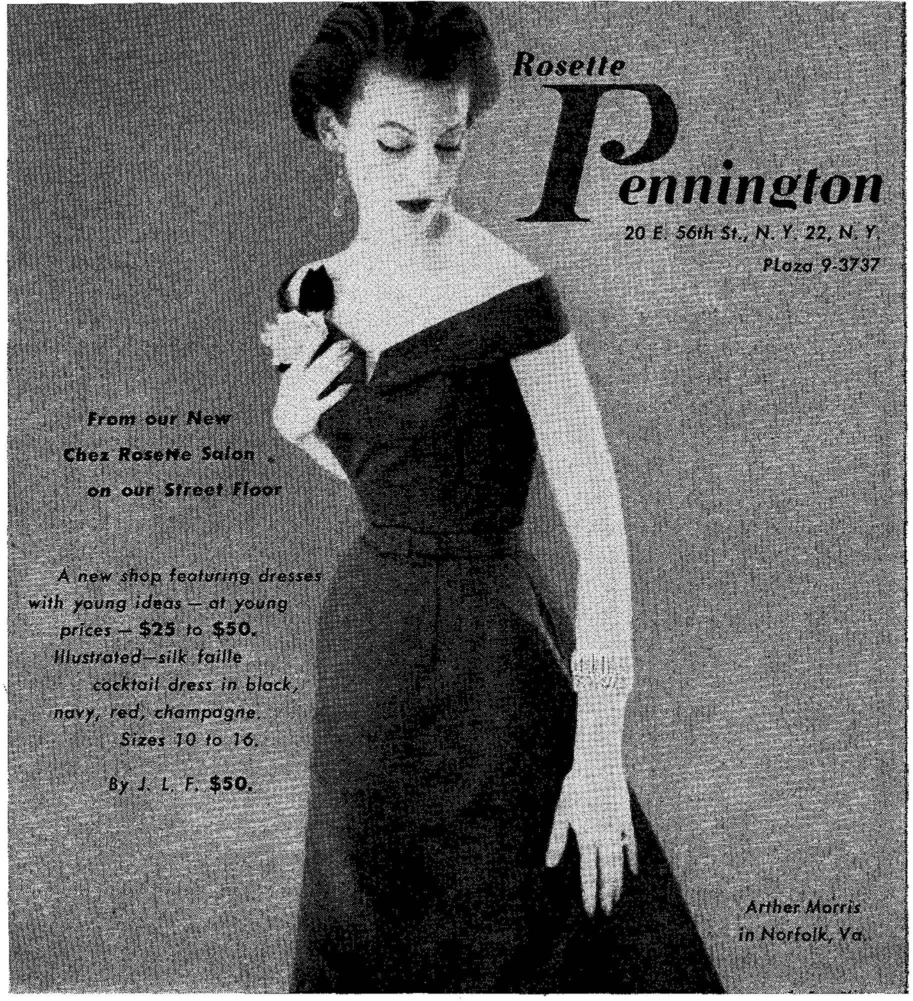

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late Walter Noble Burns, a flamboyant Chicago newspaperman. To my psychically disturbed hired man, Billy the Kid was the greatest of heroes, and the turbulent times in which he operated were the best ever known. Tastes differ, but I have always regarded the Kid as one of the West's least attractive characters. I tried to interest Billye Jo in other Western and Southwestern figures—Kit Carson, Old Bill Williams (the mountain man), Davy Crockett, Wyatt Earp, Billy Dixon, Colonel Charles Goodnight, and so on. It was little use. The ragged-toothed, murdering Billy the Kid remained his gallant knight.

Once, Billye Jo and I were driving through a small, run-down town near here when he noticed a deserted bank building; he stopped and speculated on just how Billy the Kid would have gone about sticking it up. Billye Jo loved guns, was a pretty good shot, and would travel as much as a hundred and fifty miles to spend the night in a tree in the hope of assassinating a white-tailed deer. I suspect that even if he had shot the deer, which he never did, he would have complained because it was not a moose or a grizzly. I tried to interest him in coon hunting; that was all right, he admitted, but hunting mountain lions would be more fun. He liked to wade into creeks and, reaching under ledges, bring out big catfish with his hands, but even this, he said, was poor sport; a whaling expedition would have been more to his taste.

Billye Jo did not have his git-fiddle guitar for nothing. At night, we could hear him strumming away in his house, and sometimes his wife sang to the guitar in a low, nasal whine. On big nights, strange cars would arrive from the hill country to the southwest of here, and other primitive balladists would join them, to the considerable distress of my wife and me, who are mostly classicists. The dreadful noises also annoyed our collie bitch, an intelligent animal named Missy, who, like us, seems to prefer respectable music. I learned that when Billye Jo took his long weekends (these excursions now generally lasted from Friday night to Monday morning), he and his wife did not always spend them with his in-laws but occasionally attended goat-country jam sessions with fellow-musicians. Usually, it took two days for him to recover from these orgies.

This strange spiritual brother of Billy the Kid continued his steady progress toward a state of complete uselessness. The second, and last, spring he was on the place, I saw he was taking no interest in putting in his garden, so I planted

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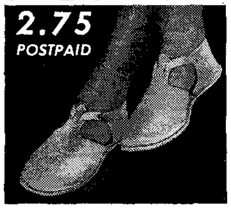

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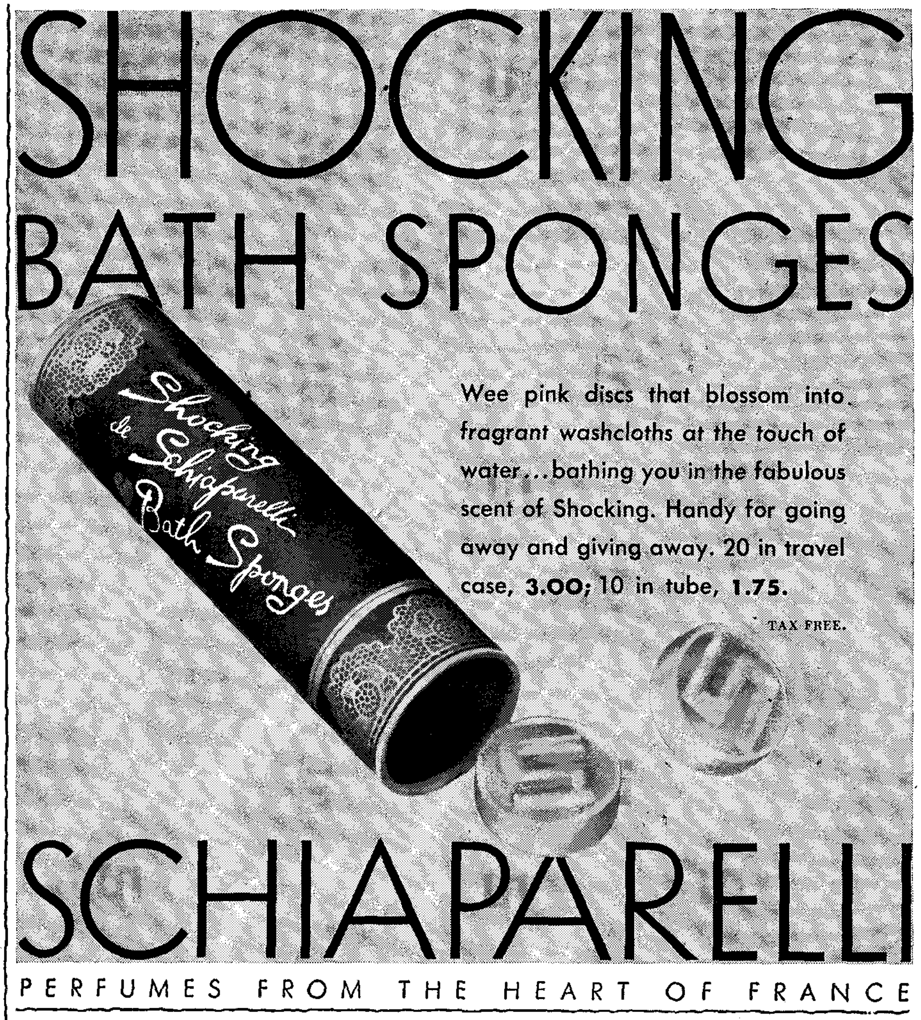
it myself. I made what proved to be my final effort to set him up on his own when I suggested that I furnish the money, the pens, and the pasturage for a large flock of turkey poults. Our place is just about ideal for raising turkeys. He turned me down on curious grounds. "Turkeys," he said, "are stupid." There can be little argument on that point. Turkeys *are* stupid. I tried to point out—rather lamely, I fear—that a fat Hereford steer is not exactly brilliant, either, yet it can be worth three hundred dollars.

I am so constituted that unless I get immediately and perhaps unreasonably angry, I cannot bring myself to fire anyone without a long and tortured internal struggle. But, no mistake about it, I was screwing up my conscience and my nerve to fire Billye Jo. He beat me to it. He quit. He confided to my wife (I suppose he must have been a little ashamed to tell me) that he was leaving; he and his wife were lonesome in the country, he "wasn't getting anywhere," and he had the offer of a job as a fireman in a town near San Antonio, where he would have "security." On hearing the news, second-hand, I was both disgusted and relieved. When it came time for him to go, I was in every way polite, and even lent him my truck to move his goods. After two years with us, he had almost exactly the same property as when he arrived—the paint horse, the guitar, the old car, and the few sticks of furniture. He had lost the dog, and his only gain, if it was a gain, was a small installment-plan refrigerator.

Billye Jo visited me one Sunday afternoon some six months after his departure. He was driving his old car. His wife and daughter were with him, and there was a new baby. We sat out under an enormous live oak, and he embarked on a speech that must have cost him a good deal of soul-searching and fumbling. He had made a mistake, he said. He wanted to come back. Our place was wonderful, and he loved the little house we had built for him. The security he had thought he would get as a fireman turned out to be no security at all. Indeed, he was now without work of any sort, and broke. I was probably the best boss in the world. Even the wages were better than in town. And there was the free rent, the frequent gifts of beef, pork, and chicken. He knew now he had never had it so good. If I'd let him come back, he would work hard, as he had at first, and he would raise things of his own. And this time he would stay.

I turned Billye Jo down—and it was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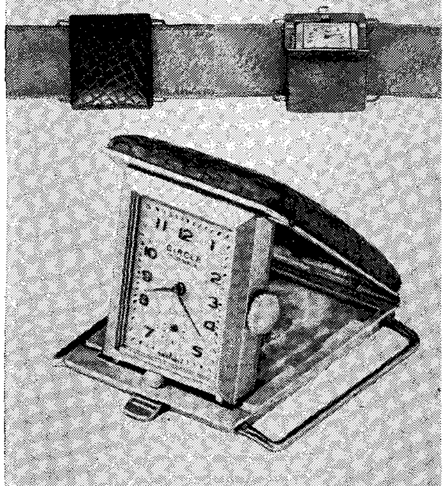

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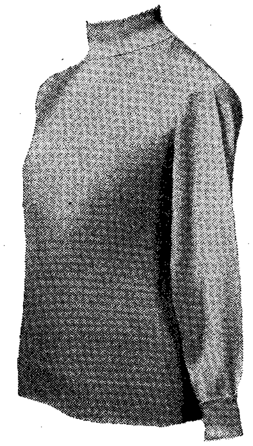

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not easy, for the little house stood vacant and there was an appalling amount of work to be done. Besides, the young man had a certain charm; so, some say, had Billy the Kid in his better moments. But I fought down my weakness. I told him I would either do the work myself or hire people by the day or week when I could find them. He went away sadly, though I think with no hard feelings, and that was the last I saw of him.

Recently, I was discussing the hired-man situation with Tom Richey, an old acquaintance of mine who operates, among other properties, a big ranch a few miles west of our place. When I touched upon Billye Jo's apparent lack of the acquisitive instinct, Richey said, "I don't understand it, but most hired men are like that. The few good ones have an eye out for their own property. I've hired a lot of men. I always give them a chance to get ahead—to run a few cattle, or sheep, or goats, or whatever they like. They can even raise horses, though the horse business is shot now. I hope they can accumulate a little stake, so that they can eventually move to their own place and be independent. It's best that way. They take better care of my stuff. When I see that a fellow has no intention of building up anything of his own, I let him go. It may sound tough, but he's no good to me."

SINCE the fading of Billye Jo, we have again come to depend on catch-as-catch-can help when the backlog of chores becomes acute—such matters as fence replacements, operations upon animals, plowing and planting and harvesting, and cutting wood. Most of the ordinary chores I have been able to handle without help, and the work has done me no particular harm. All my life, I have regarded the job of milking a cow with extreme distaste, and only recently have I been able to persuade myself that it's not so bad. I get twice as much milk from our lone Jersey cow as Billye Jo did, and I do it with less fuss.

Of all the odd fish we have called in for short periods, the most exasperating was a nimble-footed vagabond of about forty-five whom we called Tarzan, because of his agility in climbing trees. A blight—or it may have been an infestation of deadly bugs—struck a large number of our fine old live oaks, killing them. We wanted them converted into firewood, and we also wanted many overgrown trees pruned back severely. Tarzan, sure-footed as any mountain goat, seemed most at home in the trees, swaying forty or fifty feet above the

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ground and working away with axe and pruning saw. He never slipped, and he appeared happy up there. If we had only had enough overgrown trees and the time and money to back him, Tarzan could doubtless have spent years up in the sky—a satisfying career. But other matters called, and at these chores Tarzan was a misfit. For example, I asked him to haul two truckloads of stones for a bridge over a small stream. I showed him where to get the stones, and pointed out the precise sort I wanted. Although the right stones were there in profusion, he chose to haul badly shaped stones that simply would not do. I asked him why he had disregarded my instructions, and he said that all rocks looked pretty much the same to him.

Another task Tarzan flunked was building an ordinary panel, for use in handling sheep. At first he objected, saying we did not have enough of the right kind of lumber available. I picked out the lumber for him; we had plenty. I told him I wanted the crossbars close enough together to keep a lamb from getting through. The panel, I said, should be exactly twelve feet long, and it should be waist-high. I left him at work and went to town for a haircut. When I came home, I found that the panel was the right length but otherwise all wrong. The bars were so close together that not even a small chicken could get through, and this made it so heavy that one man could hardly lift it. Tarzan had also decided to build it about chin-high. I asked him why he had done this. "Well," he said, "you said build it waist-high, and I got to thinking about a deputy sheriff I once knew down in south Texas and the bastard must have been nine feet tall."

I realized then that I had finished with Tarzan forever. He must have realized it, too, for before I could get around to paying him off and telling him to go away, far away, he disappeared into a cornfield for half an hour. He came out with all the fine roasting ears he could carry, complaining that he had had to do a good deal of walking to find just what he wanted. We had already at various times given him meat, chickens, potatoes, eggs, spinach, and so on, but this largess, so freely pressed upon him, was not enough—he had to *take* something. I had been warned earlier that his respect for the property of other people was not high, but I was hardly prepared for this brazen corn-snatching. Indeed, I was so disgusted that I didn't even bawl him out. I paid him and told him we wouldn't need him any more. He asked if I knew where he could find work. I told him I hadn't

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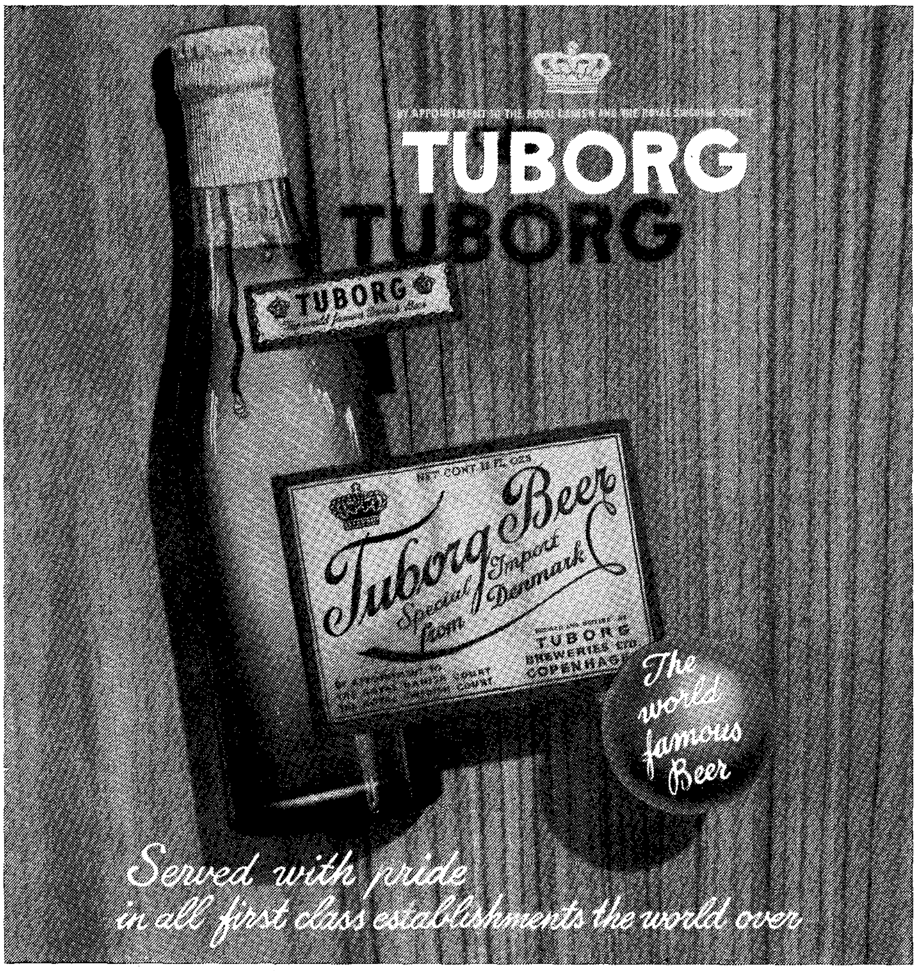

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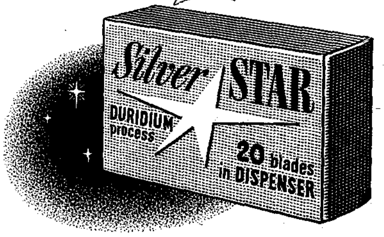


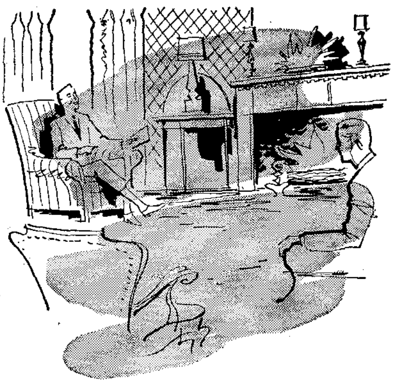
the slightest idea. He put the corn in his rattletrap car and drove off—forever, I hope.

ONE of the most satisfactory of our part-time employees has been Noah, an honorable, shy, polite man, about fifty years old, who lives alone in an old chicken-brooder house about five miles from our place. He keeps his little house scrupulously clean. His word is good. He is a skilled hand with an axe, and he never grumbles about even the roughest jobs. I have never known a man to dig bigger or better holes for fruit trees. He still works for us off and on, and for many of the other settlers hereabouts. He knows he is "not getting anywhere," but it doesn't seem to worry him.

Noah is afraid of women, and would rather eat a lunch of potato chips and cold meat out in the pasture alone than have a splendid meal at the house, where the womenfolk would be in the way. His eating habits, I suspect, are responsible for the uncertain state of his health; he constantly complains of mysterious pains and is subject to crippling cramps. He also has defects of the kind that keep him down in our society as it is organized out here. For one thing, he is not a good hand with machinery, and this bars him from much profitable work. For another, he is only a fair-to-middling hand with livestock, and doesn't like to work with animals. He absolutely refuses to milk a cow, though he will shovel ten truckloads of manure without any show of repugnance. He is scared of thunderstorms, and becomes highly agitated when the lightning begins to play.

I like Noah very much, and respect him for his curious brand of independence; at the same time, I am sure that I do not know him well—and that no one does, for there are strange things buried deep in this simple and yet inscrutable man. He let down the bars a little with me one day, out in the woods. I happened to mention a certain Baptist church nearby—one that is frequented by most of our older families. "I went there once," said Noah. "I thought I would be welcome. I don't think I was. They didn't make me feel at home. I was good enough to work for these people six days a week at four dollars a day, and sometimes in their houses they were friendly. But in God's house, as they call it, I didn't belong. Anyhow, that's how it seemed to me."

NONE of the foregoing should be construed as a blanket attack upon all contemporary hired men. It is



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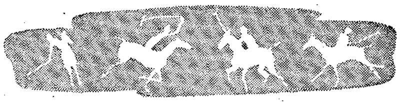

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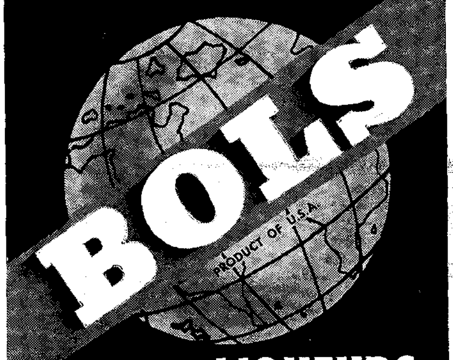

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possible that many of my experiences have been merely my bad luck, and quite possible that I was to blame at times, though I have tried to be fair. Often I hear of hired men in this part of the country who have done pretty well. On many of the larger ranches, a man and his family may have been fixtures for many years; their circumstances are modest, but they are comfortable. Moreover, it seems to be a settled idea among hired men that it is much harder to get ahead today than it was thirty or forty years ago—unquestionably harder than eighty or a hundred years ago, when land was very cheap—and this feeling is not entirely bunk.

And yet it seems to be as true now as it was in the old days that certain qualities—the following of certain copybook maxims—are essential to decent survival. In all truth, the Southwest is a hard and undependable country, one in which the margin between relative comfort and acute distress may be only a few hundred dollars a year. The difference, indeed, may lie in one good rain at the right time, and a forty-per-cent decline in cattle prices, such as has occurred in the last eighteen months, brings a sort of creeping disaster all down the line.

Today, as always, to get ahead a hired man should have a fairly high intelligence quotient; he should be willing to work, to drive himself for long hours in the blistering sun of the Texas summers and the cold of the blue blizzards in January; he should have a sort of affection—not necessarily delicate or poetic but genuine—for the soil and for the animals it supports; and to top it off he should have a peculiar combination of self-respect and acquisitiveness. There you have the perfect hired man, and the good citizen. A large order. No wonder he's hard to find.

In many parts of Texas, Mexicans, or persons of Mexican descent, are eminently satisfactory on farms and ranches. There is a sprinkling of them here in central Texas, and some prejudice against them—generally based on such debatable charges as that they are not dependable, that when they say tomorrow they don't mean tomorrow, and that they are rough with livestock. I know many Latin-Americans (a term coming to be preferred in these parts to "Mexicans") who can hold their own in every department, including the handling of machinery, with any workers of Anglo-Saxon descent. This fact is better appreciated in south Texas,

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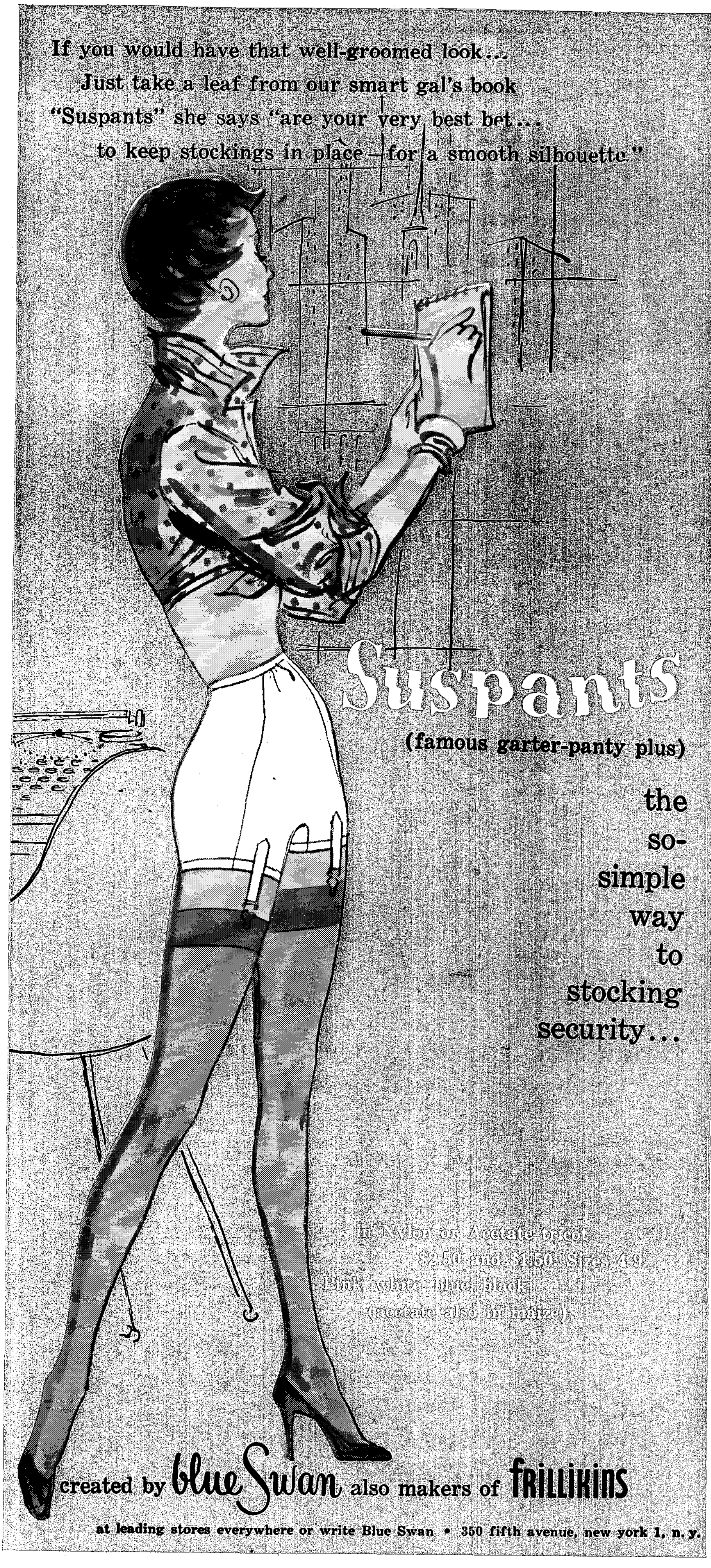

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near the Mexican border, than it is in our section of the state.

Negroes? They do not seem to be the answer in central Texas. In east Texas, which has a plantation tradition of sorts and where in some counties the Negroes outnumber the whites, there are plenty of Negro hired men. A few Negroes have done well here in the stock-raising country, but not many. There used to be one, a man named Jess Pickett, who was greatly respected. He had a small but good ranch a short distance west of us, and when he died, his pallbearers were all white men—to some of whom, it was whispered at the funeral, he had at one time or another lent money. However, most of the Negroes in central Texas are cityfolk, and some of them are actually afraid of the country.

Army service, the lure of city jobs, and the feeling that ranch life is at best a lonely and profitless business for the hired man—all these make reliable help difficult to obtain. One rancher lost all his hired men recently, most of them to the Army, and in an emergency he wheedled an ancient derelict, a fellow who had handled stock forty years before with some dexterity, into mounting a horse and helping him for a day. This grotesque and creaking cowpuncher turned in a pretty good performance, collected his day's pay, and then got drunk. Pressing this poor fellow into service was scraping the bottom of the barrel. One thing seems inevitable: The ranch owners must abandon much of their sybaritic way of life—town houses with television sets and air-conditioning, hunting trips to Wyoming, fur coats for the ladies, and so forth—and put on their old blue jeans and go to work. It will be tough on many of them, as it was tough on me, but it can be done.

Our own ranch operation, a modest one, is now stripped down to the essentials. The tractor and all the wonderful implements we bought for the delight of Billye Jo have been sold; we took a loss on them, but it was clear that they were not profitable under our setup. The little jewel of a house we built for Billye Jo and his family is now used as a guesthouse. Old friends of ours, mostly tired people from the cities, stop there for varying periods. They declare themselves enchanted by the quiet and solitude that got on Billye Jo's nerves; they enjoy the beef and the chicken and the vegetables that Billye Jo did not seem to appreciate; and they depart with health improved and minds uplifted—or so they say.

And so I have all but given up looking for the perfect hired man. I confess that I miss him sorely at times—mostly on cold winter dawns when the wind comes down from Medicine Hat by way of the Texas Panhandle, and the cattle are humped up, waiting for their hay and cottonseed cake. I pretend that I enjoy every minute of it and that it is good for me, but there are weak moments when I fear I am the victim of a monstrous self-delusion. Maybe, someday, if things break right, there will be another full-time hired man on our place—this one a paragon who can fix windmills, deodorize skunks, ride bucking horses, dig our community's standard fifty-four-inch-deep graves, build stone chimneys that draw, cook rabbit tamales, play the piano, train foxhounds, and, in a pinch, deliver a funeral sermon. If so, fine. I shall try to be good to him—perhaps not as soft and paternalistic as I used to be, but agreeable, thoughtful, and just. I suspect, though, that the man I'm thinking of has all but vanished, gone with the likes of the Cisco Kid and such items as the old-fashioned chuck wagon and Grandfather's ox yoke. The hired man was a good man when he had it—and when we had him. —STANLEY WALKER

•

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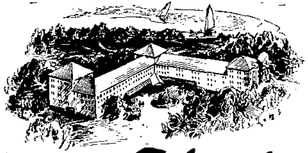

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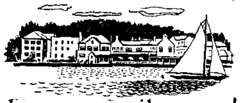

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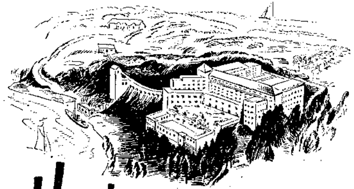

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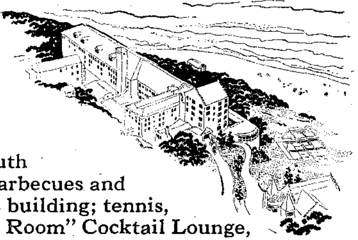

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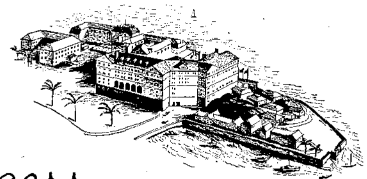

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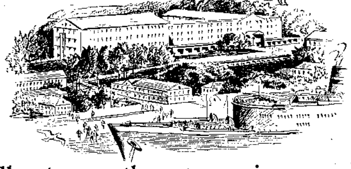

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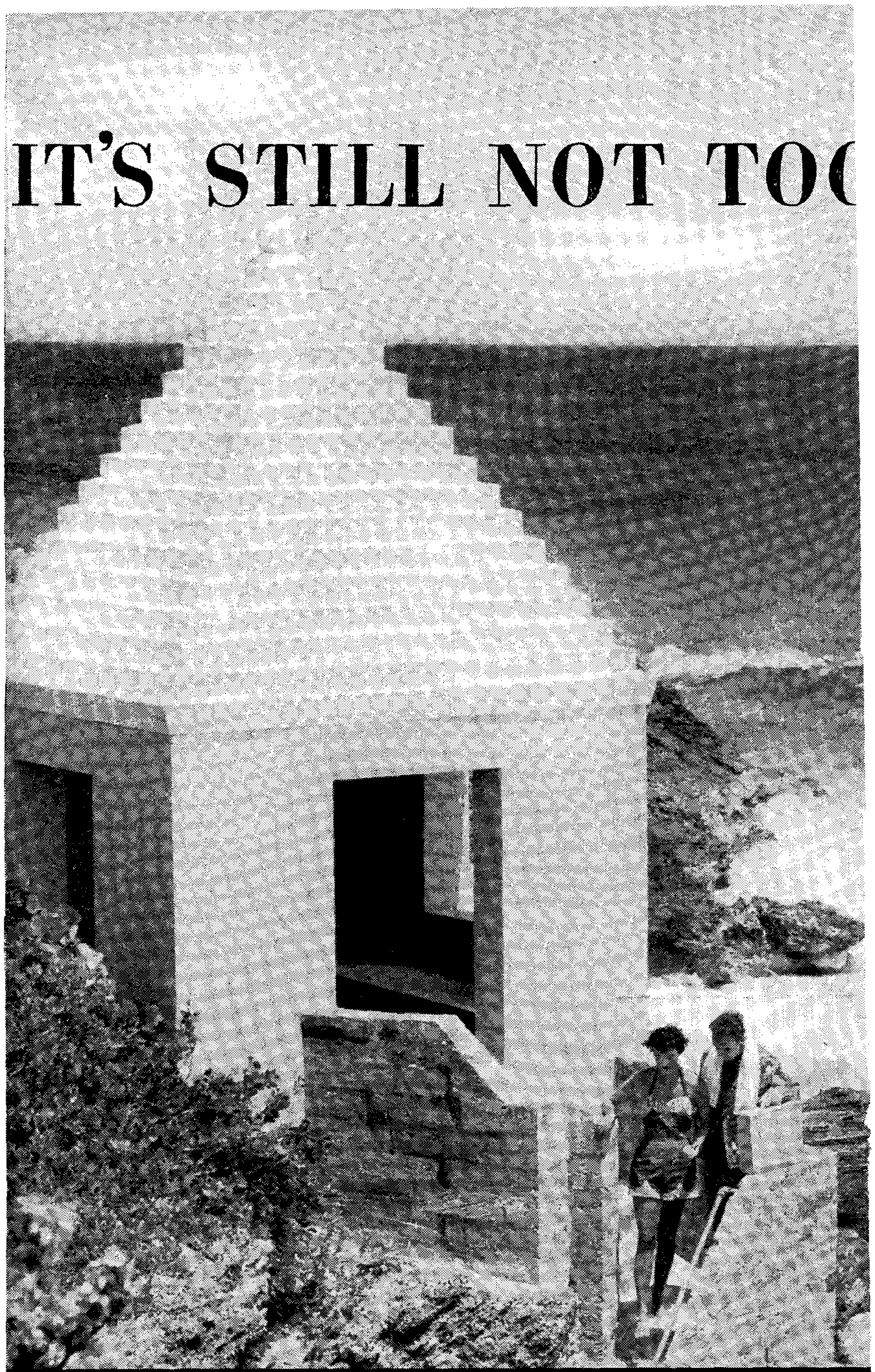

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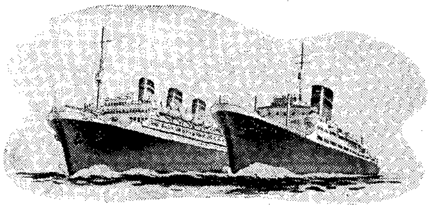

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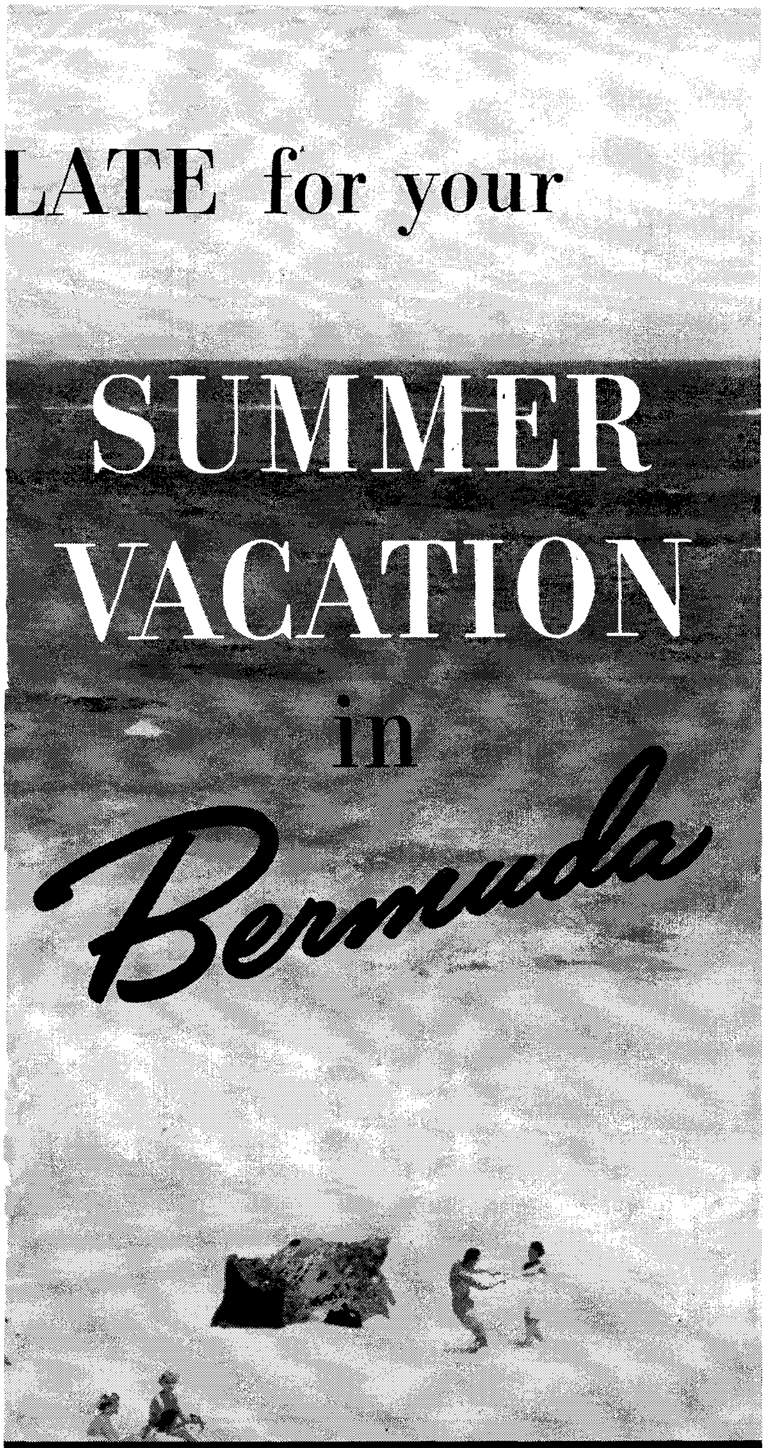

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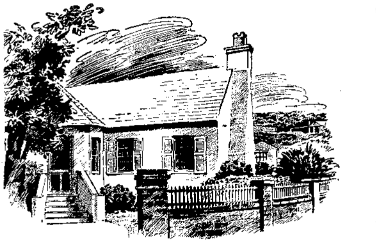

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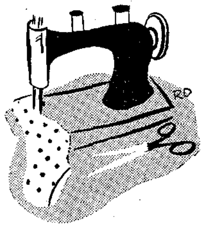
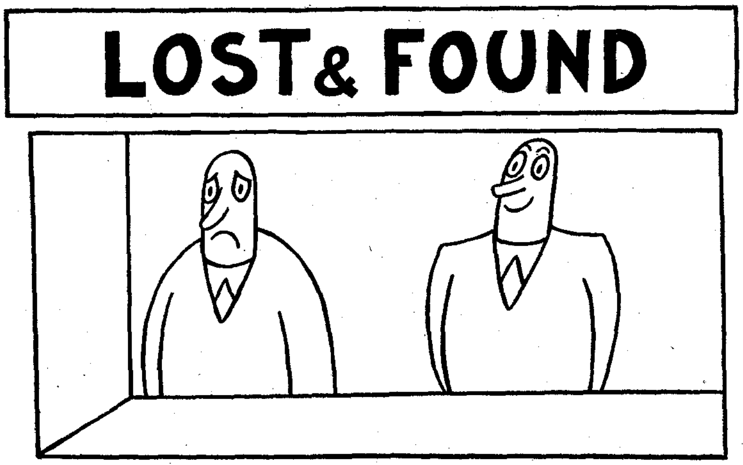


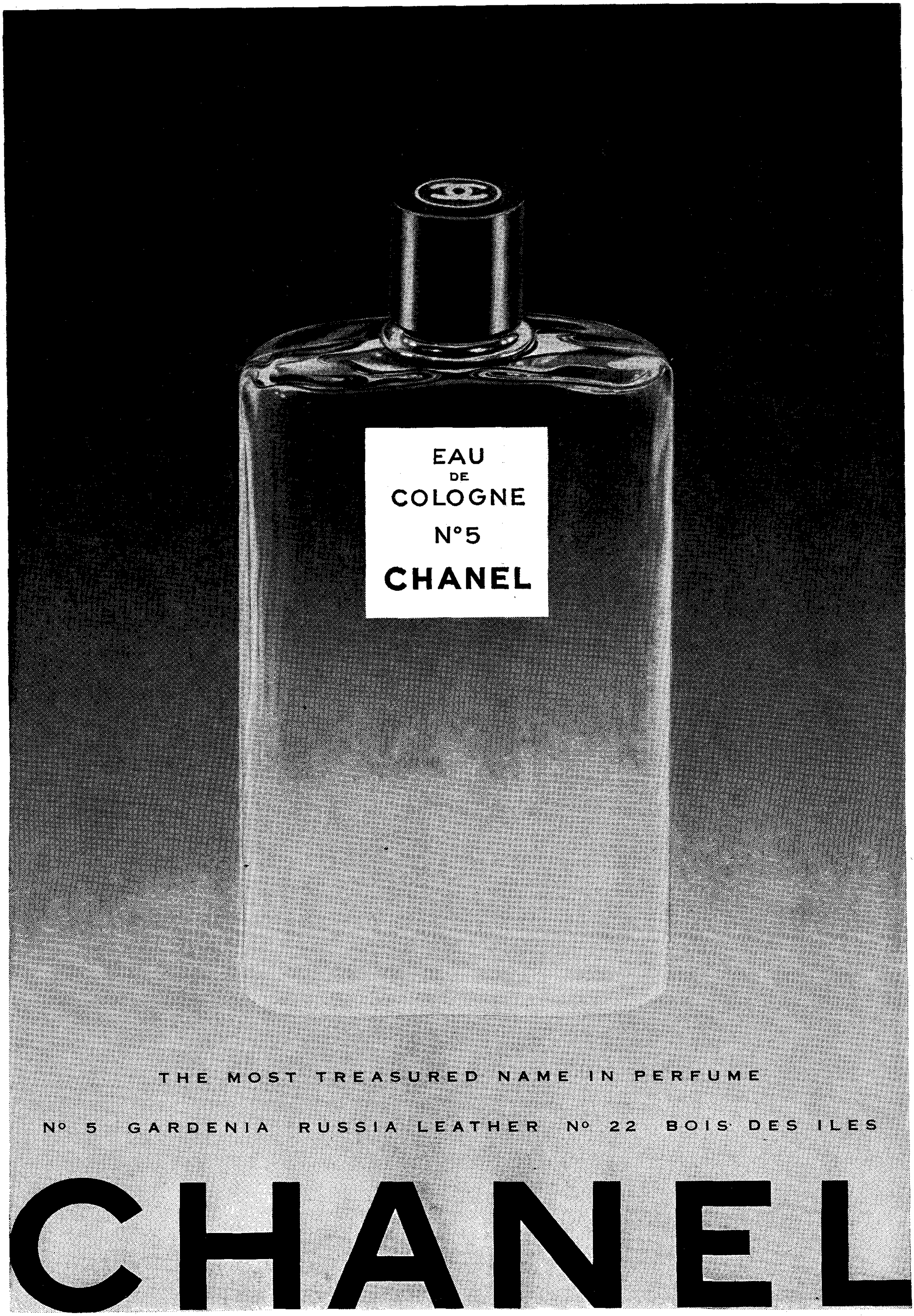
IT wasn't any longer ago than yesterday—or certainly the day before—that all the copy writers in all the advertising agencies were rapturously pointing out to prospective buyers of electric refrigerators the almost miraculous virtues of the ice-cube tray—how at one flick of the wrist the tray slid out, and how at another the cubes disengaged themselves with exemplary neatness. Well, the Servel Company has now put into its refrigerators an ice-producing system, called the Ice-Maker, that doesn't *require* any trays, if you please, and in the stores where it is being displayed there has already grown up a whole new line of sales talk, disparaging the almost ludicrous inadequacy of what is referred to as "the old-fashioned ice-tray refrigerator." I have never found that the chore of filling trays and extricating cubes presented a difficulty comparable to that of cutting ice off the old millpond, as Servel would have us believe, but I am bound to say that the performance of the Ice-Maker is pretty sensational and, as far as I have been able to determine, extremely satisfactory.

To begin with a point that is not unduly emphasized in the company's publicity, the refrigerator must be connected with the water supply of the house, by means of a slender copper pipe. This isn't as formidable an undertaking as it sounds, and you don't have to call in a plumber, because the connection is included in the installation, which the dealer takes care of, usually at no extra cost to the buyer. Through this pipe, the required amount of water is introduced into a mold with seven compartments, where it is frozen in the pleasant shape of half moons. An electric heating device beneath the mold loosens the half moons, whereupon they are scooped out by a series of paddles, revolving on a shaft. This apparatus holds them long enough to dry, so that they won't stick together, and finally dumps them into a large plastic storage basket. All this is done automatically. The half moons have the same commendable dryness one finds in ice cubes bought in cartons from the man at the delicatessen, and how *he* manages that without benefit of Servel, I can't imagine.

Not having really lived with the Ice-Maker, and having acquired with experience a useful skepticism about such things, I am not prepared to say that it is going to make life as easy for its owners as life appears to be for all the happy families in the ads. I can, however, speak of what I have seen of its action in Servel's eleven-cubic-foot electric refrigerator, which I inspected at the Servel offices, and in a gas-operated version of the same model, which obligingly performs at the Public Service showrooms of Newark's Public Service Electric & Gas Co. Incidentally, these showrooms are worth a trip across the river, if you're interested in seeing appliances of various manufacture in actual operation. Since I am not equipped to pass authoritatively on the performance of the Servel refrigerators, compared to that of other makes, I shall confine this report to the Ice-Maker system, the virtues of which can be ascertained—to a certain degree, at least—by any observant customer. I should mention, though, that the large 1953 electric Servel is a handsome thing, provided with all the features that, it seems, American women demand in their de-luxe iceboxes: ample door shelves; a recessed butter cupboard; an egg holder; two vegetable bins, which are deep enough to hold good-sized cantaloupes and are designed to retain moisture; a cheese chest that is supposed to do right by all kinds of cheeses (there being no cheese in the refrigerators I inspected, this is a miracle I have yet to see performed); and an automatic defroster. Furthermore, the bins and cupboards are made of a pale-blue-tinted plastic that gives the interior a striking undersea look.

So far, handsome as it is, there is nothing particularly dazzling about the new icebox; it's when you open the door of the Ice-Maker—in the model I speak of, it has its own door, and an independent freezing unit, at the top of the refrigerator—that the show begins, for, without meaning to snoot the poor old demoded ice tray, I must say that the basket full of pieces of ice, as easy to pick up as marbles, is quite a sight. The basket holds around a hundred of them, each somewhat larger than the usual cube, yet small enough so that two or three of them will go into the average highball or iced-tea glass. The Ice-Maker keeps making ice only as long as there is room in the basket for more. When the accumulation of half moons reaches the basket's capacity, a lever, lifted by the rising pile of ice, cuts off the machinery; when some of the half moons are taken out of the basket, the lever falls and the machinery gets going again. Thus, the basket is never empty, except, perhaps, when someone preparing for a party shifts the whole supply to another part of the freezer and starts making a new batch. The Servel is sold at many places, among them Hammacher Schlemmer, Macy,

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Stern, and Sachs Quality Stores. The eleven-cubic-foot model, complete with Ice-Maker—that's the one I saw in action—costs $599.50. Smaller Servels, also equipped with the Ice-Maker, start at $399.50, for a nine-cubic-foot model.

A LESS dramatic and less recent Servel electric unit is a small auxiliary refrigerator called the Wonderbar. How the company explains the presence of the old-fashioned ice cubes this box affords I don't know, but to the consumer, less acutely self-conscious than Servel on the subject, it probably won't matter much how the ice is produced. The Wonderbar comes in three finishes, two of which, a simulated-mahogany number and a blond model of modern appearance, are designed to take the refrigerator out of the kitchen and set it up in the living room or office or on the terrace, for, the manufacturer claims, it is quite as decorative as a TV set—an assertion that you can interpret in your own way. The third finish is baked-on white enamel, appropriate for the nursery or a doctor's office, or as a supplementary refrigerator in the kitchen—for storing a baby's formula, say, or dedicated to the spirituous enterprises of the master of the house, or merely for holding the overflow from an inadequate (non-Servel, of course) standard icebox. For that matter, since the Wonderbar, like all Servel refrigerators, is absolutely noiseless, it could be set up in a bedroom, if anybody should feel the need of sleeping with a refrigerator. The storage space is one and a half cubic feet, which is enough to take care of a dozen quarts of milk and a couple of siphons, and in addition there is a plastic tray for sandwiches and such edibles; as for the ice trays, there are two of them, turning out a total of twenty-eight cubes. Over all, the box is twenty-three and a quarter inches high, twenty-five and an eighth inches wide, and eighteen and seven-eighths inches deep; it weighs eighty-six pounds, is insulated throughout with Fiberglas, runs on A.C. or D.C., and costs $169.50, at Hammacher Schlemmer, Stern, Macy, Bloomingdale, W. & J. Sloane, and the Bar Mart, 62 West 45th Street. Attachable legs provided with wheels, so that you can roll the box around the house or out on the porch, cost an extra $10, and if you really want to dress up your Wonderbar, you can get either a matching base cabinet, to hold extra bottles, glasses, and so on, or a sort of dolly arrangement, called a Wondercart, with outsize cast-

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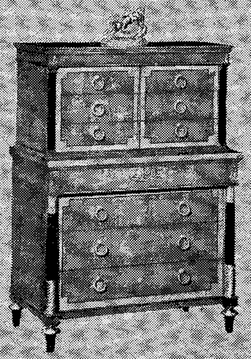

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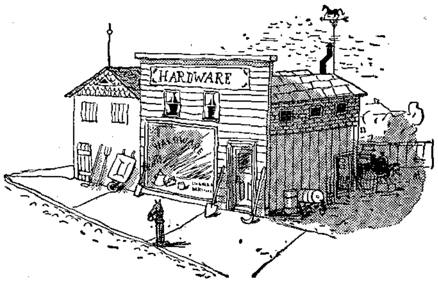
ers and a good-looking tray on top; these are $39.50 each.

As anybody with even a moderate knowledge of such matters must know, phenomena like Wonderbars never appear singly, so it should be no surprise that another midget refrigerator—this one made by the Astral Industries—has lately arrived on the scene. It comes in the same finishes as Servel's little number, and it weighs about sixty pounds, operates on A.C. or D.C., is absolutely silent, provides twenty ice cubes in its two small trays, and costs $139.50, at Lewis & Conger, Hammacher Schlemmer, Stern, Gimbel, and Macy. Chrome or wrought-iron legs for it are $10, and a pushcart it fits on is $19.95. In a very impressive getup of bleached oak, set on tall legs, it is $204.50. The manufacturer claims the Astral functions admirably on a small boat—the mechanism is not upset by the motion—and suggests all sorts of liberties one can take with it, such as hanging it on a wall in the kitchen, where it won't be in the way, or setting it on top of a filing cabinet in an office.

BEFORE leaving the subject of refrigeration and its blessings, I'd like to single out for a round of hand clapping a couple of minor items I have found to be of great convenience. It's very late in the day to be applauding the Skotch Kooler, for practically everybody in town must have at least one of these racy-looking, plaid-covered ice chests by this time, but for thoroughly efficient cooling, a roomy interior, easy portability, imperviousness to rough usage, and an agreeable price tag, it's just about unbeatable. My own happy experience with the container has been on automobile trips, picnics, and the like, where, because of its unbreakable metal interior and its extreme lightness, it has proved itself a blessing. I understand it has had an equal success at indoor parties, and I can see how it might, for it holds three hundred ice cubes. The Skotch Kooler is made by Hamilton Metal Products and sold at most house-furnishings stores for $7.95. Within the last few weeks, the company has put out a



Only
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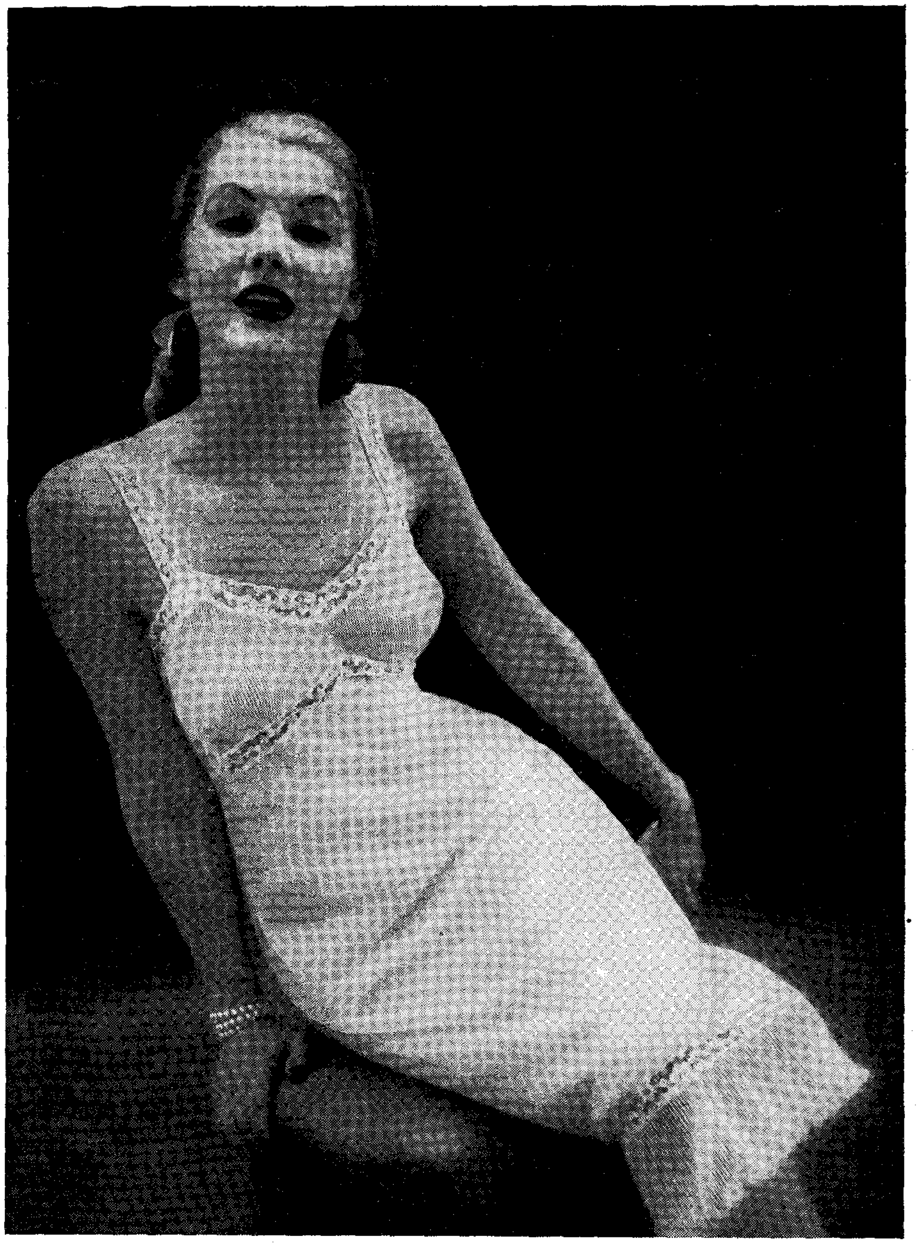

Fluting so unbelievably dainty!
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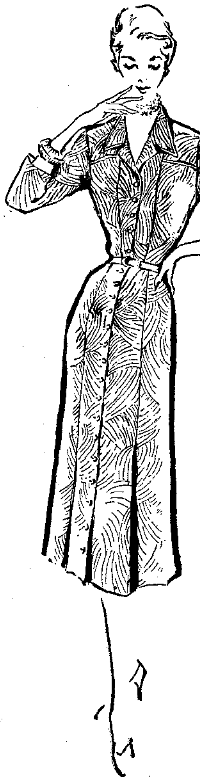
smaller model, called the Skotch Kaddy, which holds seventy-five ice cubes and costs $3.98.

My other cooling suggestion, directed toward weekend housekeepers who have to cart perishable provisions or frozen foods to and from the country, concerns the recent appearance of some fat, sausage-shaped packages filled with a semiliquid substance that freezes solid in the freezing compartment of a refrigerator and stays that way for several hours in any sort of insulated container. The advantage these little objects (they are called Sno-Gel) have over ice is that they are lighter and don't drip. They can be found at Hammacher Schlemmer, Lewis & Conger, most of the department stores, and M. Nicola, 271 West 4th Street. A package of three costs $2.89, and they can be used over and over.

DEEP-FAT frying, with its heavy, clinging odors, seems to me particularly ill-suited to apartment life, so I have always shunned the many utensils designed to encourage the consumption of fried food in the small home. Westinghouse, though, has recently produced an electric appliance, called, with a determined attempt at sprightliness, the Cook-N-Fryer, that I feel makes so much sense it simply can't be overlooked. As its name indicates, it is a combination utensil, and can be used for making all kinds of stewed and boiled dishes as well as for frying. It is also very handsome, consisting of a tulip-shaped, chrome-finished, six-quart bowl of cast aluminum, on a tidy circular base. I am told it is intended for table use, but I can't believe that even the most rabid devotee of frying would care much about operating with deep fat at table. However, the table technique can be effective when the utensil is used as a cooker, since it is possible to regulate the heat from a brisk boil down to the merest simmer with an exactitude that relieves the cook of all pot-watching responsibility. After experimenting on a borrowed Cook-N-Fryer for several days last week, I am, I think, qualified to say that here is something considerably more than just a party convenience, and while it may not be of the first necessity in the kitchen, it is, for both the frying cook and the woman who needs a dependably controlled cooker either in or out of the kitchen, a serious and valuable culinary aid. As a fryer, one of its major assets is the position of the heating element, which is cast into the bowl about two inches above the base; this provides a cool area at the



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very bottom, and food particles that drop from the basket during the frying process are thus prevented from burning. The constancy of the heat is downright remarkable. I dropped a bunch of solidly frozen shrimp into hot fat and the temperature didn't fall below the right cooking point even for an instant. The appliance also did a fine job on some little new potatoes, parboiled in their jackets and then peeled, which fried to a delectable crispness, and both operations—with the shrimp and with the potatoes—were accompanied by less odor then I had ever before associated with deep-fat frying. It was the cooker, though, that impressed me most. Some of the signal successes I achieved with it were a *cassoulet* cooked for hours with the control set at a barely simmering temperature; a batch of raspberry jam made with the cooker plugged into an outlet on a cool porch; freshly picked ears of corn; and a *blanquette* of veal concocted at the table. The Cook-N-Fryer works only on A.C. and is sold, for under $30, at Lewis & Conger, Stern, and Gimbel. —S. H.

•

ADAM'S DREAM

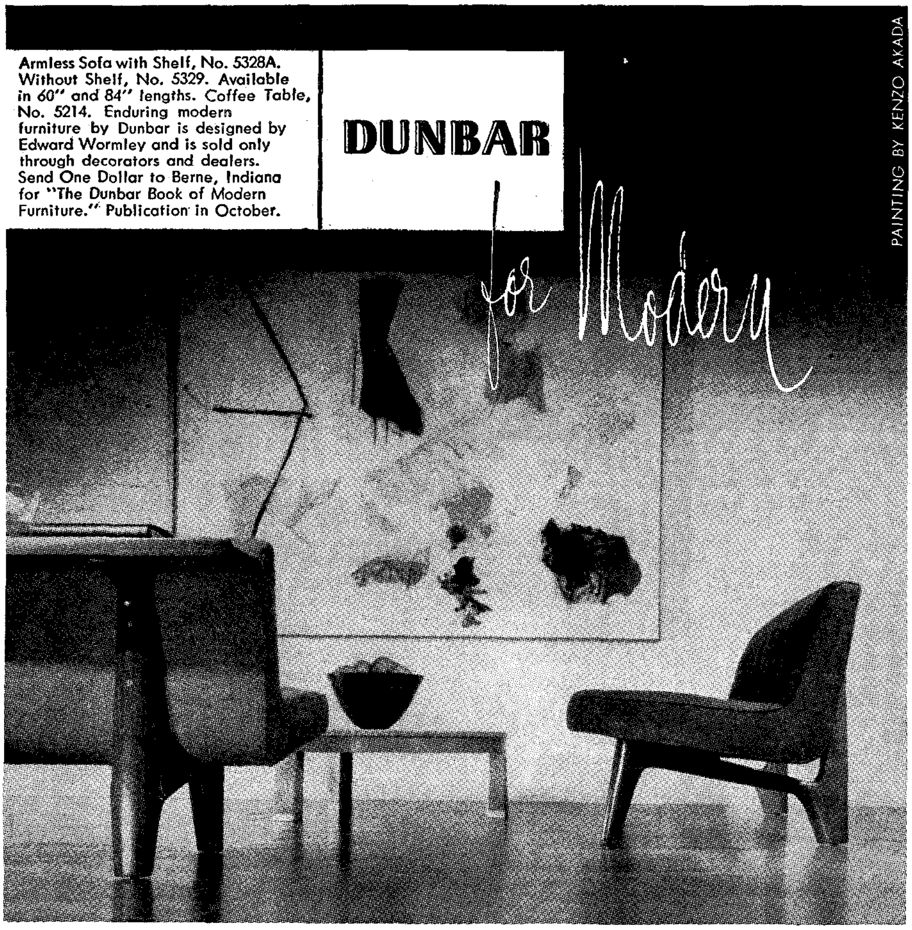
Adam yawned, and there were cats;
Blinked, and there were antelopes;
Stretched, and everywhere he reached
A mile of meadow bloomed.
He cocked his eye, and fishes leaped
In every brook to praise him;
He rose to walk, and rabbits ran
As couriers to every green
Community to tell of him.
He only glanced at any tree,
Its birds at once began to sing;
He nodded, and the region budded:
He put the bloom on everything.

He was the lord of all the park
And he was lonely in the dark
Till Eve came smiling from his side
To be his bride.
"Sweet rib," he said, astonished at her,
"This is *my* green environ!"
Eve answered not, but for reply
The wilderness was in her eye.
—David Ferry

•

Hamilton School at Sheffield, Mass., is adopting a program to prepare its children to meet emergencies rising out of the troubled world situation of today. The pupils carry wood, feed the animals, do other chores and are learning how to form a fire brigade, make a light with an old file and a piece of rock and other practical approaches to emergency problems.—*Bulletin of the Parents League of New York.*

Let the deluge come!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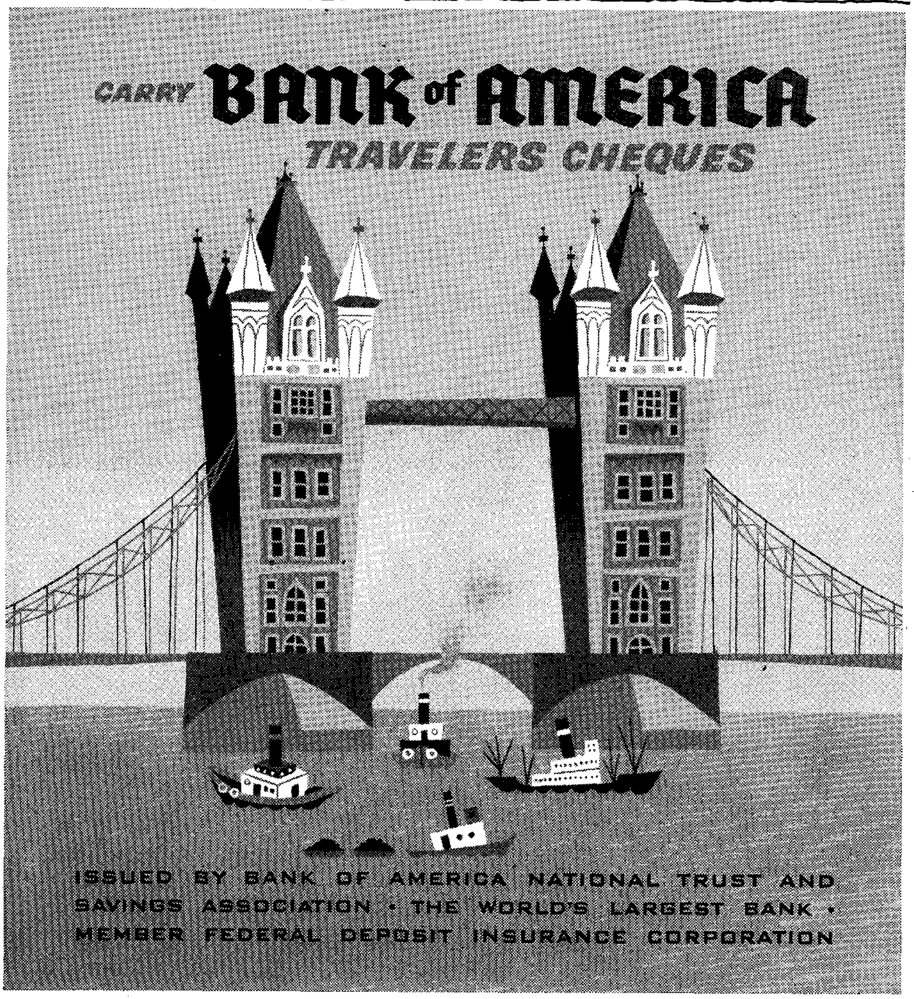

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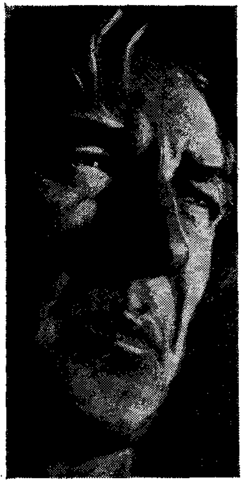

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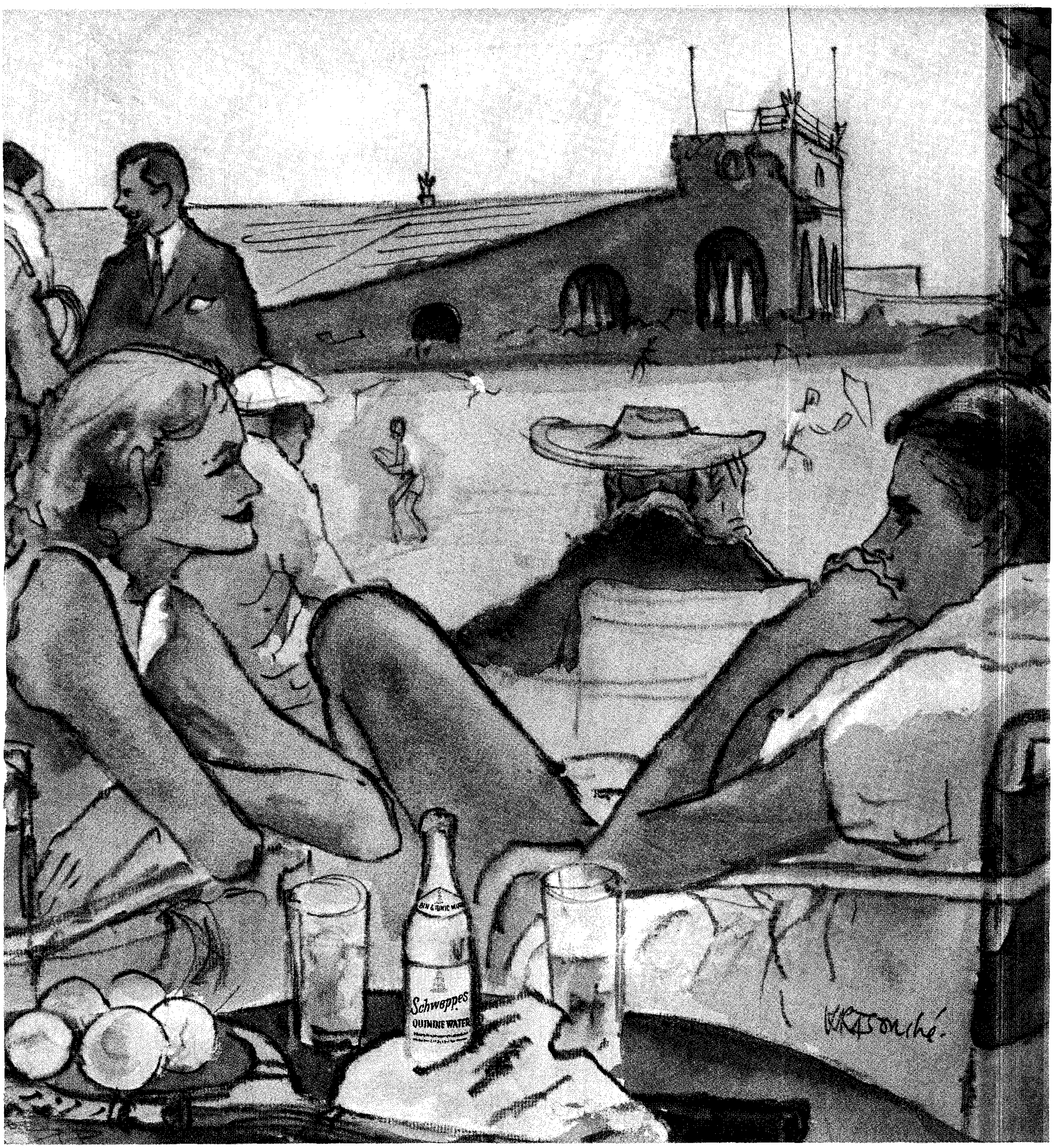
LETTER FROM PARIS

SEPTEMBER 2

THE strikes are over, nearly everybody is back at work, and nothing is settled. It is now figured that at the peak of the strikes four million French—or close to a tenth of the entire population, including infants in arms—were out. Yet the French themselves say that after this vast social upheaval it is not clear who won—or, indeed, whether anyone won. Only the losses are easy to see. The government lost twenty-five billion francs in revenue from its paralyzed railroads and bureau of Postes, Télégraphes, et Téléphones, which is reportedly just about what it had hoped to save on the economy projects that set the strikes going. Masses of workers lost three weeks' pay while they were striking against not getting enough pay in the first place. Now the government says it will allow certain categories of workers, such as the postal employees, who started it all, to make up part of their lost pay in overtime on undone work, which has collected all across the nation like unwashed dishes. Since most of us are now getting a dribble of letters mailed a month ago, there seems to be plenty of overtime cleaning up for the postmen to do.

According to rumors from labor-union circles, the unions ultimately lost face in the strikes, which became so sporadic and unorthodox as to prove that the French workers were not united by class discipline but moved individually by impulsive dissatisfaction. The strikes were of the spontaneous type technically called "*de la base*" (meaning from the bottom up, shaped by the workers themselves), and the day's strike orders—and, finally, the decision whether to stay out or go back to work—given in the morning by union leaders were often hastily changed before noon, to lend the leaders' air of authority to whatever the strikers had already decided for themselves. The impressive opening unity of the three rival political labor unions—the Socialist Force Ouvrière, the Catholic Confédération Française des Travailleurs Chrétiens, and the Communist Confédération Générale du Travail—in their first get-together since 1949 was lost with a bang at the end of the strikes, when the Communist *Humanité* called the Socialists "the traitors of the working class," as usual. There was also a distracting loss of aim during the strikes. They started as a protest against the selection of the ill-paid workers as the first scapegoat of Premier Laniel's national economies but, oddly, ended merely with the demand that Parliament, in which postwar labor has had little faith, be recalled from its vacation to discuss labor's situation, probably endlessly. Premier Laniel began the strike period still talking about his economies, but after it was over he was talking only about lower prices. (He has just prophesied that two hundred and thirty-five articles, including *bifteck*, will now come down by ten per cent.) Lower prices being what Premier Pinay talked about right before he was thrown from power, supposedly by lobbies that preferred high prices, the aftermath of the strikes consists mostly of a general feeling of uncertainty. The strikes, having been spontaneous, calm, apolitical, and at the wrong time of the year, gained nothing, and so made nothing sure.

Though *Figaro*, as the upper-class morning paper of Paris, was cautious in its editorials during the troubles, it has now printed an exceptionally frank warning to the government, and to private enterprise, too, which says, in part, "Let us not forget that the explosion of discontent was provoked principally because numberless workers once more arrived at the conviction that they would get no satisfaction unless social agitation brought about such a state of urgency that certain problems would have to be looked in the face, if not solved. What is the use of denouncing the very real harm the strikes did to the country if strikes still seem to workers to be the only way of getting anything done and if we wait to do anything until the strikes break?" *Le Monde*, the upper-class evening paper, has just published a statement made by the Action Catholique Ouvrière, the remarkable organization of worker-priests, which says, "For years the French working class's legitimate hopes (and they are not solely material) have been betrayed. Contracts to which it was a party have been torn up or ignored. Workers' living conditions are becoming increasingly precarious, while a small number of the rich and the pleasure-loving make a show of insolent luxury. It becomes less and less debatable that the present French social, economic, and political structures are largely responsible for social injustice, for an inhuman economic system, and for class politics that are contrary to the very spirit of the Gos-



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Court Favorite: Gin-and-Tonic with Schweppes

COMMANDER EDWARD WHITEHEAD—Schweppes' bearded ambassador to the United States—has just conducted an interesting experiment at Forest Hills. He tried to find somebody who had never tasted a gin-and-tonic made with Schweppes. He found one, too—a confirmed addict of elderberry wine. She wouldn't try a gin-and-tonic, even when the Commander explained to her that it is *the coolest drink in the world.*

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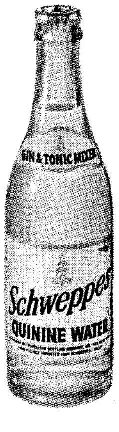
You'll find Gin-and-Tonic so easy to make. Just mix ice and gin with Schweppes in a highball glass. Stir—affectionately—and there you are!

You don't have to dip into capital to be a Schweppesman nowadays, because Schweppes is being bottled in these United States. You can now get Schweppes in handy six-bottle cartons at your grocer's *for about the same price as domestic mixers!*



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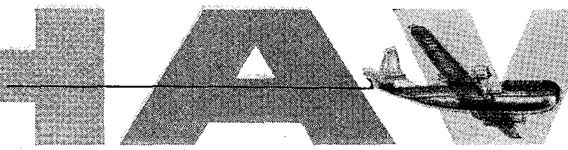

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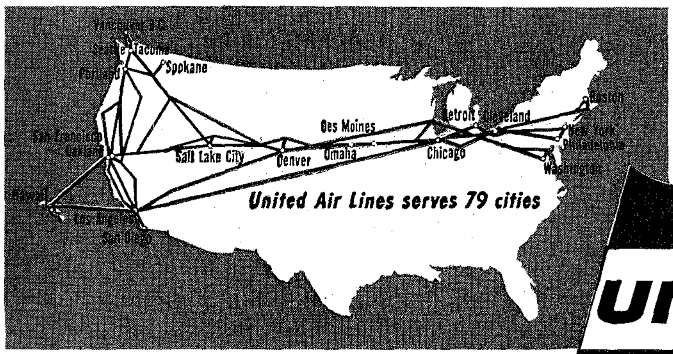
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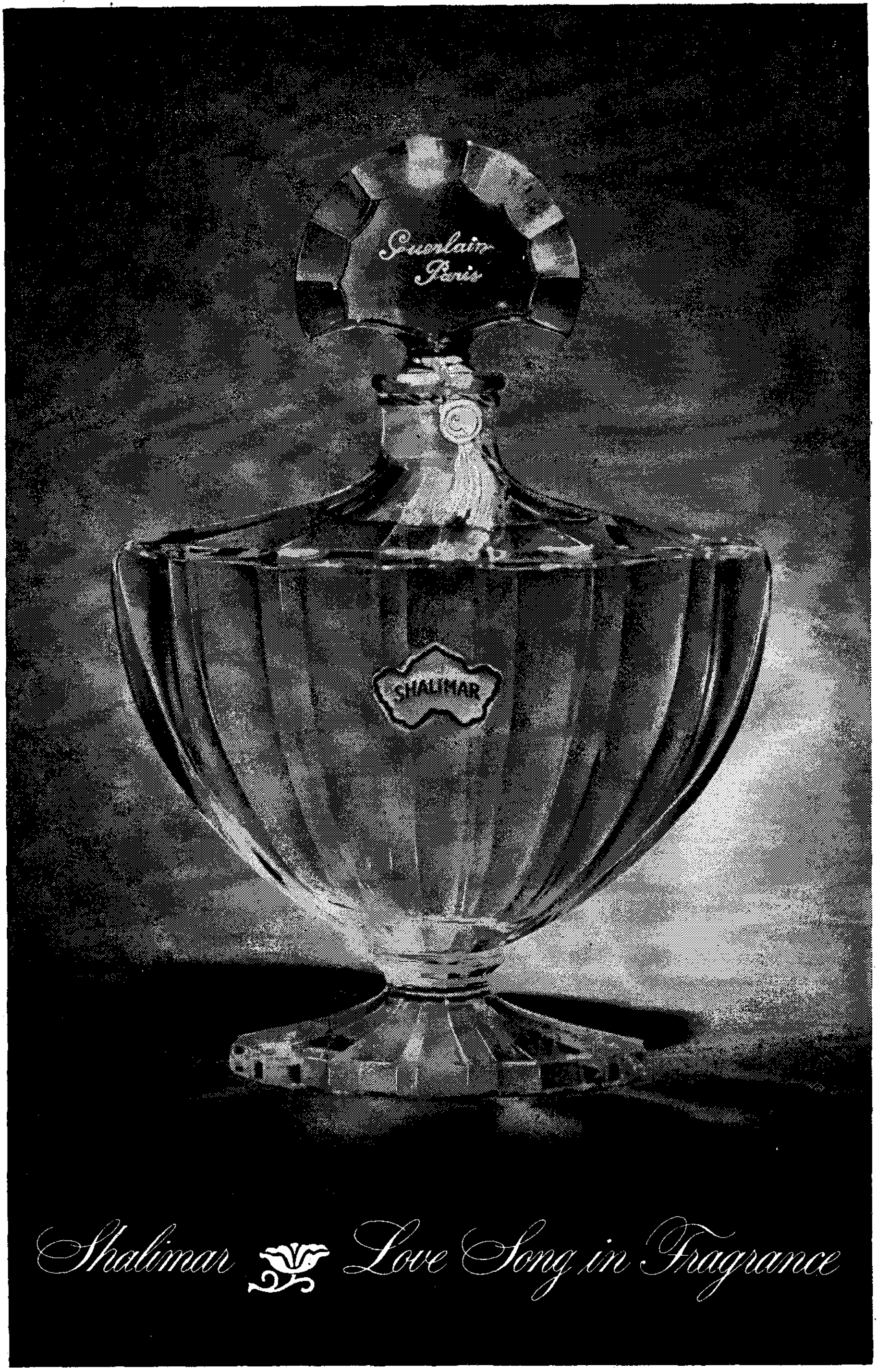
pel . . . and the city of justice and brotherly love." Very unusual words to read in the City of Paris today.

A FLOCK of important events occurred during the strikes, when the scattered or immobilized Parisian public had neither sufficient concentration nor sufficiently ample news to take in the strangeness of some of the things that were happening. Among these was the unexpected absence of bloodshed in Morocco when the old pro-Moroccan Sultan, Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef, was deposed and virtually kidnapped, and the absence of shock at the installation of the new pro-French ruler, Sidi Mohammed ben Moulay Arafa. With the unpopular, insoluble Indo-Chinese war, with the recent one-day visit of Vietnam's Emperor Bao Dai to President Vincent Auriol in his summer quarters at the Château de Rambouillet, with the present sharp Cambodian independence demands, and now with the switch of sultans in Rabat, France's colonial troubles have certainly reached their apex. Over the last few years, plenty of liberal French opinion, some of it in Parliament but most of it outside, has believed that sluggish French governments—despite the amazing modern developments they have built up in Morocco, especially around Casablanca—have long sinned imperialistically, have shown poor and untrustworthy political morality, and have been too long bent on treating the ambitious natives' aspirations feudally. These circles consider that the colonial tableau has been altered, willy-nilly, for all European nations, even France, by the change in England's former empire. An outstanding Parisian leader of this critical group is the novelist and Academician François Mauriac, who sees his connection with the Moroccan problem largely as an extension of his Christian conscience. He has boldly stood out against the government's colonial policies, and has been an ardent backer of the native reform movement. In an interview given during the strikes to a Paris newspaper, Mauriac bluntly termed the recent investiture of the new tame Sultan a plot in which, in his opinion, the present French government was one of the conspirators—strong stuff indeed. In the August number of *La Table Ronde*, the monthly magazine Mauriac edits and of which his column called "Bloc-Notes"—excerpts from his personal diary—is always a special feature, there is a painfully timely illustration of the violent bitterness a certain ill-educated, hard-bitten type of French



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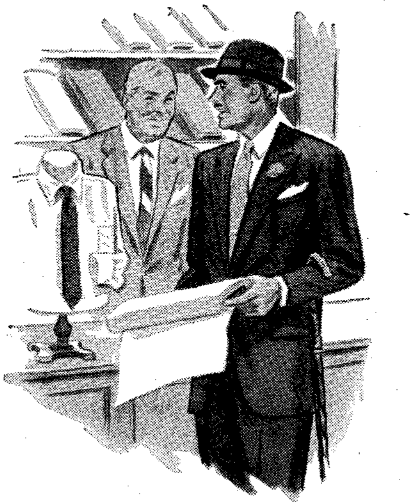

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colonial feels against any liberal French reform views. The August "Bloc-Notes" mentions threatening letters Mauriac has lately received—in particular, a brutal one from Casablanca, which the magazine quotes, including words unprintable in English. "You might as well know," the letter says, in a quotable part, "that if you continue to write such tripe [favoring the natives] you are going to have an accident one of these days. You're a dirty dog and a traitor to Marshal Pétain. Take care, because you are going to be beaten up. My fists are in fine shape, those of a colonial farmer who spews on you all his contempt. Only insults for you rise to my tongue, and you call yourself a Catholic and Christian. Talent isn't everything. There is soul, too, and you haven't any, and your spinal column is as supple as a cobra's. In a few days, it's going to hurt you good. *A bientôt, salaud.*" It is on such conflicting points of view among the French that the new ben Moulay Arafa administration in Morocco has been founded—the most important French event that has taken place outside France this year.

IT seems that France makes too much wine. In a timid gesture toward getting rid of some of the surplus, the price of *vin ordinaire* has recently been lowered—only a little, because France recognizes that she also has too many alcoholics, in many cases bred over generations by Gargantuan daily imbibings of red wine, so it cannot be made too temptingly cheap now. One of Premier Laniel's economy projects dealing with the excess wine was published in August. The big pinch in it is a stern plan to uproot twenty per cent of the national vineyard by June, 1955, a destruction that would be prefaced by a vineyard census based on this autumn's grape harvest—which, incidentally, has suffered from mildew. The only exceptions to the proposed holocaust would be vines making *vins d'appellations contrôlées*, or place-name wines, and those vines whose grapes are used to make armagnac and cognac. Indemnities would be paid to the owners of the destroyed vineyards—if the project is ever adopted, for there is in France an antique public veneration of wine-grape vines, even if they are of inferior juice, as well as a respect for their classic longevity and an affection for the familial care they demand. Also, more materially, past French governments have extravagantly (or so agriculture experts say) involved themselves and the taxpayers in a series of

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lush subsidies for commercial alcohol as a means of taking up the wine surplus, and these may be difficult to wiggle out of without angering the peasant voters. In organized protests against the project—they took place during the strikes, of course, when they received scant attention—southern peasant vineyard owners set up a series of road barricades in the old revolutionary tradition, particularly in the roads around Albi. Vacationers who were travelling by car then report that the village mayors of the region stood by the barricades in their tricolor scarves, and that local Résistance veterans who had won medals or been crippled were ranged behind them as guards of honor. Signs on the barricades, addressed to the national police, whose theoretical duty it was to break them up as impediments to traffic, said, "WE RESPECT YOU. RESPECT OUR POVERTY."

A MORE local bit of unusual August news was the provisional liberty granted by a Paris court to the five militant Communists who had been in Fresnes prison—three of them for nearly a year—after their arrests for disseminating propaganda against the Indo-Chinese war. The five are Alain Le Léap, Secretary-General of the Communist C.G.T. labor union, and Lucien Molino, its National Secretary; Guy Ducoloné, Secretary of the Communist youth movement; Paul Laurent, a member of the Communist national bureau; and André Stil, editor-in-chief of *Humanité*. Young Henri Martin, for whom all Paris was scribbled over for two years with "LIBEREZ HENRI MARTIN" signs, usually to be seen next to the "U.S. GO HOME" signs, and who had been arrested while a soldier for distributing pacifist pamphlets in the Army, was liberated earlier. These arrests, along with that of Communist Deputy Jacques Duclos for his leadership of the great but unsuccessful anti-Ridgway demonstration a year ago last May, have been the most discussed political arrests of postwar France. The previous Secretary-General of the C.G.T., Benoît Frachon, did not have to be given provisional liberty this month, because he has long been in hiding, from where he contributed some of the most energetic editorials *Humanité* published during the strikes.

A FRENCH comic film called "Les Vacances de M. Hulot," which some Parisians thought droll and others merely silly when it was first shown early in the summer, certainly came into

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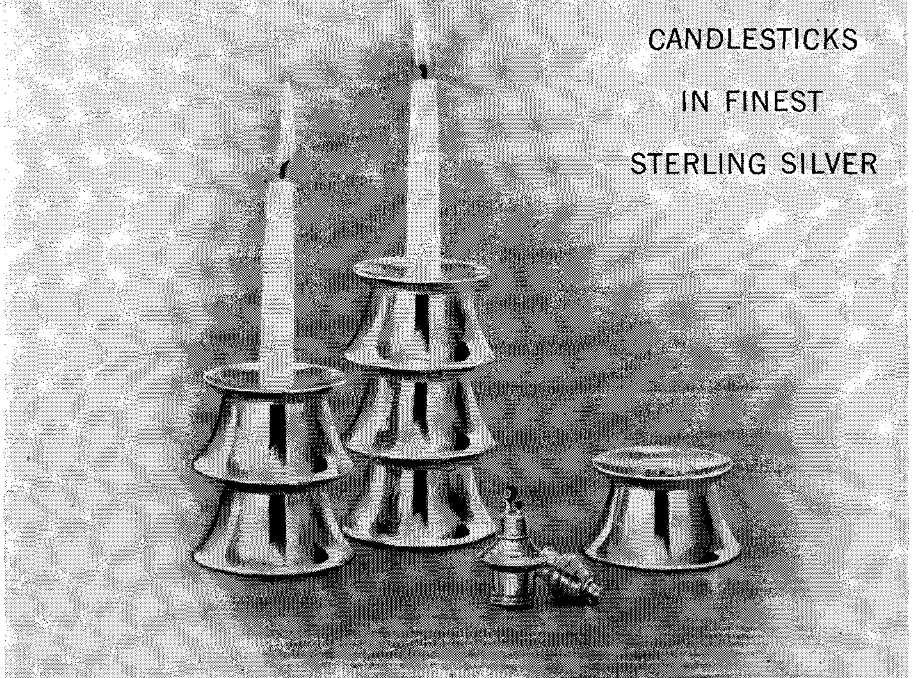

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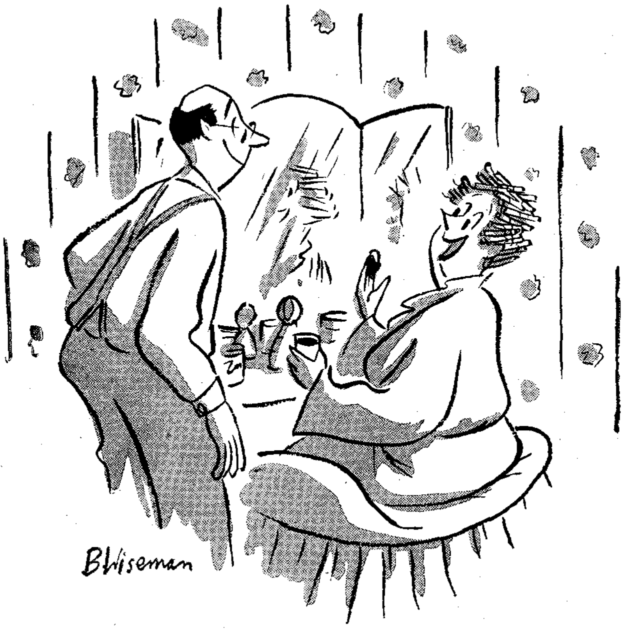

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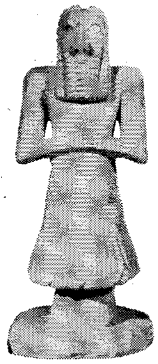

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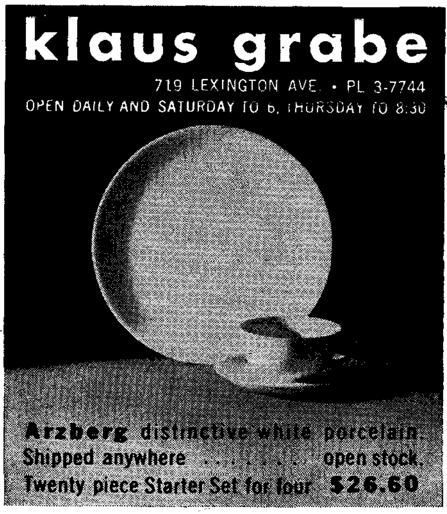

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its own—obviously because of its title and plot—in the vacation period that found so many Parisians stuck here. It is still playing to capacity in a boulevard movie house. The film depicts the vacation horrors of the sturdy, celibate, ridiculous, kindly, overpolite young M. Hulot at a French seaside resort, with its screaming brats, its mean *pension* food, its frightening old ladies, and its disastrous sightseeing excursions, as well as its pretty and disappointed vacation girl to whom he never dares mention his love. And, above all, the film features his irascible private companion—his homemade sports roadster on bicycle wheels, one of the funniest, most unreliable old automobiles seen since Mack Sennett days. What the film artfully shows, almost without exaggeration, is the modest French at their worst—trying to have a good, inexpensive time away from home. The film is almost silent. The characters merely start to say something so obvious that it needs no finishing, which gives the movie an air of satiric intelligence and an almost symbolic quality. Jacques Tati, known for his role as the impressionable postman in "Jour de Fête," does a pretty good job as the speechless, invincible, unlucky, and unappreciated Hulot, who during the strikes generously showed French vacations as something Parisians should be glad they had to miss.

—GENÊT

•

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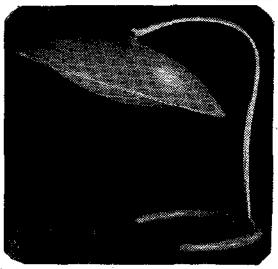

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records

TWO new recordings of works by the Brazilian composer Heitor Villa-Lobos are among the best offerings that have come along in recent months. In one, released by M-G-M, Joseph Battista, who was coached for these performances by the composer, gives a stunning reading of sixteen piano pieces, based on Brazilian folk songs and grouped under the title "Cirandas," that were written in 1926. In the other, released by Columbia, the Trio for Violin, Viola, and Cello, written in 1945, also gets a superlative performance, by three members of the New York Quartet—Alexander Schneider, violin; Milton Katims, viola; and Frank Miller, cello.

The outstanding characteristic of both works—and, indeed, of all Villa-Lobos's music that I have heard—is spontaneity. The complex rhythms and brilliant effects are not a studied device; they are the natural means of expression of a man who has immense vitality and an enormous musical vocabulary. In the piano pieces, he brings off the admirable feat of working artless folk melodies into a variety of perfect little numbers, many of them positively dazzling, without embellishing the originals out of existence. There is, above all, a vaulting quality to this music, in which delightful ideas, each richer than the one preceding it, follow one another unexpectedly and yet inevitably. While the whole collection is excellent, I was particularly taken with a sparkling item called "O Cravo Brigou com a Rosa" ("The Carnation Quarrelled with the Rose") and the reflective and poignant "Que Lindos Olhas!" ("What Beautiful Eyes!"). As for the Trio, a fascinating creation in four sections, it has an incomparable slow movement, in which sweetness and strength combine to produce a mood of tender expectancy. Here, again, the vitality of the musical ideas makes the course of the work, which is actually somewhat rambling, and the style, which is extremely personal, seem true and unalterable. There's probably no use trying to pin Villa-Lobos's music down with words. Its origins lie in orthodox forms and techniques, but it has a way of continually breaking out of the boundaries these impose and assuming a wild life of its own.

IF Ernest Bloch's Concerto Grosso and William Schuman's Symphony for Strings represent the high spots of last fall's International Contemporary Music Festival in Pittsburgh—and someone at Capitol must have thought so, for the company recently issued both of them on a long-playing single recorded at the scene—then it seems to me that, unfortunately, the event must have been something of a disappointment. Although the Concerto Grosso, a dark, brooding composition for string orchestra with piano obbligato, is well made, it is simply uninteresting. Composed in 1925 as an instruction piece for students, it lacks the strongly compassionate qualities that characterize this composer's best work. Schuman's symphony contains a beguiling slow movement—the longest of three—but that is about all; the other movements give the impression of being mere window dressing. The performances, by the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra under the direction of William Steinberg, are first-rate, and so is the recording, which, by the way, is free from any audience sounds.

THE baritone Mack Harrell, accompanied by a piano, is heard on a new Remington record in a varied and entertaining program of songs by Purcell, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Wolf, Duparc, Massenet, and Fauré, plus a group of American folk numbers. Harrell is excellent in all of them. He has some slight difficulty with the upper tones in a few of the songs, but his unerring interpretive ability more than compensates for it. Among the selections are such strongly evocative works as Schumann's surging "Mit Myrthen und Rosen" and Duparc's exquisite "Phidylé." The program closes with four stimulating Tennessee gambling songs, collected and adapted by John Jacob Niles. . . . Boris Christoff, the Bulgarian bass whose sensitive performance of the title role in "Boris Godunov" distinguished a recent recording of the opera made in Paris and issued by His Master's Voice, is heard on a new release recorded in England by the same company in a recital of Russian songs and arias. On one side, Christoff has the support of the Philharmonia Orchestra as he offers three arias—Prince Youri's from "The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitezh," by Rimski-Korsakov; Dositheus's from

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THE Ghent Oratorio Society, a postwar group whose members were enlisted from a number of Belgian choirs, presents an attractive concert of Flemish choral music of the past and present (Esoteric). Most of the songs are charming sixteenth-century examples, but this recording also brings to light a living and extremely gifted Flemish composer, Arthur Meulemans, whose passionate "Ode to Beauty" and entrancing arrangement of a piece entitled "Love Song" are just about as impressive as any of the works in the collection. . . . Sir Edward Elgar's long, expert, comforting, and slightly dull Symphony No. 1 is given a fluent performance by the London Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Sir Adrian Boult (His Master's Voice). . . . A new Columbia record offers splendid renditions, by Gyorgy Sandor, of five Bach organ works transcribed for piano: Fantasia and Fugue in G Minor; Toccata, Adagio, and Fugue in C Major; Prelude and Fugue in D Major; Toccata and Fugue in D Minor; and Prelude and Fugue in A Minor. . . . Handel's appealing opera "Il Pastor Fido" makes its appearance in a recording of a concert performance given here last season; it is set forth competently, though without any great distinction, by a group of singers and instrumentalists under the direction of Lehman Engel (Columbia). . . . First-class readings of a pair of spirited masterworks, Beethoven's Symphony No. 8 and Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 4 ("Italian"), are back to back on a new Columbia recording by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Sir Thomas Beecham conducting. —D. W.

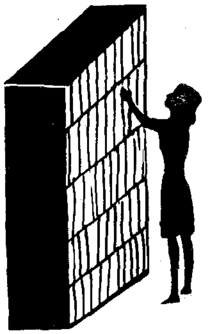
•

SEPT. 4. Henry Hudson discovers Manhattan, 1609. Today that island is tops in per capita cosmetic consumption for nation.—*Beauty Fashion.*

Pays a man to keep his eyes open.

BOOKS

Unholy Trinity



IN his introduction to "Hitler's Secret Conversations" (Farrar, Straus & Young), Mr. H. R. Trevor-Roper attempts a little greatening of the Führer. The historians, it appears, have been unjust; they have undervalued the mind of the creator of National Socialism. They have been misled about its quality by evidence that is tainted, coming, as it does, from those who hated him or from the generals and politicians who served him and wish to transfer to him the responsibility for their own failures and shortcomings. Mr. Trevor-Roper suggests that in time Hitler will be recognized as "the most formidable of the 'terrible simplifiers' of history, the most systematic, the most historical, the most philosophical, and yet the coarsest, cruelest, least magnanimous conqueror the world has ever known." Having delivered himself of these observations, Mr. Trevor-Roper steps aside and lets Hitler speak for himself.

It was not until 1941 that the Führer's toady Martin Bormann, having decided that his master's table talk should not go unrecorded, finally got permission to admit official stenographers to the luncheons, dinners, and midnight sessions over tea and cakes at which Hitler gave so freely. The conversations set down in this volume took place almost entirely in 1941 and 1942, and we may be sure that they represent Hitler at his best. There was then no hint of doom in the air that he was prepared to acknowledge. He was, to all appearances, at the height of his military success. He had not begun to use drugs, and the symptoms of Parkinson's disease, which produced the physical deterioration so marked after 1943, had not shown themselves. What powers he possessed were at their peak.

Talk at the dinner table on January 25, 1942, began quietly, not to say cozily, with the observation by Hitler that he was fond of animals, especially dogs. Dogs were courageous and handsome animals, and though not everyone was shrewd enough to see it, some were more intelligent than others. After this sparkling opening, the conversation turned to the origins of human races, a subject on which the Führer had once read a book and to which he had given a great deal of thought. The ancient Greeks were undoubtedly Germans racially. And the archeologists were wrong in supposing that prehistoric men made stone axes before they learned how to forge metals; the stone axes were copies of metal ones made by a vanished race that perished in a cosmic catastrophe as singular in its nature as in its results. It seemed likely to the Führer that, ten thousand years before our era, the moon and the earth had clashed:

> It's likewise possible that the earth attracted to it the atmosphere which was that of the moon, and that this radically transformed the conditions of life on our planet. One can imagine that, before this accident, man could live at any altitude—for the simple reason that he was not subject to the constraint of atmospheric pressure. . . . It seems to me that these questions will be capable of solution on the day when a man will intuitively establish the connection between these facts, thus teaching exact science the path to follow.

Events of considerable interest were likely to occur in outer space:

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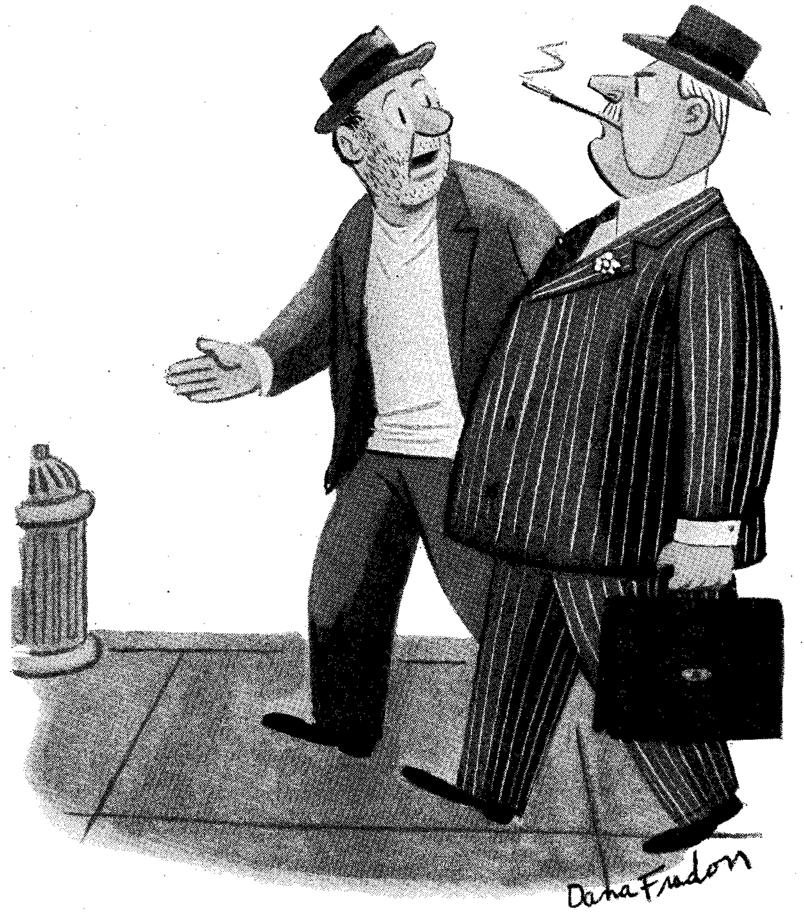
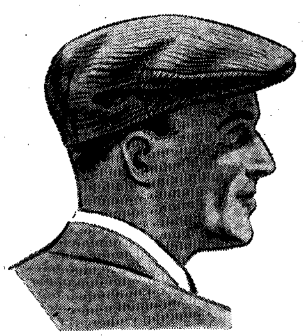
The Führer, returning from the void and the heavenly bodies, marvelled at the failure of the world at large to appreciate the importance of the Austrian engineer Hans Hörbiger's revolutionary theory that "the element which we call water is in reality merely melted ice." People were curiously indifferent to that kind of speculation: "The fact is, men do not *wish* to know."

This flow of words is typical. There is no excusing it by saying that for once the Führer was talking outside the field in which his powers were concentrated. He prattled on, night after ghastly night, in this vein, spewing up the squalid confusion of his thoughts. On the rare occasions when the talk turned to the problems of leadership and practical politics, with which he was supposed to be at home, the same talent for rendering the simplest and most crystalline matters complex and opaque was still at work. On April 22, 1942, he described with the greatest satisfaction the manner in which he had made a fool of



"Look at it like this, sir. In the long run, it'll probably find its way back to you."



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THE CASE OF THE IMPERFECT PERFECTIONIST

Once there was a man who had a satchelful of social finesse. He was a wiz at entertaining. People flocked to his cocktail parties. They admired his gracious hospitality. They appreciated his good taste. In fact, they liked everything about this man's cocktail parties except one thing. The cocktails. Strictly sub-par, thought the guests, deftly dumping their glasses into the nearest flower pot. One day, the host caught his best friend giving a drink to an umbrella plant. "Mighty fine liquor to waste on something that's already potted," observed the host. "Mighty fine liquor to waste on ordinary cocktails," snapped his friend. "Better get Cinzano, chum, and save your cocktails, your reputation and your potted plants!"

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Schwerin-Krosigk, his devoted Finance Minister, when, years earlier, he was getting Germany ready for war. Hitler had asked him for eight milliards of marks for his armament program when he was planning to spend twenty milliards. General von Blomberg, in the Ministry of Defense, thought it was wise to let the Finance Minister know that another twelve milliards would have to be found. "I reproached Blomberg bitterly for his indiscretion," Hitler remarked. "After all, seeing that the whole gang of financiers is a bunch of crooks, what possible point was there in being scrupulously honest with them?" It is hard to undervalue the mind of the head of a state capable of thinking along such lines, and harder to understand why Mr. Trevor-Roper thinks of him as one of the great conquerors of history. He led the finest war machine the world had ever seen against a demoralized Europe in September, 1939, and, after having brought his army to complete defeat and his nation to ruin, committed suicide in May, 1945. Mr. Trevor-Roper seems to have him in the wrong category; he belongs alongside such men as Saint Louis of France and Philip II of Spain, whose fate it was to be mesmerized by their obsessions and swept headlong to disaster by historical forces of which they were wholly unaware.

MANY people assume that Franz von Papen was of some assistance to Hitler, who, making the same mistake, declared that he owed von Papen a debt of gratitude. This is all, it appears, a terrible injustice to von Papen, and his "Memoirs" (Dutton) reveals the difficult path that must be followed by a man whose unhappy destiny is to be misunderstood. It was to strengthen the conservative position that he embarked on the series of intrigues which split the ruling Zentrum Party and thus brought about the destruction of the Weimar Republic. It was again with the intention of saving the Republic that, as Chancellor, he opened a breach in the constitution which made it possible for Hitler to come into power legally. And it was to oppose Hitler that he persuaded his conservative colleagues in the Cabinet to stay on when the Führer became Chancellor. Only the intransigence of Alfred Hugenberg, leader of the right-wing German National Party, frustrated this resistance movement of von Papen's:

Hugenberg was an exception. There was always something curt and unforthcoming about his attitude. He had no gift for appealing to the human being in a political

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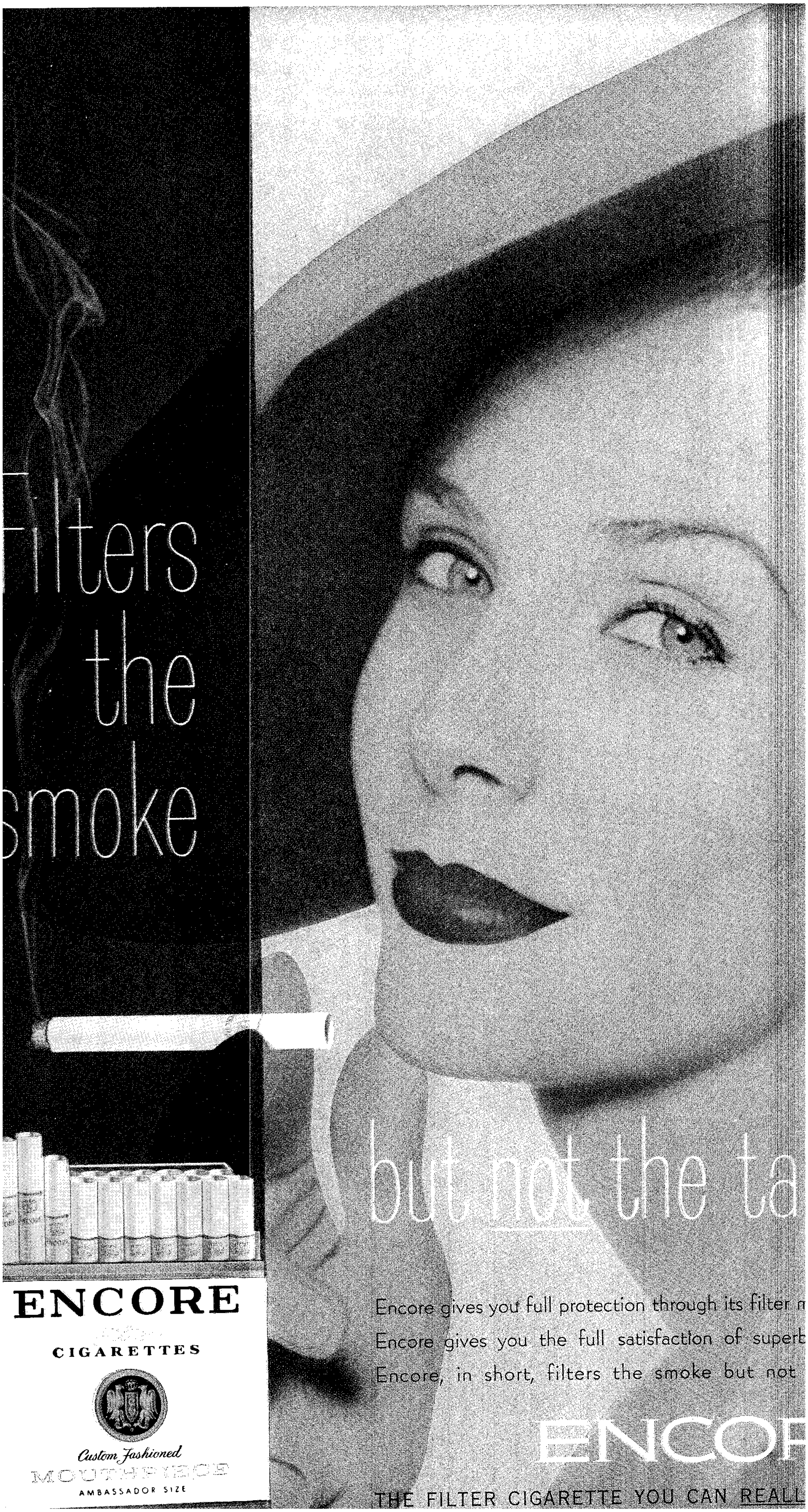
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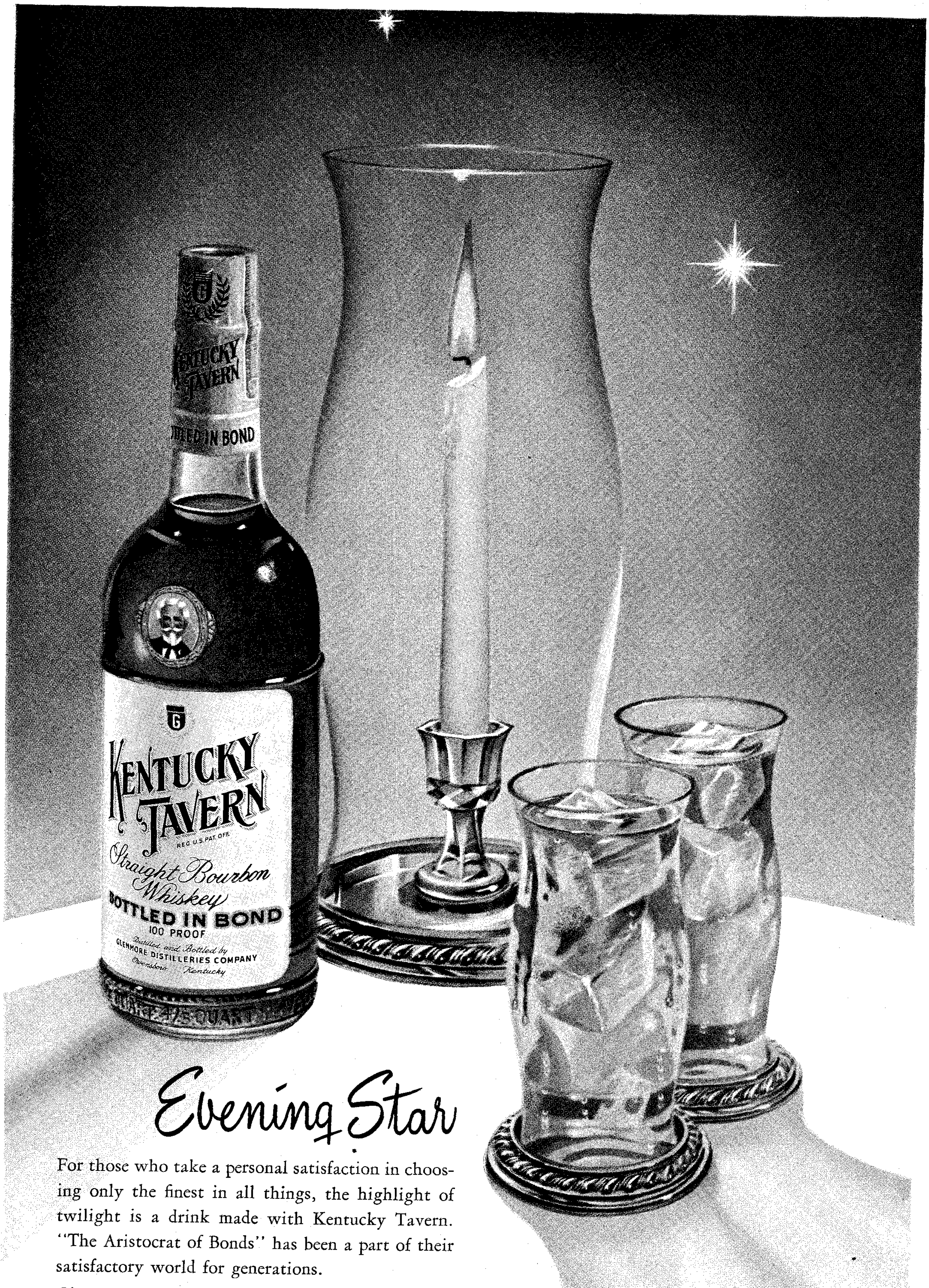
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After von Papen's press secretary and close friend von Bose had been murdered by the Gestapo in June, 1934, it took unusual moral courage for von Papen to become Hitler's ambassador to Vienna in July. But he accepted the risk of being misunderstood by his friends. Many people are under the impression that he spent his four years in Vienna preparing for the Anschluss, but they are quite wrong. When the forcible incorporation of Austria into the Reich took place, Hitler "had realized that he would not be able to conduct any policy of aggression with my support." As a known opponent of Hitler's policies, von Papen showed considerable daring in flying to Vienna immediately after the Nazi occupation to receive the Gold Medal of the Nazi Party. He was deeply shocked when he arrived to find that he had lost one more secretary. His intimate friend von Ketteler had been murdered by the Gestapo. This outrage made him hesitate when the Nazis offered him another important post, the Embassy at Ankara, eleven months later. Again von Papen knew his friends would not understand, but he decided to take the risk. He had an opportunity to serve peace. Count Ciano was announcing his intention of sending thirty more divisions to Albania, a move that Turkey considered a menace to the Dardanelles, and it would have been a terrible thing if Italian imperialism had precipitated a world war. So von Papen went off to Ankara to "do my utmost to save Germany and the outside world from the threatening catastrophe." However, the stupidity of the British, who signed a pact with Poland and thus frightened the Russians into signing the Russo-German pact, which made war inevitable, frustrated von Papen's efforts.

Von Papen returned to Germany not many months before the surrender, and came in for some shocking experiences. To his surprise, he was held as a prisoner by the Allied forces and treated outrageously. He was made to sleep on a camp bed and to eat off a trestle table. The food sent into his prison from a hotel always arrived cold and was not at all good. This, on top of his discovery that terrible things had been happening in the concentration camps, upset him a great deal. Presently he was transferred to a prison in Nuremberg and placed on trial. He had no idea why such a thing should happen to him, and for a time he nearly despaired. There

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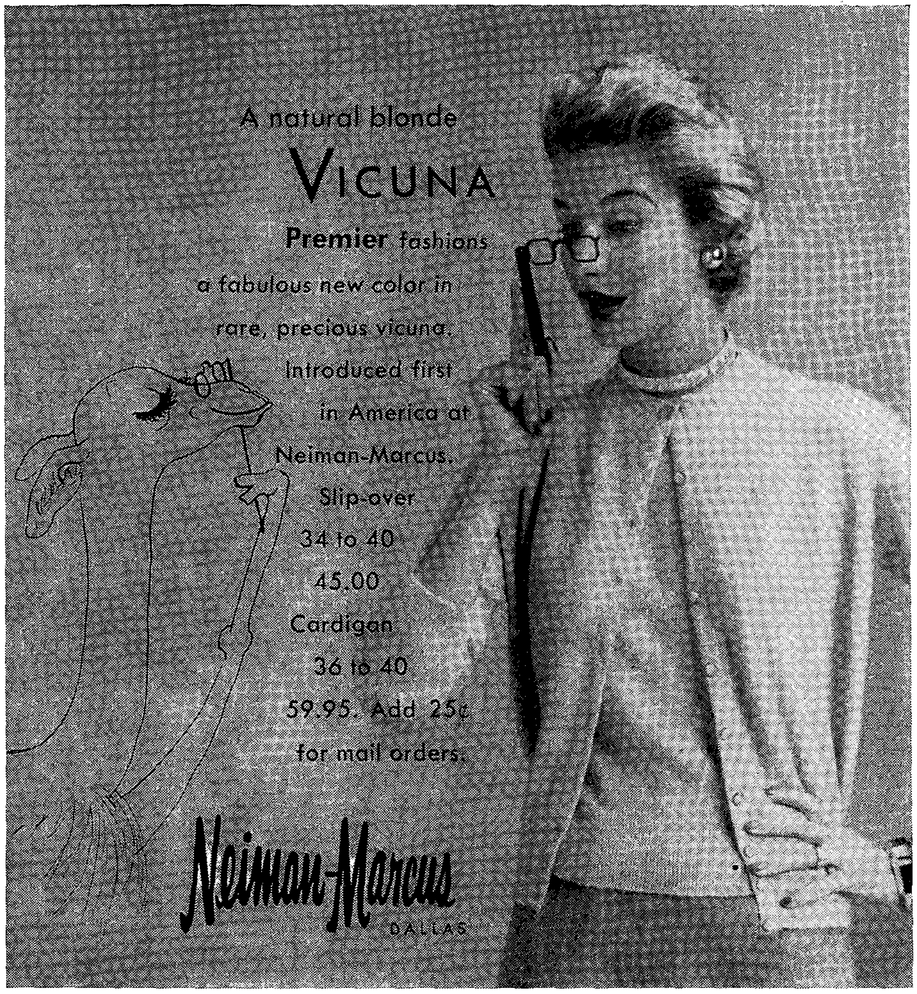
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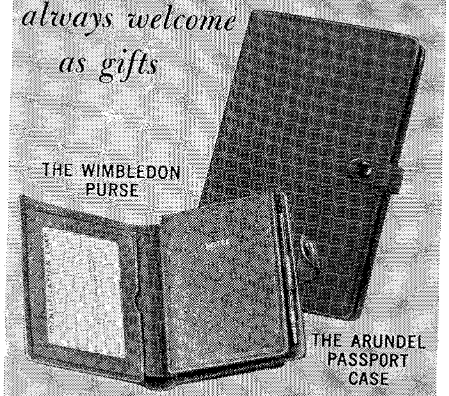

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were, however, compensations in Nuremberg, for von Papen got to know some people he had not till then understood:

> As a person, Goering had many virtues. He was a man of open, masculine nature, with great personal charm. This he retained to the end.

The trial turned out quite well, and many misunderstandings were cleared up. Even the German denazification court finally saw reason, and von Papen was set free after a brief period of unpleasantness, recognized by everyone as a conservative gentleman of the old school who had got into an awful mess through no fault of his own. He concludes his memoirs with a heart-warming message. All is not yet lost and totalitarianism can be defeated if we abandon our materialism and embark on a crusade to restore belief in God to its rightful place in the center of affairs. This story, told in the bland diplomatic style of Proust's Monsieur de Norpois, is remarkable if only as a revelation of the extent of the moral bankruptcy that made Hitler's rise to power possible.

"CIANO'S HIDDEN DIARY" (Dutton), edited by Andreas Mayor, is the journal kept by Count Galeazzo Ciano in 1937 and 1938, when he was ineptly functioning as Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs. The introduction, by Malcolm Muggeridge, claims that it is "one of those rare source books out of which history is woven." If this is so, it is a reflection on historians rather than a comment on the value of the document. The diary was written for publication under a dictatorship, by the son-in-law of the dictator. While it was being written, Ciano was in the habit of giving readings from it to those he wished to impress, among them his formidable father-in-law. It is delightful to picture Il Duce sitting at one side of a table while his Foreign Minister sat on the other reading such entries as these from his little red book:

> July 4. I am better, but very weak and exhausted by my illness. I listened to the Duce's speech at Aprilia on the wireless. When I heard his voice, I started to cry like a small child.
>
> September 18. The Duce spoke. A great, calm speech. Rarely do words have the weight of deeds—but for once this is so. Even if nothing happens, the Duce has written today a page of history made up of courage, loyalty, and honor.

Italian critics have pointed out that some entries seem to have been doctored and revised, others seem to have been cut out, and the remainder have a dubious flavor. The entries relating to Spain appear designed to show that Ciano was

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not associated with the critics of Mussolini's policy of supporting Franco with troops. Many of the other entries are aimed at enlarging the roles of Italy and of Ciano in the diplomatic maneuvers that led to the Munich agreement. Ciano's account of his relations with the British and French ambassadors recalls the old ballad about Ben Bolt and Sweet Alice, for they trembled with fear at his frown. Ciano is also at pains to make it clear that he was anti-British and anti-French during this crisis and suitably pro-German all the time. Finding himself in trouble with the Germans after siding with Badoglio and the peacemakers when they overthrew Mussolini, he produced his diary to prove what a good boy he was at heart. The Germans were not impressed by this carefully prepared character exhibit, and it is not clear why anyone else should be.

—Anthony West

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Flower of May, by Kate O'Brien (Harper). Working within a rigid Catholic framework, Miss O'Brien has contrived to produce a delightful and very human story of Irish and Belgian family life in Venice in the summer of 1906. The Irish family, the Morrows, are only moderately well-to-do. The Belgian family, the de Mellins, are very rich and ambitious, and the story hinges on the close friendship between Fanny Morrow and Lucille de Mellin, who are eighteen and nineteen, respectively. Fanny is the central figure in the book, and we read about what happened to her and around her between the wedding of her sister Lilian, in June, and the death of her mother, the following August.

Private Interests, by Nigel Balchin (Houghton Mifflin). The lives and times of a group of people connected with and dominated by an English factory, which some of them own and in which some merely work. It is a confused story, but three main issues are dealt with. These are an immoral episode involving one of the younger directors and a teen-age girl worker, a love affair between the managing director's daughter and a factory youth of low degree, and, finally, the persistent question of how the factory should be run to conform with postwar changes. It is a flat piece of writing, with very little life, courage, or humor.

Coronation Summer, by Angela Thirkell (Knopf). It is possible that

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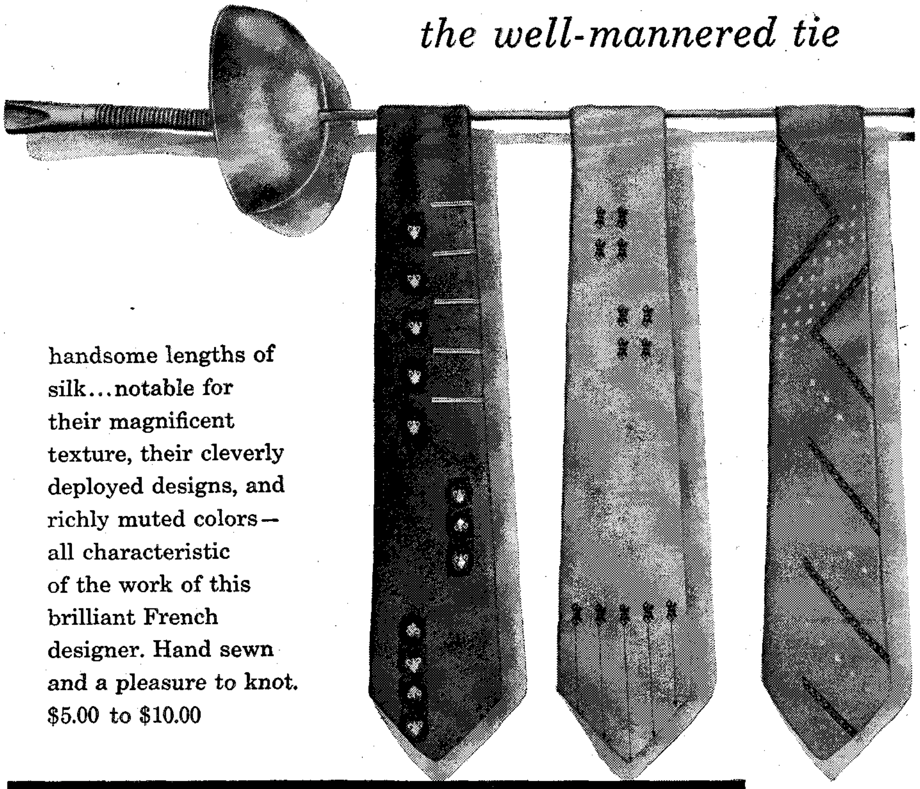

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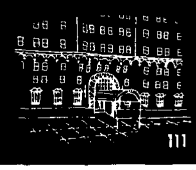

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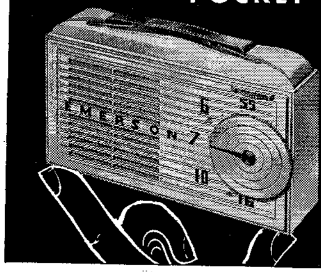

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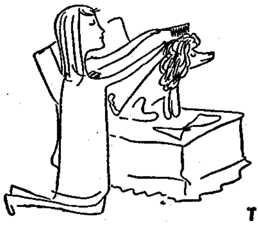

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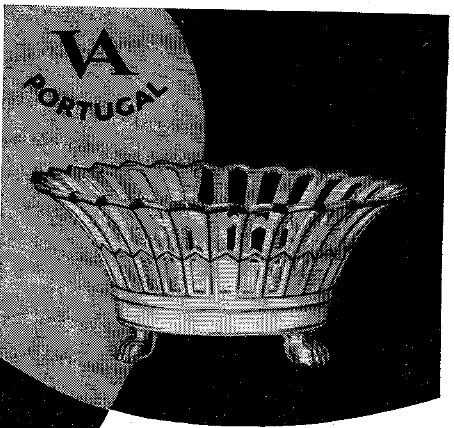
in this story of the Coronation season of 1838 Mrs. Thirkell intended to convey an impression of melancholy at the passing of human beings and their times, no matter how brave a show they put up. If this was her intention, the book is entirely successful. Her people, involved, as usual, in courting, lovers' misunderstandings, and matchmaking, seem to have lost all their customary dry wit as they twitter and posture in their nineteenth-century costumes, and the general atmosphere of their world is one of tinkling pathos and loss.

THE SANDS OF KARAKORUM, by James Ramsey Ullman (Lippincott). A somewhat overblown story about the quest of three Americans for truth, or the meaning of life, or certainty—it is hard to say which. The Americans—a missionary and his wife, and a newspaperman who is their friend—travel with great hardship across China and into the most remote parts of Asia. Then, one night, the two missionaries disappear, apparently having found what they were seeking, and the newspaperman is left to go back to New York alone. The writing has a certain mournful life, but the idea behind the story is not precise enough or strong enough to pass for thought.

DIGBY, by David Walker (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Walker, a carefree writer who likes people to be happy, deals here with an assortment of American and Scottish elves amusing each other in the Highlands. The elves, who include a very tired New York businessman, work hard at being fey, but even their author's natural good humor fails to maintain them on their appointed level, about two feet above the ground.

ANNA FITZALAN, by Marguerite Steen (Doubleday). A beautiful, sheltered, submissive, rather feeblehearted woman with a leaning toward gracious martyrdom, Anna Fitzalan at seventeen marries a stolid upper-class Englishman. He dies after more than twenty years of irreproachable married life, and she then takes up residence in the home, or homes, of a really wealthy man, not quite so well born but infinitely attractive, who cannot divorce his mentally unbalanced wife. After twenty more years have passed and his wife finally dies, he abandons Anna cruelly, leaving her to her thoughts, which are noble but not very interesting. Anna is a dull woman, and this is a dull book, written with a solemn, self-conscious



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THE HEMINGWAY READER, selected and with a foreword and introductory notes by Charles Poore (Scribner). A new anthology, apparently designed to replace the recent "Portable Hemingway," which was withdrawn because of some difficulty over publication rights. It is notable chiefly for the inclusion, in its entirety, of "The Torrents of Spring," the lunatic and long-out-of-print parody of Sherwood Anderson. It also contains the whole of "The Sun Also Rises," episodes from five other novels, and eleven short stories.

GENERAL

A YEAR OF SPACE, by Eric Linklater (Harcourt, Brace). Around the world, or a large part of it, with the highly polished and agreeably opinionated author of "Juan in America." In the summer of 1951, Mr. Linklater tells us, he was commissioned by the British government to make a tour of the Korean front and write a short account of the Commonwealth units there. The assignment found him in Stockholm, musing over a bottle of Pontet-Canet and a volume of Stendhal, and he embarked on it in his own leisurely way. Before setting out for the East, he takes us up and down a Swedish mountain, in and out of his eighteenth-century house in Scotland, and off for a day of fishing on Loch Harray; on the way to the war, he treats us to the sights of Cairo, Calcutta, Singapore, Hong Kong, Okinawa, and Tokyo; on the journey home, he guides us through a round of visits in New Zealand, Australia, New Guinea, and Ceylon. In the end, after the mud and blood of Korea, the ruins and rapacity of Japan, and the jungle squalor of New Guinea, he gives us the sum of his impressions: "My visit has not been idle, I thought, for now, after some years of uncertainty, I know the political party to which I belong: I am for civilisation." It is a conclusion one is easily persuaded to share.

PORTRAIT OF ANDRÉ GIDE, by Justin O'Brien (Knopf). The translator of the "Journals," who knew Gide well, has written a literary biography of him, combining details of his life with analyses of his works, that manages the difficult feat of making Gide seem pretty uninteresting. Much of this is due to the arbitrary and confusing mythic arrangement of the book, with Gide's mysticism discussed

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under "Icarus," his best works under "Oedipus," his homosexuality under "Corydon," his Communism under "Persephone," and so on. Despite the book's general colorlessness, Mr. O'Brien has a few lively ideas—among them that "Lafcadio" is a parody of "Parsifal"—and he includes some excellent photographs and a fine bibliography of works translated and untranslated.

THE NEW ENGLAND MIND: FROM COLONY TO PROVINCE, by Perry Miller (Harvard). An intellectual history of the interregnum between Richard Mather's farewell sermon in 1657, which ended the era of the founding fathers, and Jonathan Edwards' Harvard lecture in 1731, which began a new (if less extreme) era of certainty. The book is centered on Boston, and, within Boston, on the ambiguous and fascinating figure of Cotton Mather, at once "the greatest intellectual in the land" and "the most nauseous human being." Subordinating social and economic realities, Mr. Miller concerns himself extensively with theological controversy, but he brings it off, and after a slow beginning his book turns out to be one of the most exciting histories of ideas so far produced in America. Although it is dominated by the Mathers, there are brilliant accounts of lesser-known but major figures like Gershom Bulkeley, John Wise, Benjamin Colman, and Solomon Stoddard, the Northampton Pope, as well as such collateral information as the date of the first rigged election in America (1671) and of the opening of Boston's first brothel (1672).

NORTH, by Kaare Rodahl (Harper). A survey, designed for the general reader, of all that is known about the three million square miles of desolate, armor-plated sea that forms the top of the world. The author, a Norwegian physician now resident in the United States, is a veteran of numerous arctic expeditions, among them the celebrated Project Icicle, which in 1952 resulted in the successful establishment by an Army Air Force team of a semipermanent scientific and military observation station on a drifting ice island in the Polar Basin, and it is this useful adventure that provides the narrative structure of his book. Its substance, however, derives from the easy authority and the communicable enthusiasm with which Dr. Rodahl discusses the wilderness of wind and ice and water whose only

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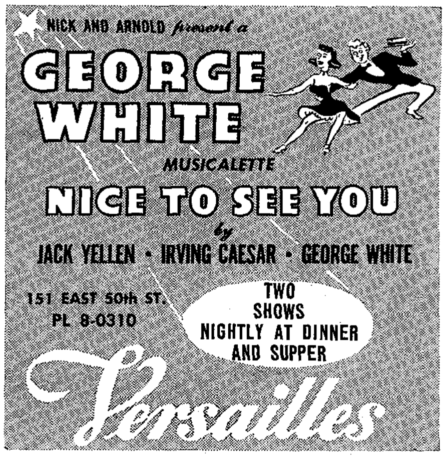

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THE PASSIONATE YEARS, by Caresse Crosby (Dial). This is a document on the twenties, and a depressing one. Harry and Caresse Crosby were both conventionally brought-up New Englanders, very well off. Caresse, who was originally called Polly, left her first husband to marry Crosby, who induced her to neglect her children and adopt the name Caresse. He also took her to Europe, where they spent most of the twenties on the fringe of the artistic world, indulging in conspicuous waste and high jinks that were justified by neither talent nor grace. A kind of obtuse bad taste is sometimes characteristic of liberated Bostonians, and these memoirs are full of it. There is, however, a terrible story here that Caresse does not try to tell. It is well known that Harry Crosby ended his life by shooting himself and another woman, and the knowledge of this haunts the reader and makes him wonder what drama of frustration was going on behind the farcical antics. Caresse herself, however, did accomplish something: she abolished the stiff, old-fashioned corset cover that, as she tells us, had cramped her as a débutante, by inventing the modern brassière.

CARDANO, THE GAMBLING SCHOLAR, by Oystein Ore (Princeton). Despite its racy title, this is a serious biographical study of Gerolamo Cardano, the distinguished Renaissance physician and polymath, by the Sterling Professor of Mathematics at Yale. Professor Ore deals with every aspect of Cardano's many-sided career, from his murderous polemic letters to the horoscope he cast for Christ, but the emphasis is on Cardano's "Book of Games of Chance," in which he pioneered the modern theory of probabilities. This work is reprinted in full in an appendix, in a readable translation from the Latin by Professor S. H. Gould, of Purdue, and its mathematics are evaluated in Ore's one fairly technical chapter. A basic book for all players of *primero*, *triumphetti*, *sbaraiaonum*, and *tesserae*—that is, poker, bridge, backgammon, and craps.

VERSE

A HOPKINS READER, edited and with an introduction by John Pick (Oxford). Professor Pick has made an admirable and useful selection from Gerard Manley Hopkins' many letters, notebooks, and journals—orig-

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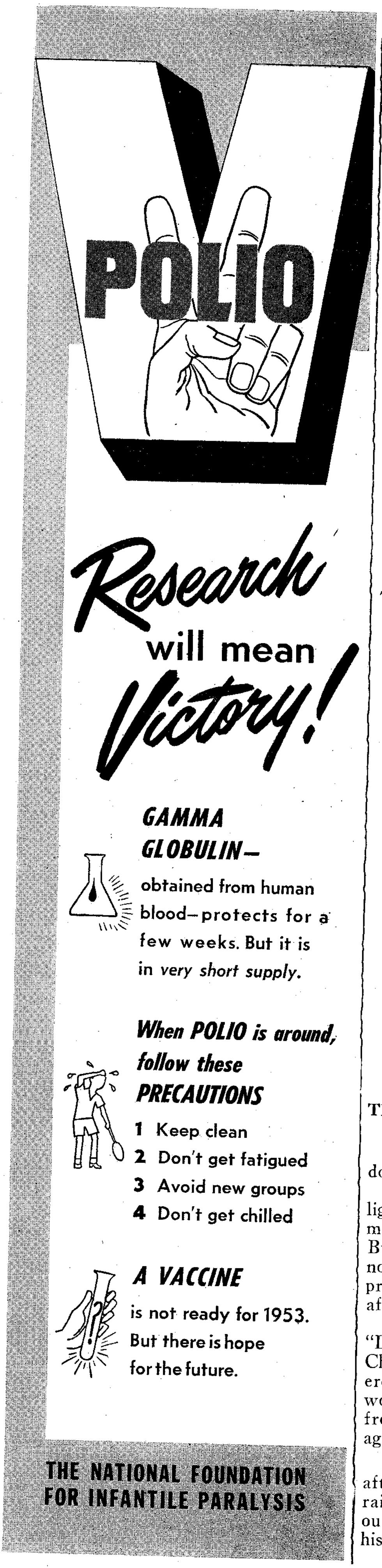

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inally published between 1935 and 1938, and long out of print—as well as from the poetry. The material, even in its cut form, is astonishingly rich, and it is required reading for anyone interested in Hopkins either as a unique human being or as a poetic innovator. Illustrated with three pencil sketches and a facsimile of a song composed by Hopkins.

Collected Poems, 1917-1952, by Archibald MacLeish (Houghton Mifflin). This volume, which for the first time assembles MacLeish's lyrics and long poems, along with a late verse play, "The Trojan Horse," can stand as one modern American argument for *la poésie engagée*, since the more MacLeish has taken the world of his time to heart, the less melancholy and minor he has become; a distinct enlargement of theme and gain in dramatic tension come through as time goes on.

The Collected Plays of W. B. Yeats (Macmillan). Yeats wrote the first of his verse plays—"The Countess Cathleen"—in 1892, at the age of twenty-seven, and the last in 1940, when he was seventy-five. The great majority were produced at the Abbey Theatre during his lifetime. The widening of his interests and the growth of his dramatic power over the years is clearly perceptible. A reissue of the edition first published in 1934, plus five later plays—"A Full Moon in March" and "The King of the Great Clock Tower" (1935), "The Herne's Egg" (1938), "Purgatory" (1939), and "The Death of Cuchulain" (1940).

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EVERYBODY TALKS ABOUT THE WEATHER MAN BUT NOBODY DOES ANYTHING ABOUT HIM

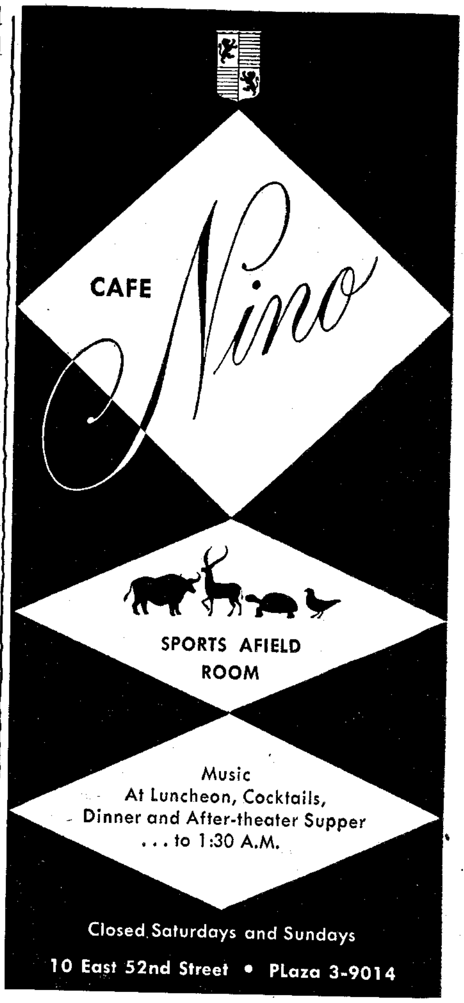
Do you know what the weather man does when it rains? He gets wet.

This incidental intelligence came to light yesterday when Ernest B. Christie, meteorologist in charge of the Weather Bureau here, made it known that he does not own a raincoat or an umbrella and prefers to take advantage of his speed afoot to dodge the rain.

Interviewed on the radio program "Let's Find Out" on Station WCBS, Mr. Christie said he did not want to be bothered with a raincoat or an umbrella and would "rather take my chances running from the subway to the office and home again at night."—*The Times.*

Mr. Christie's day ends at 4 p.m. Just after that hour yesterday when a steady rain was falling but the big blow was still out to sea, he slipped on his raincoat, bade his fellow workers goodby and went home.

—*The Herald Tribune.*



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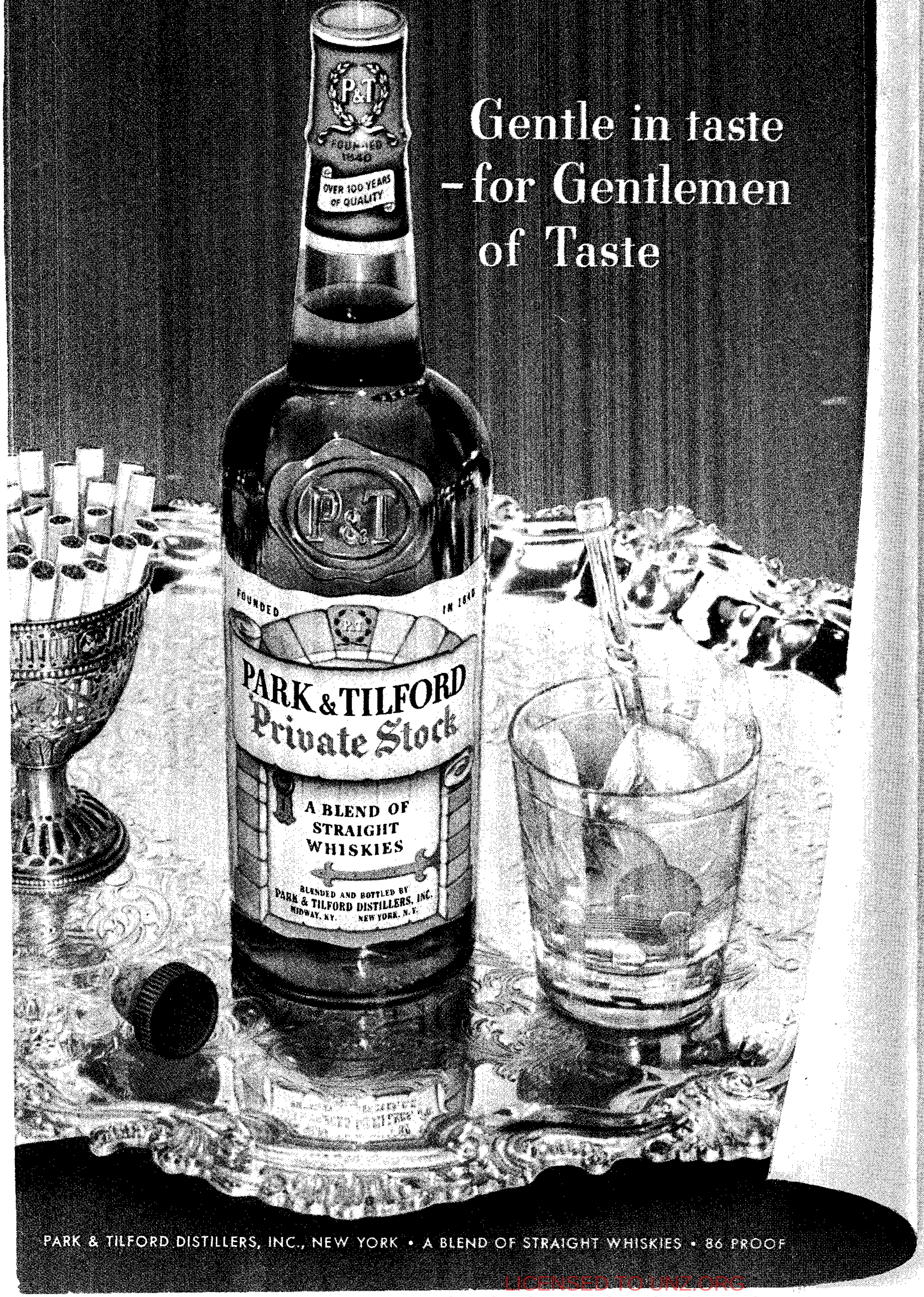
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